Judge For Yourself

Ask for **Holeproof Hose**—

the original genuine guaranteed hosiery—and judge for yourself as to its many excellent and attractive qualities.

You want hose that fit your feet and make them happy.

You want hose that feel light and soft on your feet, but have strength and firmness that will guarantee wearing quality.

You want hose that appeal to you because of their texture, softness, fast colors, fine appearance. You will find all these virtues in **Holeproof Hose. Be sure you get the genuine Holeproof Hose**—the kind with this trade-mark on the toe.

Holeproof TRADE MARK Hosiery

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

There are a score of imitations of Holeproof Hose which are "guaranteed." They are made of coarser, common materials. When you touch them you do not find that soft, fine, thin-feeling texture that you do when you put your feet into Holeproof Hose.

There is a Reason for Quality

It took 32 years of experimenting and experience to produce this soft, fine, light-feeling texture of **Holeproof Hose.** This experience is backed up by the use of materials selected because of their superior quality and fitness for the manufacture of Holeproof Hosiery.

We pay an average of 70 cents per pound for the yarn we use in Holeproof Hose. We could buy a coarser, common yarn as low as 33 cents per pound.

We pay $30,000 each year to inspect every pair of Holeproof Hose before it leaves our factory—to insure that it is hosiery perfection.

We spend thousands of dollars every year for machinery that helps perfect the process of making Holeproof Hosiery. We spent $5,000 last year for one machine that only aided in the process which guarantees fast colors.

We Make 20,000 Pairs a Day

We have often been asked how we can put such good quality in Holeproof Hosiery—guarantee them for 6 months—yet sell them 6 pairs for $1.50. Here's the answer:

We make 20,000 pairs of Holeproof Hosiery every day. This is the largest output of guaranteed hosiery in the world. We were the pioneers in the guaranteed hosiery field. Last year millions of pairs of Holeproof Hose were sold everywhere.

A large percent of this mammoth output went to purchasers on repeat orders—purchasers who had tried Holeproof Hosiery and found the soft, fine, thin-feeling texture of our hose just the thing they wanted and who insisted upon the genuine Holeproof Hose in their subsequent buying.

Holeproof Hose Cost No More Than the Common Kind

Holeproof Hose for men sell from 25 cents per pair, or $1.50 per box of six pairs (guaranteed for six months), up to $3.00 per box of six pairs. "Holeproof" are made in medium and light weight. There is a large range of colors—black, light and dark tan, pearl gray and navy blue being some of the leading colors.

Holeproof Lustre Hose for men and women are specially attractive to those wishing extra good hose. They are finished like silk and are extra light weight. A box of six pairs of Holeproof Lustre Sox sells at $3.00 and a box of six pairs of Holeproof Lustre Stockings sells at $3.00.

Holeproof Silk Sox sell at $2.00 for three pairs. They are guaranteed for three months and are warranted pure silk.

Be Sure You Find This Label on the Toe!

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

We place our trade-mark on the toe of every pair of Holeproof Hose for your protection. The stamp, **"Holeproof Hosiery,"** means quality, soft light-feeling texture, good appearance, just the things you have been looking for in hose, with a six months' guarantee besides.

Insist upon **Holeproof Hose**—the original, genuine guaranteed kind—the kind with **Holeproof Hosiery** stamped on the toe, and judge for yourself.

This guarantee comes in each box of six pairs of Holeproof Hose: *"If any or all of these hose come to holes or need darning within 6 months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free."*

The genuine **Holeproof Hosiery** is sold in your town. We will be pleased to tell you the dealers' names, or we'll ship direct where we have no dealers, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

THE HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., 484 Fourth Street, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico, Agents for Mexican Republic.

Are Your Hose Insured?

The STYLE BOOK

Copyright by Hart Schaffner & Marx

THE Style Book for fall shows New England scenes; and incidentally our new fall styles; these clothes seem to go well anywhere.

The above illustration is not the cover of the Style Book; it is an advance poster of it. Send six cents for a copy of the book and look it through.

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Good Clothes Makers
Chicago Boston New York

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Three Pirates of Penzance

The Story of an Automobile, a Red-Haired Man and a Bureau

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

I

IT WAS three o'clock in the morning when we got back to the lake, and it was twenty minutes before Carpenter heard us and started the ferry across. Tish had lost her glasses in the excitement at the Sherman House, and she did not see that Carpenter had forgotten to put the bar across the end of the boat. Aggie and I screamed, but it was too late: she drove the car down the bank in the moonlight and she did not stop in time. The first we knew we were sitting waist-deep in Lake Penzance, with Tish still holding the steering wheel and the stars making little twinkles in our laps.

As Tish said afterward, it was a fit ending to a sensational night, but, what with the wetting aggravating Aggie's hay fever, and my having bitten through the side of my tongue when the machine struck the bottom of the lake, it more nearly finished us. The engine drowned with a gurgle, and after Carpenter's first yell there wasn't a sound. Then we heard him come to the end of the ferryboat and look down at us, and the next moment he had dropped the lantern and was doubled up on the dock, laughing like the fool he is.

"Are you both there?" said Tish, without turning her head.

Aggie sneezed, as she always does after a shock, and a wave moved slowly in and raised the water level with my breastbone.

"We are both here," I said, with a bitterness that was natural under the circumstances. "No thanks to you, Tish Carberry. There's no fool like an old fool."

"What do you mean?" Tish demanded fiercely, twisting around in the water with her dust cap over her eye. "Who was it said I ought to buy the dratted thing? Drive it yourself if you think you can do any better."

"Row it," I corrected. "It's finished for good as a touring car, but by putting an awning over it we might make it into a tolerable gasoline launch."

Aggie was crying.

"I told you something would happen," she sniffled. "You'll kill us all yet, Tish Carberry—and me in my foulard silk that spots with a drop of rain!"

But Tish wasn't paying any attention. She picked up the wrench that she had kept by her as a sort of weapon and stood up on the seat. Tish is a large woman.

"Abraham Carpenter," she snapped, with as much dignity as she could with her clothes glued to her, "if you do not stop that noise I will brain you."

Carpenter eased down gradually, and holding his sides he leaned over the end of the ferry.

"What'll I do, Miss Tish?" he asked, beginning to jerk again, but with an eye on the wrench. "I can go around to the other dock and get a rowboat, but it'll take time."

"Don't bother about the other dock," Tish snapped. "Get that board there on the ferry and put one end of it down to the automobile. Then turn your back."

That's the way we got out. I went up the board first, on my hands and knees, and barring a few splinters I got up very nicely. Aggie came next, and as the board was getting wet she had more trouble. But Tish had the worst, for by that time the board was as slippery as a toboggan; twice she got as far as the middle, only to slide back on her stomach, and the last time she refused to try again. She sat down on one of the seats, with the water up to her waist, and said that she was skinned alive, and that she wished there was a tide to come up and drown her and the miserable machine. We got her up finally by throwing her a rope to put under her arms, and once up she collapsed on the ferry-bench. It was then that Aggie missed the money. Carpenter had slid down the board and was preparing to salvage the cushions when Aggie clutched at her stocking and yelled.

"It's gone!" she screeched, and then she sat plump down on the floor of the ferry-boat and began to cry.

"What's gone?" Tish demanded.

"The money," Aggie said, feeling frantically around the tops of her shoes. "When we went over the edge something broke—I felt it—and the money's gone."

Tish had both her arms in the air and the rope over her shoulder, but she stopped struggling and stared at Aggie.

"Gone!" she said in an awful voice. "Aggie Pilkington, every dollar of that money was graft money. Only the prospect of stuffing it between that red-haired man's teeth has kept me alive through this terrible night. Don't tell me you've lost it."

"We can give him a check," said Aggie feebly.

"We can!" Tish snorted, and not another word did she say until Carpenter had taken us across the lake and we stood dripping on the front porch of the cottage, while Aggie got the key from under a flower-pot. Then Tish looked across the moonlit lake to where the cushions of the machine floated in a nest of stars at the end of the ferry-dock. "We averaged thirty miles an hour coming home," she said triumphantly, "and for the first time I feel that I have mastered the machine."

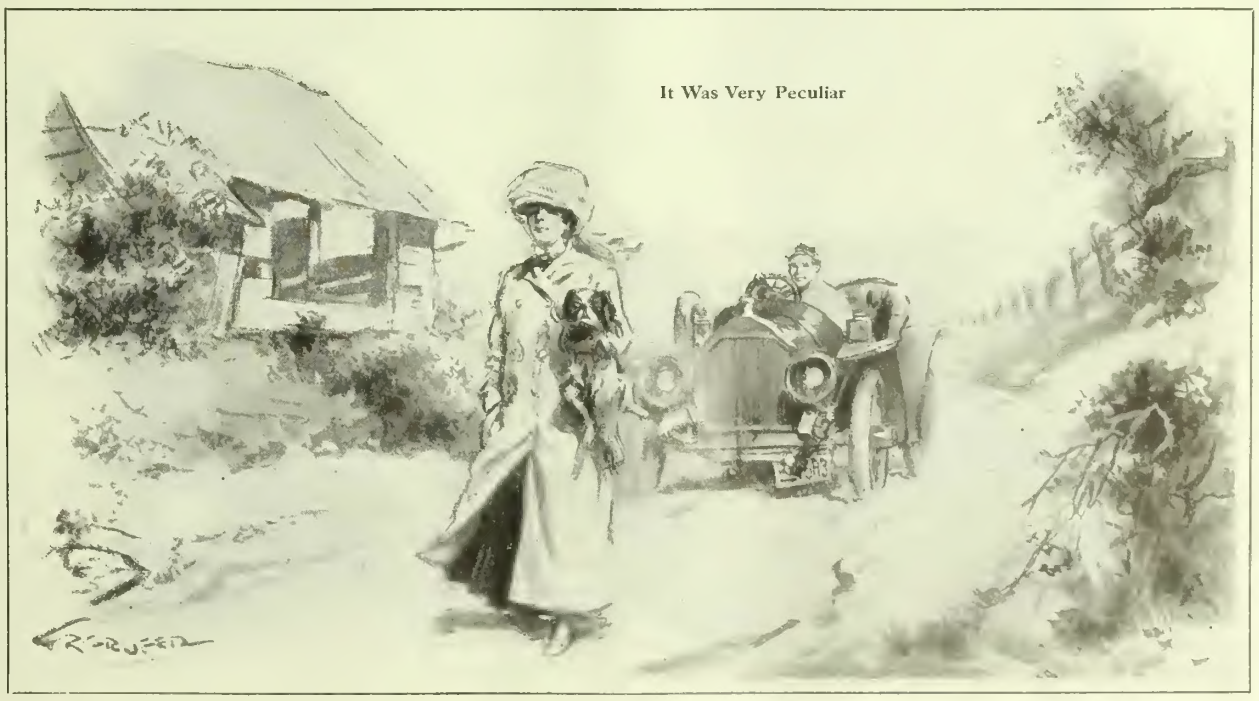
Wet as we were, we remembered to put the lantern in the window as we had promised, and we thought we saw a skiff shoot out in the starlight from the other side of the lake. Tish and I took some hot milk, and Aggie had a raw egg and some more baking soda, and we went to bed. The stars were fading by that time, but after I got into bed I distinctly heard footsteps on the gravel below my window.

"Are you sure you said the first house on the left?" Tish called to me. And then we heard Mr. Ostermaier's voice from the upper window next door, and we knew it was all right. I crawled out and tried to see into the preacher's parlor, but the shade was partly down. I could only make out a sleeve of Mrs. Ostermaier's kimono. It was disappointing after all we had gone through.

She—Mrs. Ostermaier—came over the next morning after breakfast, while Aggie's foulard silk was hanging on the clothes-line. She had been down with the other cottagers, looking across to where the red leather of Tish's machine stuck up above water-level.

"Be careful," Tish said under her breath when she saw her; "she's got something in her hand!"

"What a terrible accident, and how lucky nobody was hurt!" Mrs. Ostermaier began, holding the thing she was carrying against her skirt and staring from the three of us to Aggie's foulard. "The spots did run, didn't they? I told Mr. Ostermaier they would. He thinks you are wonderful women, to go around the country as the three of you do at all hours of the night."



It Was Very Peculiar

Just then the sunlight caught the thing she held in her hand, and I knew in a moment what it was: it was Mr. Lewis' silver cigarette case. Tish saw it too, and ran her needle into her finger.

"We had an exciting night too," Mrs. Ostermaier went on. "Dear me, Miss Carberry, you've jabbed your finger!"

"An exciting night?" I asked, to keep her attention from Aggie. Aggie

had just seen the cigarette case and she had gone blue around the nose.

"Most exciting. About three o'clock this morning—about the time you three ladies were having such a dreadful experience—a young couple came to our cottage and wakened Mr. Ostermaier. I think they threw gravel through the window. They wanted to be married."

Tish sat up and tried to look scandalized.

"I hope your husband didn't do it," she said. I had to pinch Aggie; she was leaning forward with her eyes bulging.

That put Mrs. Ostermaier on the defensive. "Why not?" she demanded. "They had a license, and they were of age. I believe in encouraging young love; Mr. Ostermaier says it is the most beautiful thing in the world. Cousin Maggie and I were witnesses, and we threw rice after them. It was barley, really, but we didn't discover that until this morning."

"For Twenty Dollars I'd be Willing to Swallow My Tongue Backward"

Aggie gave a sigh of relief; we had guessed, but it was the first time we had really known.

"I told Mr. Ostermaier that it gave me quite a thrill, the way he looked at her as Harold pronounced them man and wife. 'All the world loves a lover,' and Cousin Maggie has been reading Ella Wheeler Wilcox diligently all morning."

She turned to go and we breathed easier. Now that we knew they were safely married —— Mrs. Ostermaier turned and started back.

"I nearly forgot what brought me," she called. "My Willie found this in the bed of your automobile, Miss Tish." She held out the cigarette case and Tish took it and dropped it into her workbasket.

"It belongs to my nephew, Charlie Sands," she said, looking Mrs. Ostermaier in the eye. Tish has plenty of courage, but I felt calamity coming.

"So I told Mr. Ostermaier," the creature said, with a smile. "But he insists on remarking the coincidence that the initials on the cigarette case are W. L. and that the young man's name on the license was Walter Lewis."

I have always thanked Heaven that at that moment her Willie fell off the dock, and although the child was not drowned, still, as Tish wrote to Maria Lee, her niece, "he had swallowed enough water to wash the initials off the tablets of his mother's memory." And so far as we know, although the papers came out with great headlines about the marriage, and another article about the post-office having been robbed—we had nothing whatever to do with that—and about three men disguised as women making their escape toward Canada in a red automobile and having run over a pig at Dorchester Junction—I told Tish at the time it was a pig, but she insisted it was a cow—although the papers came out with all this, nobody ever suspected the truth except Carpenter. He happened to find a menu from the Sherman House at Noblestown floating in the body of the car, and the good-for-nothing took a trip to the city and traced us.

He did not say anything, but about a week later he came to the cottage and put a package on the table in the kitchen.

"It's been puzzlin' me for four days, Miss Lizzie," he said, fumbling with the string of the bundle. "I sez to Mrs. C., sez I, 'It ain't possible,' I sez. 'She sez she lost her shoe when the automobile went into the water, and she's a truthful woman; and yet, two days after, the chambermaid at the Sherman House finds it high and dry under a bureau, forty miles away. It's spooky,' I sez."

Aggie was pouring hot water into the teapot, and she kept on pouring till it went all over the place.

"Nonsense," said Tish. "That shoe doesn't belong to Miss Lizzie."

But I looked at Carpenter's face and I knew it was hopeless.

"You've been a good friend to us, Mr. Carpenter," I said. "We've always felt we've owed you something. Here's a little present, and thank you for the shoe."

He took the money and we looked each other straight in the eye. Then he grinned.

"For twenty dollars, Miss Lizzie," he said, "I'd be willing to swallow my tongue backward. And the shoe ain't the tongue kind."

II

BOTH Aggie and I had objected when Tish talked of buying an automobile. But the more you talk against a thing to Tish the more she wants it. It was just the same the time her niece, Maria Lee, went to Europe for the whole summer and offered Tish her motor boat. Aggie and I protested, but the boat came, and Tish had a lesson or two and sent to town for a yachting cap. Then, one day when we were making elderberry jelly and ran out of sugar, Tish offered to take me to the mainland in the boat. That was the time, you remember, when the stopping lever got jammed, and Tish and I circled around Lake Penzance for seven hours, with people on different docks trying to lasso us with ropes as we flew past, and Aggie in hysterics on the beach below the cottage.

People of Penzance still speak of that day, for we figured out that we had enough gasoline to run one hundred and sixty miles, and after Peter Miller, at Point Lena, had lassoed us and was dragged for a quarter of a mile before he caught hold of a buoy and could let go of the rope, we got desperate. I was at the wheel and Tish was trying to stop the engine, pouring water over it and attempting to stick an iron rod in the wheels. And just as she succeeded, and the rod shot through the awning on the top of the launch like a skyrocket, I turned the thing toward shore, where it looked fairly flat.

"I'm going to get to land," I said with my teeth clenched. "I don't care if it crawls up and dies in a plowed field; I'm going to get my feet on dry land again."

I had not expected it to stop so suddenly, but it did, and Tish and I and the granulated sugar landed some distance ahead of the boat and well above high-water mark; in fact, Tish broke her collarbone, and that en[illegible]re summer, whenever the doctor had to peel off the adhesive plaster, Tish would get ugly and turn on me.

Well, we should have known about the automobile. I had a queer feeling when I started out that morning. Tish had had the car out the day before by herself for the first time—both Aggie and I had had the good judgment to refuse—and she got home safely, although she had a queer-looking mark on her right cheek, and one of the mud-guards didn't look exactly right. She said she had had a lovely ride, and we helped her push the machine into the wash-house, where we had had Carpenter knock out a side, and then she went to bed and had a cup of tea. Aggie heard something moving that night, and she found Tish sitting up on the side of her bed, holding like death to the back of a chair and turning it around like a wheel. Aggie got her back to bed, but Tish only looked up at her and said:

"Four chickens!" and went to sleep again.

The next morning her left leg was quite stiff from what she called the clutch, and she sat on the porch peacefully and rocked. But at noon she went to the wash-house, and when she came back she was pale but determined.

"I'm going to take it out," she said solemnly. "If I don't I'll forget everything I've learned. Besides, we've been coming here every summer for ten years, and there are plenty of places we have never seen."

Aggie looked at me, but we knew it would have to come some time, and so we all went in and tied up our heads.

"We needn't go fast," Aggie said when she was putting on her bonnet. "We have all afternoon, and one doesn't really enjoy the scenery unless one goes very slowly."

Tish's face was pallid but resolved.

"It's a great deal easier to go fast than slow," she remarked. "I haven't quite got the hang of going slow. But there's one comfort about going fast: you get around much quicker."

At the foot of the stairs she stopped and called up. "I'm going to take a tablespoonful of blackberry wine," she said. "I feel chilly in the small of my back."

Aggie and I didn't say anything, but we each took a tablespoonful of blackberry wine also.

Tish had written out a list of things to do to start the car, such as "Turn A," "Push forward B," and so on. And she had pasted bits of paper marked A and B on the levers and plugs. So I read:

"Turn A; push up B, crank, and release C."

It started nicely.

"Just one thing," Tish said over her shoulder as we passed the Ostermaier cottage, and they waved to us from the porch: "Don't scream in my ears; don't lean over and clutch me around the neck; and if we run over anything try to look as if you didn't know we had."

Luckily she had not noticed my traveling bag. After the affair of the launch I was prepared for anything, and I had packed up three nightgowns, a balsam pillow, a roll of bandage, a bottle of arnica, a cake of soap, my sewing box and a prayer-book. Aggie had some sandwiches; so we felt we were prepared for everything, from sudden death to losing a button.

We got on to the ferry safely enough. Carpenter, who runs the cable drum of the ferry with a gas engine, examined the machine with a great deal of interest on the way over.

"It's a pretty hot day, Miss Tish," he called as we were starting off the boat. "You'll have to watch her; she'll boil."

Tish looked worried, but she said nothing.

"What is there to boil?" Aggie whispered to me.

"The gasoline," I told her; "and if it boils it'll explode. I'm no mechanic, but I know that much."

After a few minutes Aggie leaned forward.

"Tish," she said.

"Don't take my mind off this machine!" Tish shouted back. "Isn't that a buggy coming?"

"It's too far off to see. It's either a buggy or a wagon," I said. "Tish, where's the gasoline tank?"

But Tish wasn't listening. "Why doesn't that man turn out? Does he want the whole road?" she snapped. There was a silence while we neared the buggy ahead. Then Tish leaned over and began jerking at levers.

"I can't stop the thing," she gasped; "and there isn't room to pass!"

There wasn't time to pray. I saw Aggie shut her eyes, and the next moment there was a

"Come Out," Said Tish to the Bureau. "Make No Resistance; We are Armed!"

terrific jar. Aggie and I were flung together in a corner of the seat, a man yelled, and the next minute we had leaped out of the ditch again and were going smoothly along the road. I glanced behind. The man had halted his horse and was standing up in the buggy, staring after us.

"I didn't think I could do it," said Tish complacently.

"Only the glory of God took you into that ditch and out again, Tish Carberry," I snapped. "And if you are going to do any more circus performances I want to get out."

She could stop the car well enough when there was no crying need to, and now, to our alarm, she stopped every now and then and got out and held her hand over the front of the machine, like testing the oven for cake. Finally she said:

"It's boiling!"

Aggie got ready to jump.

"It'll explode, won't it?" she quavered.

"I don't see why it should explode," Tish replied, wetting her finger to see if it sizzled when she touched it. "But it's hot enough, in all conscience. A good rain would cool it."

The sun was blazing down on us, however, and there was no sign of rain. I said I would just as soon be blown up as melted down, and we got in again. The machine would not start. We all took a turn at the handle in front, but it was like winding a clock with a broken spring.

That is where the man and the girl and the little Pomeranian dog enter the story. For they came along in a blue runabout car just as Tish threw her book called Automobile Troubles over the fence and said she was going to walk home. The book said, "Beginners having trouble with their engines should look under the headings Ignition, Carburation, Lubrication, Compression, Circulation and Timing." As Tish remarked, the only one that was understandable was Circulation, and anybody could tell without a book that the car wasn't circulating to any extent.

Just as Tish threw the book away the young man in the blue runabout stopped and got out.

"In trouble?" he asked. "Can I do anything for you?"

"It was boiling," said Tish. "I suppose something has melted inside."

"Oh, I think not." He looked at the car, pushed something, went round and turned the handle—crank, Tish called it, and it's a good name—and the engine started.

"You didn't have your gas on," said the young man. "And don't worry; you're sure to heat up on a day like this, but nothing will melt."

"Or explode?" asked Aggie.

"Or explode."

He looked at the girl and smiled, and when we started off they were still there, watching us. The dog yelped, and the girl smiled and waved her hand. Aggie, who is farsighted, turned around a second time. "He reminds me of Mr. Simmons," she said with a sigh, still looking back. Aggie was engaged years ago to a young man in the roofing business, who fell off a roof.

After a minute, "He's kissing her!" she gasped. After that she nearly broke her neck watching them out of sight. Aggie is romantic. I turned around, but I had on my near glasses.

I don't know how we lost the Noblestown Pike. Tish blamed it on having to drive with one eye shut, on account of something getting into the other. Aggie's nose was sunburned and swelling, and I would have given a good bit for something heavy in my lap to anchor me. When I was a girl I rode horseback, and with any kind of a steady horse you can tell when the next jolt is coming; but Tish's machine has a way of coming up and hitting you when you are off guard, so to speak.

To go back, after an hour or so we found we were on the wrong road. It kept growing narrower, and when at last it became only a dusty country lane Tish realized it herself. There was a rickety farmhouse about two hundred feet from the road, with a woman bending over a washtub outside the door. I stood up and made a megaphone of my hands.

"Which way to the Noblestown Pike?" I yelled, while Tish got out and stuck a wet finger on the hood over the engine.

The woman looked up and pointed sullenly in the direction from which we had come. We looked at the road. There wasn't a spot to turn—not another road in sight to back into. It was hotter than ever. The engine hummed like a teakettle on a hot stove, and there were little clouds of blue smoke coming from somewhere or other about it. Aggie said she thought the gasoline tank was on fire.

"If it is you'll soon know it," said Tish grimly. "It's under the seat. I'm going to back up on to this bridge business over the gutter. I think I can make it."

"Do you know how to back up?" I asked; and just at that minute the woman left her tub and started to run down the walk.

Tish backed. With an awful grinding of wheels she got the right lever finally; the machine gave a jerk that would have decapitated a chicken, and we backed slowly on to the timbers that bridged the gutter and made a road toward the house. When it gave the first crack we shouted—Aggie and I. It might not have been too late, but Tish put on the emergency brake by mistake and for a minute we hung on the verge. Then we began to settle. We went down slowly, with Tish above us and rising; and when we stopped, there we were, Aggie and I and the rear of the machine, a good four feet below Tish and the engine, with something grinding like mad and clouds of smoke everywhere.

When we crawled out the woman who owned the bridge was standing on the bank looking down at us, and her face was something awful.

"You'll fix that bridge before you leave!" she said, shutting her mouth hard on the last word.

"You'll fix that automobile before I'm through with you!" said Tish, pointing at the thing, which looked like a horse sitting down in a gutter.

"Oh, rats!" the woman said rudely. "That's four of them things that's gone through that bridge this week, and I'm good and sick of it. Ain't there any other bridges in Chester County?"

"Not like that," retorted Tish, eying the ruins. "You don't call that a bridge, do you?"

"It was," said the woman.

She came forward and a ferocious-looking dog stepped from behind her.

Tish looked at the dog.

"It wasn't much of a bridge," she said, more politely. "If you've got any men on the place I'll give them a dollar apiece to get my machine out of there."

"No men around," said the woman shortly. "Theodore"—to the dog—"don't you go around bitin' until I give you the word. Sit down."

The dog sat down.

"Before you leave," she said to Tish, "you'll mend that bridge or I'll know the reason why. Meantime your automobile is trespassin', and the fine is twenty dollars."

Then she sat down on the bank and began to tickle the dog's ears with a blade of grass.

"Theodore," she said, "if them three old maids think they can bluff us, they don't know us, do they?"

I had stood about as much as I could, so I walked around in front of her and glared at her.

"I wouldn't sit so close to the automobile if I were you," I remarked emphatically. "Something is likely to explode."

"I feel like it," she said. "When I get mad I'm good an' mad. Anyhow, I own this place, and I'll sit where I please. Theodore, let's put the washing-machine on wheels and go round the country bustin' down folks' bridges and playin' hell generally!"

An oath always rouses Tish. She got the engine stopped. Then she came around beside me with her goggles shoved up on her forehead.

"Woman," she said sternly, "how dare you mention the place of punishment so lightly!" Tish has been superintendent of a Sunday-school for thirty years.

The woman stared at her. Then she got up slowly.

"I wasn't alludin' to the next world," she said bitterly. "Ninety-five degrees of heat, seven inches of dust, five miles to a telephone and ten miles to town, with an automobile sittin' down in your front yard—that's all the hell I want."

Then she walked up the path. We stared after her; between her shoulder-blades her blue wrapper was wet through with sweat, and the dog trailed at her heels. Aggie, who is always sentimental, took a step after her.

"I say," she called. "If we come back for you some nice afternoon will you let us take you for a ride?"

But she got no answer. To our amazement, the woman turned around at the top of the path and put her thumb to her nose!

We did not see her again for some time, but after Tish had climbed in twice and started the engine, to see if the car couldn't climb out—the only result being that it almost turned over backward—the woman appeared again. She carried a board that looked like a breadboard nailed to a broom-handle, and on it, in fresh ink, as if she had done it with her finger, were the words:

"Trespassing—fifty dollars."

"You said twenty before," I protested.

"That was for those little dinky, one-seated affairs," she said, jabbing the broom-handle into the dirt beside the road. "Two seats, forty dollars; two seats and a folded-back buggy-top, fifty." She adjusted the sign carefully, looked up and down the road, and then went back to the house.

So we sat down on the bank and Tish explained how she happened to do it. I am a Christian woman, and Aggie is so gentle that she has to scratch twice to light a match, but I must say we were bitter. We told Tish we didn't care how she happened to do it, and that some day she would be punished for a temper that made her throw away books that she would be sure to need some time; and that, anyhow, an unmarried woman of fifty has no business with an automobile.

"It's my belief," Tish retorted, "that she keeps her old bridge for that very purpose. She could make a good living off it, and all the work she'd have to do would be to build it up after every accident."

"Oh, no," Aggie said bitterly. "We are going to repair it, I believe."

The back of my neck began to smart from the sun and the dust eddied around us. A white hen came down the path, hopped on to the sloping step of the machine, perked its head at us, and then, with a squawk, flew up into Tish's seat behind the wheel. I was thirsty and my neck prickled.

Early in the afternoon we had a difference of opinion about who should walk the five miles to telephone for help, and after that we did not speak to each other. Tish talked to the machine and Aggie to the chicken. Every now and then Tish, after staring at the machine for a

"Ninety-Five Degrees of Heat, Seven Inches of Dust, Five Miles to a Telephone and Ten Miles to Town, With an Automobile Sittin' Down in Your Front Yard—That's All the Hell I Want"

while, would get up and pick up the soundest of the bridge timbers, put it under the dropped end of the car and push with all her might.

"Call this a bridge?"—push—"Why, this is nothing"—push—"but a rotten old fence-rail!"—bang!—the timber broke. Tish stood with her back to us and kicked the pieces; then she turned on us. "As far as I'm concerned," she snapped, "the thing can sit there till it takes root. You're very much mistaken if you think I'm going to walk to that telephone, after bringing you out on a pleasure trip."

"Pleasure trip!" Aggie retorted. "I can get more pleasure out of a three-dollar rocking-chair. The next time you ask me to go on a pleasure trip, Tish Carberry, just push me off the porch backward. It's a good bit quicker."

By four o'clock I had a rash out all over my shoulders and chest, and my mouth was so full of dust that my teeth felt gritty. I had not cared particularly about going up to the house, but every few minutes between three and four the woman had come out, pumped some water, making a mighty splash, and gone back into the house again. It was more than human nature could stand. At a quarter after four o'clock I got up from the baked earth, glared at Tish, looked through Aggie, and walked with as much dignity as I could muster up the path to the well. There was a sign hung on it by a string around the nail in the top. It read, "Water, one dollar a tin. For automobiles, five dollars a bucket."

The woman came out and pumped some. The water ran cool and clear into a trough and then spread over the ground in dreadful waste. I could have lapped it up out of the trough; every bit of skin on me and lining membrane in me yelled "Water!" and—I had no money with me! The woman stood and waited, Theodore beside her.

"That's an outrage," I fumed. "How dare you put up such a sign! I—I shall report you!"

"Who to?" she asked indifferently. "I ain't askin' you to drink it, am I? It's my well, ain't it?"

"I'll send the money to you by mail." I had lost all my pride. "I'll come back and pay you."

"Cash in advance," said the creature; and pumping enough into a tin basin to have cooled me inside and out she put it down for the dog to drink!

III

I HAVE always felt that we did the right thing that night. It was all very well for Charlie Sands, Tish's nephew, when he heard the story, to say: "And they talk about giving women the vote! Why, for sense they would substitute sentiment; they would buy their opinions at the department stores along with their bargains, and a little two-penny love affair could upset the Government!"

Tish was raging.

"It does not matter whether you approve or not, Charlie," she said loftily, "as long as our consciences approve."

"Approve!" He nearly fell back out of his chair. "My dear ladies, you should every one have been jailed! As for conscience, I'd give a thousand dollars to have a conscience that would set the seal of its approval on assault and battery, highway robbery and abduction."

"The end justifies the means," I retorted; "and when did you get a conscience, Charlie Sands?"

"I think I've got the one Aunt Tish used to have," he said, and I got up and went into the house.

Well, I left the dog drinking. To go back, at that instant I happened to look at Tish, and she was standing on the bank waving her handkerchief at something in the road. I stepped to the corner of the house, and saw what it was—creeping along a lane we had not noticed was the blue runabout car. Creeping is the word. It would crawl forward a dozen feet and stop, and it kept on repeating the performance. But what puzzled me was a spot of pink, just in front of the car and moving slowly forward.

At the end of the lane the pink spot hesitated and then turned our way. Once beyond the hedge, it proved to be the girl with her pink motor veil. She was walking with her hands in the pockets of her ulster, and she was limping. About a dozen feet behind her, and stopping every now and then so as not to overtake her, came the runabout. It was very peculiar. The young man had his jaws set tight, and as he was staring at the girl, and as she was staring straight ahead, neither of them saw us on the bank just above their heads.

The girl—she was a very pretty girl, although streaky just then—had a tight grip on the Pomeranian. She had it tucked under her arm and it was wriggling and yelping to be free. Just after the blue machine had turned the corner the little beast got loose, and with a yelp he dashed to the car and into the empty seat.

The girl stopped. So did the car. She faced about and the young man looked over her head.

Suddenly the girl looked up and saw us, and with a quick glance she spied the lamps of Tish's machine around a curve. No one would have guessed from the front end of the thing that the rear had died in a gutter.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh, I'm so glad you're here! Are you going back to town?"

"We are not going anywhere," Tish said shortly, "unless your young man can help us."

"He is not my young man," the girl retorted, with distinctness; "but if there isn't very much the matter I dare say he can do something."

(Continued on Page 44)

WHY THEY GO

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

A Cynic Sage and a Ribald Rhymester See Some Summer Resorts

Newport

I

DIOGENES was hard to please
And cried in tones emphatic:
"Is every sort of health resort
So bally democratic?
Look at Coney—cheap and phoney,
Trampled by the rabble;
Motley bunches eating lunches
While the spielers babble—
Can't one find another kind?"
Asked the musty mystic—
"Something restful—less suggestful
Of the Socialistic;
Some exclusive, wealth-inducive,
Open-to-the-few port——"
Spasms grasp me. "Sage, you rasp me—
Come, let's go to Newport!"

So to Newport off we started,
Land of Milk and Honey
(Or, a neater phrase and sweeter,
Land of Silk and Money).
Land they yell of, land they tell of
In the yellow journal;
Dukes and dances, fads and fancies,
Millionaires infernal;
Land of yachting, tommyrotting,
Weddings, monkey-dinners,
Beauties, bores and Commodores,
Tiffs and trophy-winners;
Land of zephyrs, Golden Heifers,
Mammon at the wicket;
Only zone where Coin alone
Can't get a season ticket;
Land where Earls enthuse the girls,
Land where styles are born,
Land of Ranks where highbrow cranks
Oft point the thumb of scorn;
Land where folks, like other folks,
Are foolish, dull or gay,
Though golden strains run through their veins—
To Newport, then, away!

II

Newport, like Life, with its pranks and its guffs,
Is built on a series of rather tall Bluffs;
These the waters of cold Narragansett divide
From the cloying, annoying,
Mere hoi-polloi-ing
Jangle and jar of the vulgar Outside.
And Newport, unblended,
Is cloven in twain—
Into Newport the Splendid
And Newport the Plain.
Now Newport the Plain cuddles down, quiet thing!
Like a shy little Cat gazing up at a King.
It's a sweet, cozy town,
Quite decently made
With houses of brown
And profusion of shade,
Where your citified jokes
Are greeted with pleasantry:
God-fearing folks—
(My! I almost said "peasantry"!)
Newport, in fact, has a picturesque grace—
Sort of a comical-opera place
With a large Army Post and a huge Naval Base
Where 'prentice-boys drilling
In uniforms thrilling,
Officers swaggering, armed for the killing,
Tourists mad-scrambling,
Lanes long and rambling,
Boats at the dock with their whistles out-shrilling—
Very well done,
As though set for Act I,
When the Chorus sings "Hail!" with theatrical zeal
And the long lines divide
To an aisle straight and wide
As Midas steps down from his automobile.

But Newport the Splendid!
Ah, that were intended
For metric stenography finer than mine—
Proud, highty-tighty
Seats of the Mighty,
Gorgeously simple, yet simply divine.
Here on the Shore Drive, portentously solemn,
Oceanward looks the Society Column;
Names to the right of you,
Names to the left of you,
Names to the front of you pompously thundered—
Oh! what a hit they made!
Hit of the Smart Brigade,
Noble Four Hundred!

Here all the castles and villas and palaces
Plucked from the Old World are set in the New.
Florentine Courts with their gardens and chalices,
Near-Windsor Castles, loom grandly to view;
Mansions Venetian, mid-Norman, Phenician,
Domaines de Bagatelle, marble and bronze,
Pompeian gardens suggesting the Grecian,
Vine-covered pergolas carven with fauns;
Lawn-girding walls rich with bearings armorial,
Lofty, impressive and Waldorf-Astorial—
Here, holding tight to both birthrights and pottages,
Dwell the wise Esaus. And these are their "cottages."

III

Wild country life, how I sing your delight!
Four o'clock comes and the roads are alive;
Bright-rubbed victorias, stately, polite,
Silver-tipped harness, adorn the smooth drive.
Toilets Parisian and coachmen erect,
Sedulous bows from the Very Elect,
Nods of formality,
Smiles of cordiality—
Carefully graded, I firmly suspect.
Ocean's deep waters may break on the scenery,
Crude Mother Nature may lure with her greenery,
Little they care—it's the Social Machinery
Moves 'em along with a Central Park gait,
Taking the air as a Matter of State.

Mrs. Gott-Barryls, who's socially On,
Is serving 'em tea in her Georgian salon.
Merely a few
Of the New York Who's Who
Are asked to the lady's ambrosial brew.
For when only Few come there are reasons, to wit:
It means you are either a Hit or a Nit.

At the Casino there's tennis today.
Newport is there in its usual way:
Splendor of gowns from the Rue de la Paix,
Birds of a feather
Chirping together;
Several Crows trying hard to look gay.
Gentle applause from the audience tingles—
Two mighty Champions pitted at singles
Bounce the swift rubber—
A hush from the crowd—
See! Mrs. Icebox has snubbed Miss O'Dowd!
What does she mean by it? What does it prove?
What is the proper return for the move?
Tennis may charm, but it seems rather tame
In a region where Freeze Out's the favorite game.

IV

(Light Artillery Quickstep, composed by Diogenes while observing twenty beautiful ladies walking to the Golf Club at a distance of six and a half miles.)

Of all the vain fallacies Jennies or Alices
Ever thought proper to plan,
That thing-a-ma-jinction called "social distinction"
Most puzzles the Masculine Man.

Why treat like a scullion sweet Widow Van Bullion,
Yet bow down to Mrs. Tom Cod?
And why in the Dickens should Annabel Blickens
Be Boss of the Ice-Water Squad?

Hep, hep!
Get into step!
Better be drowned than be out of the swim.
Drill, girls, drill
With a strenuous will,
Plain and handsome and fat and slim.
Shoulder parasols! Forward march!
Calls the trumpet to Bridge—ta-ra!
To the Cause be true
And some day you
May also be Gener-al-iss-i-ma!

If some peacherino about the Casino
Should scoff at sweet Annabel's pranks,
She'd soon be disabled and carefully labeled
"Too-sassy—reduced to the ranks."
Her station forsaken would shortly be taken
By some better-disciplined wife
Of suitable trimmin'—and yet they say Women
Aren't built for Political Life!
Hep, hep! Get into step! etc.

(Reflections of a Horse, written by Diogenes while driving a grocer's cart in the light-road-wagon class at the Newport Horse Show.)

Of all the vain fallowness founded on shallowness
Drawn from its classical source,
An Equine Exhibit's the thing that prohibits
The praise of a sensible horse.
As you trot round the ring, sir, they don't do a thing, sir,
But gaze at your Master's new spats,
While the beautiful creatures who sit on the bleachers
Are gathering pointers on Hats.

Prance, prance!
On with the dance!
Is it a wonder that horses get sore?
Whoa, Bill, back!
It's a thankless track,
For the Beauty Show is the thing once more.
Shoulder parasols! Forward march!
Four-Foot Servant of Man, ta-ta!
Give the Dog his day,
But the Horse, neigh, neigh!
When Fashion is Gener-al-iss-i-ma.

V

The motto of Newport—it's nearly a taunt—
Is "Privacy, privacy—that's what we want."
But, man being human, I greatly regret
That Privacy's just what they don't seem to get.
O see!
Peek-a-boo!
O me!
Pray who
Can that be
Looking through
From yon tree
With pencil and kodak, and eyes seeking trouble,
And false purple whiskers like Sherlock Holmes' double?
And who, I pray,
Is the lady in gray
With the Pinkerton air and the book-agent way?

Land Where Earls Enthuse the Girls

Florence, Though a Perfect Peach,
Posed in Vain on Bailey's Beach

Who are the folks bribing butlers and grooms,
Sliding down chimneys, peeking in rooms?
So ho!
You know!

They're the Social Reporters who seek high and low
For gossip sufficiently spicy to go
With the Chit Chat and Wig Waggle Publishing Co.
They hide behind shrubs,
They crawl under flues;
In tonneaus, in tubs,
In iceboxes, pews.
On private affairs
They ardently pitch
And add to the cares
Of the Downtrodden Rich.
See! their notebooks are loaded with all they can use
Of the flatulent stuff called "Society News."

And another sore plague which Exclusiveness' bottle
Strives nobly and vainly to cork up and throttle
Is the deluge of Tourists.
Those thrill-seeking purists,
Stolid as Eskimos chewing their blubber,
Open their lunches and come there to rubber
With simple, admiring, impersonal gall,
Much as they'd "take in" Niagara's fall.
For a dollar a whack
The Man with the Hack
Will show you the Sights round the circle and back.
His voice carries far as old Gabriel's blast,
And his virulent shout
Most distinctly bawls out
The gossip of Newport, both future and past.
"That lady in white in the auty-mobeel
Is Mrs. Upp-Cummins," the Driver will spiel.
"It's her second marriage.
That girl in the carriage,
Her folks is just spendin' a awful amount
To marry 'er off to a Portuguese count.
That lady in brown—
Look! she's turnin' aroun'!"
You hiss, "Don't! She'll see you."
But on goes the Jehu,
"She's the fash'nable horsewoman, Mrs. Olde Towne.
She ain't goin' to stay
Long in Newport, they say—
Her husband's too stingy—they're goin' away."
So the Driver prates on, dropping story and quip
As he shows the Elect with the point of his whip.

VI

The Young Men of Newport are seldom plain Toddles,
Slender-shanked Brummels or pale Mollycoddles.
If their dads have grown fat in the temples of Wealth
The sons have retained the inheritance Health.
They're off for their jogs in motoring togs,
Their shoulders are wide and their foreheads are brown.
Approved of the mentors, firm-seated as Centaurs,
The noble Smooth Riders go charging through town,
Past the Newport Photographer's own exhibition
Of beautiful ladies of social position,
Up to the Reading Club's simplified rooms
Furnished with Authors and Butlers and Grooms.
Here the closely-drawn curtains suggest to the joker
That some who love Reading are fonder of Poker.

What feminine heart but must beat a wild solo
As the Young Men of Newport swing fiercely at polo,
As they race down the field
On their lithe little steeds
While the mallet they wield
For miraculous deeds?
What maid so obtuse
She'd refuse
To enthuse
As merry young Jason swings blithely away
In his beautiful yacht down the beautiful bay
For a gold-spending, happy-go-anywhere cruise?
O heiress of Newport, here comes my rebuke:
Pray why, in your fancies
For Perfect Romances
Must you pack off to Europe and buy you a Duke?

VII

Mrs. Ladder was a climber—
What, O Muse, can be sublimer
Than the soul that would aspire
With the motto "Ever Higher"?
Vergil said of men (and ladies):
"Easy is the drop to Hades,
But it is the Climb that rankles,
Twists the wrists and skins the ankles."

Mrs. L. a "Cottage" built,
Solid porphyry and gilt,
Architected, carved, embossed;
Twice a million was the cost.
Terraced lawns and spreading plazas,
Pergolas and broad piazzas
Where, like Patience on a throne,
Mrs. Ladder sat alone.

Mrs. Ladder's daughter Florence
Viewed the scene with vast abhorrence,
Knowing luck was dead aginst 'er.
"Ma," she wailed, "I'll die a spinster!"
Mrs. Ladder's husband George
Paced about with rising gorge.
Mrs. Ladder smiled sublime,
"Great campaigns," she said, "take time."

Like a certain fabled Smarty,
Mrs. Ladder gave a party;
Priceless, princely preparations,
Half a hundred invitations,
Famous singers operatic,
Fireworks, dancers acrobatic.
Night arrived—O hour of shame!
No one but the waiters came.

Florence, though a perfect peach,
Posed in vain on Bailey's Beach
Near the sign "Subscribers Only."
Yes, it was surpassing lonely.
Though the Youngsters murmured "Gad!
Say, she isn't half so bad!"
All the Chaperons cried, "Dear!
Everybody's coming here."

Mr. Ladder, plainly blue,
Tried the links a time or two.
Once he matched Augustus Bluffer,
Who pronounced him "Quite a duffer."

(Concluded on Page 41)

Land Where Styles are Born

THE HOME LIFE OF GRANT

Personal Recollections of Colonel W. H. Crook

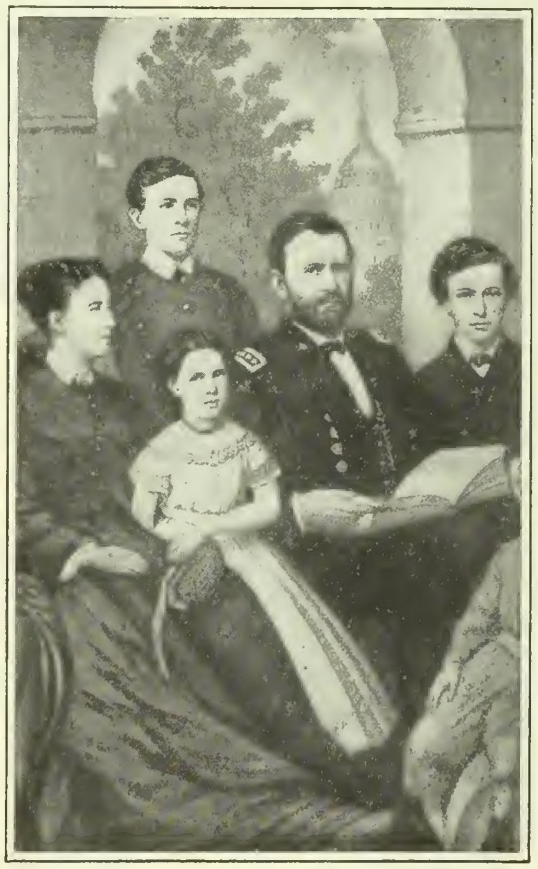
DISBURSING OFFICER OF THE WHITE HOUSE

THE home life in the White House of President Grant and his family was distinctly unlike that of his two immediate predecessors, President Johnson and President Lincoln. To those of us who were actively engaged in the daily doings of the Executive Mansion, whether our stations were high or low in point of responsibility, there never could be duplicated, of course, the wonderful atmosphere compelled by Lincoln's personality, radiant with hope even in the darkest days of the war; suffused with the light of a love for mankind so universal that it was almost divine; trembling with tenderness, yet firm as the everlasting hills when questions of right or wrong arose. And I think that all of us whose lives were centered in and around the Executive Office during Mr. Johnson's unhappy Administration sincerely hoped that never again would we experience the turmoil and suspicion that had made of the President's office an uncomfortable, seething caldron. And in this respect our hopes were almost wholly carried out.

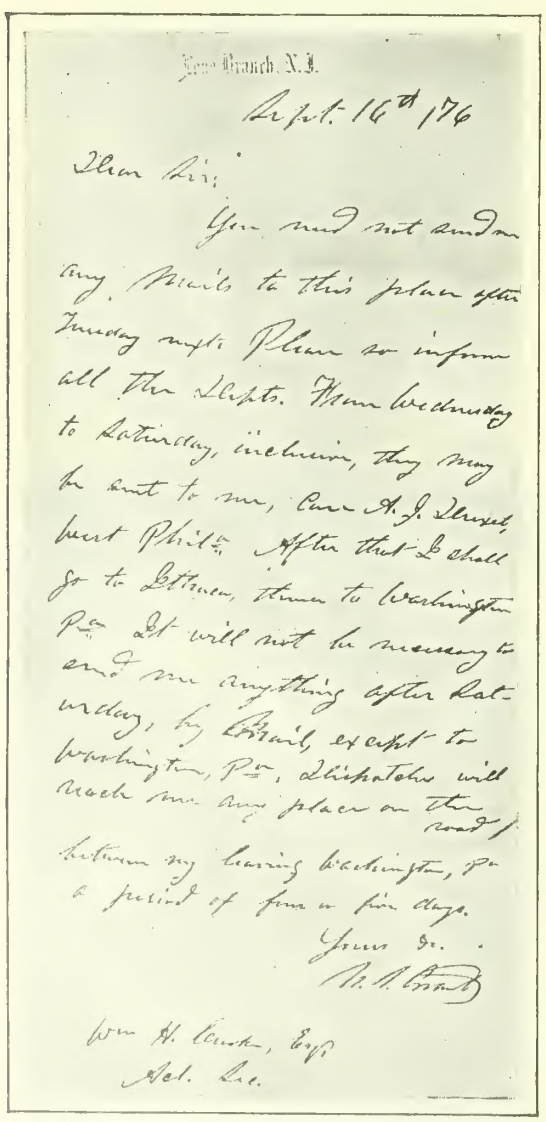
It must be borne in mind by those unfamiliar with official Washington that, in many respects, the home life of the President's family in the White House is in great measure like the home life of a gentleman's family anywhere else. Sometimes, owing to a matter of temperament, this President or that one has permitted the official side of his experience to influence, even more or less to intrude upon, his family routine. But Grant was determined, from the hour he arrived at the White House as President, to keep his official life distinct and as far apart as possible from his home life. He felt that, no matter how exalted was the office to which he had been elected, he had a right to his own family life; and he maintained it successfully.

This was easier for him, perhaps, for the reason that he and Mrs. Grant were fully accustomed to White House affairs and White House etiquette before they went there to reside. It will be remembered that from the close of the war until the day of his inauguration General Grant had his headquarters in Washington, and with his family resided in a brick dwelling on I Street, near New Jersey Avenue. During the Johnson Administration Grant stayed in Washington, attending strictly to his duties, never going away to make campaign speeches or other addresses in the hope that by such means his political prominence would be increased. Like all good men and true, General Grant liked to have the good opinion of his fellow-citizens rather than their ill will or their suspicion. But he never sought it by any of the familiar means employed from time immemorial by cheap politicians. Because of his inherent greatness, evidenced by the great deeds he had wrought, he was a world-figure—although one would never get that idea from his manner; and I doubt if he ever realized it to the day of his death. Grant, like Lincoln, was modest to a degree, and well bore out the opinion, now become almost an axiom, that personal simplicity is almost invariably an accompaniment of true greatness.

When Johnson came to the White House as President I had already accompanied Mrs. Lincoln to Chicago, so there were none but employees and servants to welcome the Johnson family when they arrived later. The relations between Johnson and Grant, and their respective supporters, were such that the President and his daughter, Mrs. Patterson, contrary to precedent, did not stay to receive their successors at the White House. Nevertheless, after having been inaugurated at the Capitol on that fourth day of March, 1869, President Grant and Mrs Grant drove directly through Pennsylvania Avenue, and when they arrived at the White House they found the Blue Room and the Red Room and the Green Room filled with Army and Navy friends and others, all eager to welcome the newcomers: a bright, eager, merry throng, aglow with the excitement and exhilaration of the hour. And they gave the new President and his family a welcome as cordial as it was sincere.



Photograph of the Grant Family Made the Year Before General Grant Entered the White House as President



Letter Written Colonel Crook by President Grant, While the President was Away from Washington in the Summer

A Departure From the Old Customs

THE contrast between this gay, light-hearted, happy arrival of President Grant's family and the lonely coming of President Johnson's a few years previous was almost painful in its intensity. Here there was no gloom cast over the arrival, as in the previous instance by the fact that half the country already was at loggerheads with President Johnson. There was no such anxiety as had been constantly felt concerning Mrs. Johnson's feeble health. There was none of the strangeness to new surroundings, no ignorance of White House etiquette as was the case when Mrs. Johnson and her children and grandchildren had arrived On the contrary, Grant was the most popular man in the country—a hero admired, believed in, trusted to guide to greatness and prosperity and influence the nation, which even then had somewhat recovered from the shock of civil war. Every one wished him well, was eager to follow his leadership, to help him. And this feeling of sympathy and cordiality extended to the members of his family.

When the first greetings of welcome had been exchanged soon after the newly inaugurated President arrived at the White House, a luncheon was served to all the guests, who shortly afterward withdrew, leaving the President's family to get settled in their new home. Besides the President and Mrs. Grant there were present, as I recollect them, that day, all their children—Frederick Dent Grant, a lad of nineteen years who was then a West Point cadet, Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., Nellie and Jesse.

Owing to various reasons social life at the White House during Grant's time was more imposing, more elaborate, than it had been during the Lincoln or the Johnson Administration. For one thing, the war was over and the country was rapidly pulling itself together again. A million men had left camp and once more were back in their homes pursuing their usual vocations. Hundreds of thousands of families, reduced well-nigh to penury while the breadearners had been at the front, were regaining a condition of prosperity, in many instances a condition of affluence. People could think of something else besides war; anxiety was ended as to the outcome of the long struggle; men and women felt the need of relief in social life. Then, communication between Washington and other cities was easier, quicker. Ocean voyages were becoming shorter, and many more Europeans of high station crossed the Atlantic and visited the National Capital than ever before. And these foreign visitors brought with them standards of social life and an atmosphere of formality more distinct than that to which American society in general had been accustomed. All these things, and others, influenced directly or indirectly the social life at the White House. Beginning with the Grant Administration, therefore, it was necessary to be punctilious about a hundred little matters which before then might have been disregarded.

It so happened that the first housekeeper employed at the White House came there during the first Administration of President Grant. She was a quaint little old lady, a Mrs. Mullen, very pleasant and bright, and perfectly familiar with all the duties required of her; in fact, she was so thoroughly capable and businesslike, as well as so faithful, that Mrs. Grant soon became fond of her. In those days the steward purchased all the table supplies, and with these Mrs. Mullen had little to do; but her duties included practically everything else connected with the housekeeping end of the Executive Mansion: oversight of the servants, the care of the various rooms and the furniture, and the thousand and one details that must be looked after in such a large establishment.

Mrs. Grant had no secretary to attend to her correspondence, the great bulk of which was referred to the office for action. She used to receive an enormous number of appeals for help, for charities, for assistance, in aid of almost every cause that could be imagined. As she was a warm-hearted and sympathetic woman herself some of these appeals made a strong impression upon her. I can remember several instances when Mrs. Grant requested her husband to give this person or that one the position that was asked for, or to accede to some other request of like nature. She always called the President "Ulys," and, excepting upon the most formal occasions, he always addressed her as "Mrs. G." Both the President and his wife were plain people; simple in their tastes to an extent that would cause surprise today when everything has so changed throughout the social fabric of the entire nation. As an example of the unaffected personality of Grant I recall one of his very infrequent visits to Washington during the war. It was not his habit to come to the National Capital whenever he had an excuse; General Grant's business was at the front, and there he stayed on active duty practically all of the time. But on the occasion referred to it was necessary for him to make a flying trip to Washington, and it so happened that he arrived in the city late in the evening when one of the Thursday receptions was being given by President Lincoln to the general public—one of the old-fashioned levees, as they were termed. As usual I was standing opposite Lincoln,

where I could scan the long line of men and women who came up to be presented to him, for my business, as already mentioned in a previous article, was to see that no person might by any possibility do harm to the President.

The foreign Ministers and other members of the Diplomatic Corps, in all their gorgeous uniforms and gold lace, accompanied by their wives and grown daughters gowned in Paris frocks, were passing the receiving party, and immediately after this most brilliant body of men and women came the highest officers of the army and navy, all in full-dress uniform, and then hundreds and hundreds of private citizens from all over the country, who stretched out in a long line two by two through the various rooms. But in that group of magnificently uniformed army and navy officers was one short, solidly-built man wearing a much-used service uniform, carrying a slouch hat in one hand and an army overcoat across his other arm. This man was General Grant. He had reached Washington on an important mission, and had hurried in a direct line from the railroad train to the White House, and thought nothing whatever about his personal appearance. Moreover, he was so great and commanding a figure in the nation that few among the hundreds present noticed the strange contrast he made to the brilliant group that surrounded him.

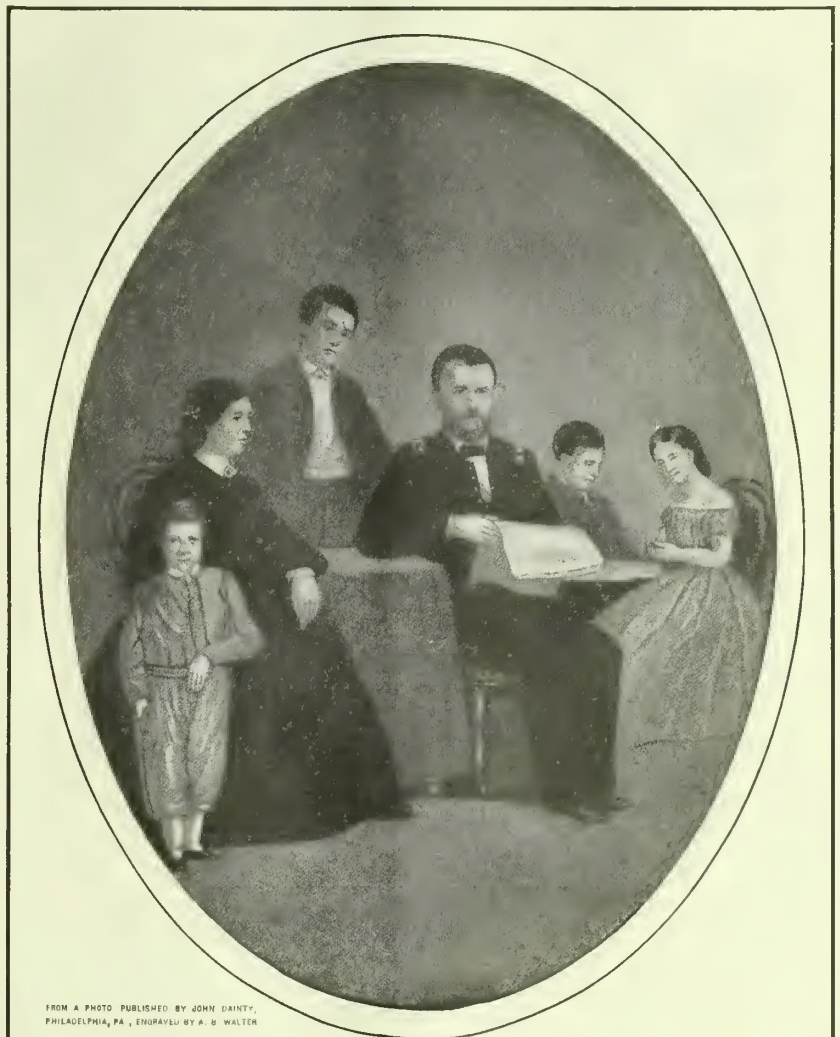
Now, this plainness and simplicity was characteristic of both Grant and his wife when they came to reside in the White House; but it was incumbent upon them to modify their personal inclination to a certain extent because of the high official position they then occupied. As distinguished from the purely social, or what may be termed the "entertainment" side, was the intimate family life of the Grants in the White House; and in this there was all the charming simplicity and unaffectedness that makes such a life successful. It must be remembered that in addition to the President and his wife and their children there were a great many visitors at the Executive Mansion during Grant's occupancy. Grant himself, of course, had a host of friends and former comrades in arms whom he esteemed highly and whom he always made welcome; and though he was not so fond of entertaining as his wife naturally was, yet he did his share.

Their Unofficial Life

MRS. GRANT was a woman of medium height and rounded figure; she had dark hair and hazel eyes, and a skin that betokened the excellent health she always enjoyed. She was energetic and lively of spirit, and very active indeed. She, too, had many friends in and around Washington, and quite a number of relatives who often were at the White House—among them Mrs. Sharp, whose husband Grant afterward appointed as Marshal of the District, and another sister, Mrs Casey, whose husband was a prominent man before Grant appointed him collector of the port of New Orleans Mrs. Casey by the way, is living in Washington at the present time. Then Mrs. Grant's brother lived in Georgetown—General F. T. Dent, one of the secretaries to the President. He and his wife and children naturally were often at the Executive Mansion. One of General Dent's daughters, "Madgie," as we all called her, was a great friend of her cousin, Nellie Grant. The two girls were about the same age and both were vivacious and bright, and made charming companions. While I have been jotting down memoranda from which this article is to be written, Madgie Dent has called on me in the Executive Office of the White House. She is no longer Madgie Dent, however, but the wife of Mr. Lafayette E. Campbell, a wealthy mineowner of Chicago. Of course we talked of old times, and she reminded me of the occasions on which I used to take her driving about the city and suburbs when she was a little girl. Furthermore, she assures me that she is now a grandmother herself—but this I could hardly believe.

Another of the Dent children who made up a part of the merry company of young visitors at the White House during Grant's Administration was "Jack" Dent, now Colonel John C. Dent, U. S. A., at present residing in Washington and awaiting retirement for disability. And little "Jack" Dent actually is a grandfather himself! The third of General Dent's children was a splendid lad named Sydney, who is now practicing law some place in California.

In those days children at the White House and elsewhere were not so much in evidence as they are in a majority of American homes at the present time. But all these youngsters and their young cousins of the Grant family made merry all over the Executive Mansion when permitted to do so, and spent many of their happiest hours in games and sports about the broad rolling acres at the south side of the Executive Mansion. I was associated with Grant, especially during his second Administration, more closely and constantly than with any other of the Presidents during my term of service in the White House, which began in Lincoln's time and has continued to the present day. And the family life of the Grants was as harmonious and equable as any that I have ever seen. Grant himself was, of course, a man of complete self-control. Mrs. Grant, though cheery and of a very happy disposition, never knew what the words excitable or nervous meant; her calmness was unusual. In this respect she was much like the General. She accepted his desire that their family life in the White House should be as distinct as possible from his official life, and though she went to his office whenever she wanted to speak to him about anything that came up, yet she never appeared there until she had made sure that he was alone, and that she would not disturb him in his official business. Ordinarily she dressed plainly and, like Mrs. Johnson's, her clothing was of the best materials and made by the best dressmakers. She was not particularly fond of jewels, although, with due respect for the proprieties, she was willing to wear them on formal occasions, as was befitting her position.



FROM A PHOTO PUBLISHED BY JOHN DAINTY, PHILADELPHIA, PA., ENGRAVED BY A. B. WALTER

The Grant Family—The Children (Reading From Left to Right) are: Jesse, Frederick, Ulysses and Nellie

Under ordinary circumstances the President and his entire family retired between half past nine and ten o'clock at night, for Grant believed in getting plenty of sound sleep whenever possible. I think his tremendous exertions during the years of the war had taught him to value uninterrupted sleep as most people do not value it. The family would breakfast at about half past eight in the morning, and soon afterward Grant would go to his office for the transaction of business. Mrs. Grant, after seeing the children started off to school, would hold consultations with her housekeeper and with the steward, and then settle down to her heavy correspondence. Likely as not, during the morning some of her relatives or intimate friends would come to the White House informally, or she would spend an hour or two in the conservatory of which she was very fond, or she would go shopping. The entire family met for luncheon at about one o'clock, and they had such a good time at the table that nobody ever willingly was absent or even late.

Grant was at his best at the table with his wife and children; and for an hour or two after dinner in the evening he devoted himself to them wholly and solely. When he was with those whom he loved so dearly, all his taciturnity would vanish and his stern expression would melt away, and he would be an affectionate, sympathetic father delighting in the comradeship of his little folks, sharing their plans and jokes, and prouder than anything else, I think, that they confided in him so freely all their hopes and fears and aspirations. This is the Grant I like to think of just as much as I like to think, with a thrill of admiration, of Grant the grim, indomitable warrior.

As luncheon or dinner drew to its close the President would push back his chair from the table and light the inevitable cigar, and then while jokes were flashing across from one child to another he would amuse himself by rolling bits of soft bread into little balls and shooting them through the air at Jesse or Nellie, much in the same manner as a boy would shoot marbles on the ground. Sometimes these bullets of soft bread would hit the mark intended and sometimes they wouldn't, but the President enjoyed it all and so did the children.

In the afternoon Mrs. Grant usually went driving in her landau, either around the city or over to the Soldiers' Home or along country roads just outside of Washington. Sometimes two or three of her children were with her, and sometimes other people; for she seldom went alone. The two horses were the finest that could be obtained for the White House stables, and the coachman and footman, colored men of unusual appearance, wore a dark rich livery with silver-plated buttons. The coachman, Albert Hawkins, was tall, splendidly built, and intensely black—a powerful, smooth-shaven man who sat on his box like the ebony statue of a grenadier. And the footman, "Jerry" Smith, was even more imposing in appearance. Together with the carriage itself and the horses and their harness, these men made an appearance strikingly impressive. They realized to the full the importance of what they considered their high official station in life, and they showed it by their immovable dignity and extreme gravity on every occasion.

Grant's Games

WHEN one of Grant's friends, like Mr. A. J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, concluded a visit at the White House, he would be driven in the landau to the railway station. Then, while Hawkins sat motionless on the box, Jerry would swing down to the sidewalk, open the door and, with a bow of acknowledgment worthy a courtier, receive the usual tip for such service—a twenty-dollar bill for himself and another for Hawkins. Mr. Drexel used to say, laughingly, that a drive from the Executive Mansion to the train, back of Grant's coachman and footman, was worth forty dollars at any time.

I suppose Grant himself sometimes went for a drive in his landau—when he could not very well help it, but what he liked to do was to sit on the edge of the seat in a light racing buggy, pull the brim of his slouch hat down over his eyes, lean forward until his arms and shoulders were just above the dashboard, and, speaking a few words to the magnificent trotting horse in front of him, sweep past every other pair of heels kicking up the dust on a smooth road—and this on almost any beautiful afternoon when he could get away from the Executive Office. Grant was very fond of two forms of indoor games: billiards and cribbage. So far as I remember, whist was not played at the White House, certainly not to any extent, during Grant's time there. But frequently at evening, after the children had gone to bed, and when Mrs. Grant perhaps was engaged with the wives of Cabinet Members or other ladies calling upon her, the President would send out for General Van Vleet or another of his warm personal friends, and would sit down to a game of cribbage, over which he would fight almost as hard as he had fought in some of his military campaigns. In order that he might be able to play his other favorite game whenever he had time to spare, Grant built a billiard-room out of a part of the old conservatory; and there he would generally go for a little while after dinner, practicing with cue and balls, and puffing clouds of smoke through half-closed lips while he perfected himself in difficult shots and combinations.

The President took little exercise other than bending and walking around the billiard table, excepting his walks about the city of Washington, and these he would take at almost any hour of the day when he could spare the time, although he usually went in the late afternoon. He never thought of having any guard to accompany him

(Concluded on Page 37)

Lord Stranleigh, Philanthropist

The Music of the Sphere—By Robert Barr

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

His White Hand Was Raised, Grasping a Black Iron Ball

LORD STRANLEIGH was not housecleaning exactly, but rather furbishing up a bit, for he expected a distinguished visitor. The *rapprochement* between Russia and Britain was to be helped forward another notch by the entertainment of His Highness, Prince Azov. A great banquet at the Guildhall had been arranged, presided over by the Lord Mayor and attended by members of the Cabinet, Ambassadors, Ministers, representatives of science, art and literature, with a generous sprinkling of English nobility; indeed, one or two scions of the Royal family would occupy seats of honor at the Guildhall table. The Prince was to be presented with the freedom of the city in a gold box, and during the first week of his stay in London some important and dignified function was allotted to every day.

Throughout this week the Prince was to be the guest of the Russian Embassy; after that he came to Lord Stranleigh, removed the decorations of his rank, and then the pair, who were old friends, intended to have a good time together like any other young men about town.

Stranleigh was giving final instructions regarding the preparation of the suite of rooms for Prince Azov's occupation when the usually imperturbable Ponderby came in betraying a state of agitation that filled his master with astonishment. Ponderby's stout figure seemed to have shrunk. His erstwhile rubicund countenance was actually pale, and his face wore a crestfallen expression almost akin to terror that was not without its touch of comicality. Indeed, Stranleigh almost smiled, and, in fact, would have smiled had the victim been a man of less consequence than his indispensable valet; but, instead of smiling, he spoke very calmly:

"Well, Ponderby, what's the trouble?"

"It's the Suffragettes, my lord. They demand to see your lordship and won't believe you're not at home. There's about twenty of them, my lord."

"A mere mistake in identity, Ponderby. Tell them the address of the Premier is No. 10 Downing Street. Turn them away firmly, but kindly."

"They won't be turned away, my lord. The moment the footman opened the door they rushed him; nearly knocked Spilkins over, my lord, and now they're all in the hall, except one who stands outside the door waving a banner inscribed, 'Votes for Women.'"

This time Stranleigh did smile, in spite of himself, as he pictured the six-foot Spilkins, so cold and formal in manner, unexpectedly submerged at the door by an impetuous onrush.

"Ponderby, when you are captured, the only thing to do is to capitulate as gracefully as possible. Go to the hall, Ponderby, take a glance over the assembled women, and note the general tone of their costumes, then show them into whatever room best corresponds in color and decoration with their own attire. Tell them I shall do myself the honor of waiting upon them within five minutes. Ask Spilkins to lure away the bannered young lady from outside the door; then, when you have them all seated comfortably, report progress to me."

The score of ladies were in quite a flutter when they learned how easily victory had come to them, and there arose a murmur of admiration as the solemn Ponderby ushered them into one of the most beautiful drawing-rooms they had ever seen. The girl with the banner rolled it up hastily, as if somehow it was out of keeping in a salon displaying such perfect taste. When all were seated the silent Ponderby withdrew, closing the door very gently.

"I wonder," said the lady with the banner, "if we are trapped. This all seems too easy. I believe Lord Stranleigh has got us in here so that he can slip out unseen, for his motor car drove up just as I came in. I should have remained on guard."

She rose impulsively from her chair and gave a flirt to the banner that partially unrolled it.

"I'm off to intercept him," she said, but a very quiet old lady, with beautiful gray hair, spoke soothingly:

"Sit down, my dear. I know Lord Stranleigh. He would not do such a thing."

The girl, but half convinced, slowly reseated herself. She was in a room where every prospect pleases and only man is vile. She knew their sneaking ways. However, she made no audible protest, and her companions were all very quiet, as though rather awed by their surroundings and the celerity with which their desire had been accomplished. The door opened and Lord Stranleigh entered.

As he came in the door closed behind him without any visible motive power. His eyes took in very quietly, yet without seeming to do so, the group awaiting him, and then lit up with pleasure as they recognized the delicate old lady with gray hair who rose to greet him. His indolent manner fell from him like a discarded cloak. He came forward rapidly, bent over her proffered slender white hand and raised it to his lips with old-fashioned courtesy.

"We have rather stormed your citadel," she began.

"Dear madam, had you only let me know you were coming you would have found my door wide open for your reception; but you come so splendidly chaperoned that I fear this may be a business visit and not a friendly call."

"I hope you will regard it as both."

"I cannot be so impartial, madam, and am certain to incline toward the friendliness, for, after all, I am but a poor business man."

"You are quite alone in that opinion, my lord. Indeed, we are here because of your latest coup in business, and so, that we may not take you more by surprise than already has been the case, I warn you to prepare for a unanimous vote of censure."

"Dear lady," laughed Stranleigh, "why use a threat when I am eager to obey your slightest request?"

The girl who had been on guard slipped the stick with its furled banner out of sight behind her chair. This meeting was too much like a scene from a society play: there was certainly nothing militant about it.

"Pray be seated, madam," said Stranleigh, "and I beg that you will allow me to take this chair fronting you all. They say that when danger threatens the best plan is to face it, which accordingly I do. To what particular successful coup do you refer?"

Stranleigh took a chair near a table.

"The newspapers have printed column after column about it. Assisted by the weight of your money, that arch-rascal, Bannerdale, secured his second line to the Pacific, and 'froze out,' I think that is the term meaning ruined, a vast number of unfortunate men who were opposed to him."

"Yes," said Stranleigh, "I received many hundreds of letters on that subject, and talking of votes of censure I've been censured by every reputable journal in England. The incident just proves what I have been saying to you, namely, that I'm no man of business at all, but merely a gullible simpleton."

"Why, how can that be, if it is true that you cleared nearly a million by the deal?"

"I certainly made a sum of money, the amount of which I have not had time to inquire; but that was an unintentional side issue. I made no protest against what the journals said, but I should be sorry for you to misjudge me. My mind has recently turned toward the possibility of giving away money by some method that will do good instead of harm. At a health resort on the Continent I met a man who seemed poor and ill, and at his behest I made a railway investment through a Frankfort firm. The profits, if any, were to go to him, while the loss, if any, was borne by me. It turned out that the person calling himself Garner was in reality the multi-millionaire railway king, Bannerdale. He needed the use of my name and secured it. He published a quite untrue statement that I was his partner, and thus was enabled to consummate the deal he had in hand. He never applied to me for a penny of the money I made on his behalf, and so, you see, instead of wearing the hoofs and horns presented to me by the press, I was merely the victim of a man much shrewder than myself. I confess that the contumely heaped upon me has not caused me an hour's wakefulness, but if you ladies add a vote of censure, then shall I be indeed desolate."

Many of the delegation laughed, and it was evident his young lordship had nothing to fear from that quarter. The lady with gray hair now spoke, very gently:

"I am sure I express the sentiment of this committee when I say we are all glad to know you invested in an American railway speculation solely to benefit a fellow-creature whom you supposed to be in distress. We came here hoping to show you a better use for your money than that to which you had devoted it."

"You mean, madam, that I should contribute to the cause of Woman's Suffrage?"

"Yes."

"That I am pleased to do, and if you assist me by naming the amount I will send a check to your treasurer."

"On behalf of my fellow-workers, not only of those here, but of the thousands laboring elsewhere for our cause, I thank you for your great generosity. Our mission now being accomplished, I shall detain you no longer than it takes to tender our gratitude for your kind reception."

The young man was rather confused as he listened to these words and the slight ripple of applause they called forth, but the tension of the situation was relieved by the young woman who carried the banner rising to her feet.

"I thought perhaps our chairwoman would embody those sentiments, with which we all agree, in a formal vote

of thanks, and that in seconding this motion I should find opportunity for speaking on a subject very interesting to me. I gathered from the Earl of Stranleigh's remarks that he has given some thought toward the distribution of money to aid the downtrodden and the afflicted. If this is so I should like to ask what success has followed his philanthropy."

Stranleigh laughed a little and tried to shake off his embarrassment.

"My efforts can hardly be dignified by such a term as philanthropy. It is a question that bristles with difficulties. When I give a sovereign to a sober ragamuffin, if I meet him again before the money is spent I regret to find he is then usually a drunken ragamuffin. In a larger way, where I depend on my own judgment, as was the case with the American I have spoken about, my effort has merely meant the discomfiture of people unknown to me whom I would not willingly have injured. This is doubtless because I am rather a muddle-headed person, and a muddle-headed person with good intentions and plenty of money seems to be a distinct danger to the community. I try to inform myself of what wiser people have done, but my search has not proved encouraging.

"Through the genius of the late Sir Walter Besant a great People's Palace was erected in the East End, which I am told has failed in its object on account of the abstention of those it was intended to benefit. That gracious lady whose memory is revered by us all, the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, carried out what seemed a most practical project by building a huge market in the East End, where poor people might obtain good food at reasonable prices; but she merely disturbed temporarily the costermonger trade, and I think the great building, if not abandoned, is used for other purposes than the one for which it was erected. The poor, apparently, would have none of it.

"The other day, as I drove from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, I noticed along the road great iron pipes being ruined by rust, and learned from my dragoman that years before the Baroness had bestowed a very large sum of money for bringing the pure water of Solomon's Wells to Jerusalem, which has always depended on the rains for its supply, gathered into filthy tanks. The bulk of the money had been stolen by Turkish officials, and these broken, rusty pipes were the useless result of a most beneficent plan. So you understand my difficulty: I am quite willing to give if assured that the donations would accomplish any useful purpose."

"Don't you think," replied the confident young woman, "that these failures are due to the indolence and ignorance of the giver? The man with money, unless he has made it himself, is indolent, and therefore, to gain information, does not take the trouble a business person would expend before making an investment."

"Doubtless, madam, that is very true in my own case, for I am both indolent and ignorant. Money seems as dangerous to meddle with as dynamite. I read in the bankruptcy proceedings the other day of a young and industrious mechanic, earning good wages, whose uncle in Australia left him sixteen thousand pounds. That sum lasted him a year, or nearly so, and when it was spent he got amazingly into debt, and now is adjudged a bankrupt, with no chance of his creditors receiving a penny. A year ago he was a useful and estimable citizen; today he is a vicious loafer, a human derelict."

"That may be an exceptional case," said the confident one.

"Perhaps. Have you any suggestion to make?"

"It seems to me, in the instances you cited, that neither the Baroness nor Sir Walter took the trouble to find out what the poor really wanted or needed. They bestowed upon them, therefore, something they did not require. Now I think a man with time at his disposal should examine the matter, as I may say, from the ground up. He might take an individual, study him, discover what was really needed, and after that supply the deficiency."

"Madam, you describe exactly what I did in the case of Mr. Bannerdale, alias Garner; yet see how narrowly I missed a vote of censure from you for that very action."

"My lord, have you ever seen the play, written by one of us, entitled Diana of Dobson's?"

"I have not enjoyed that advantage."

"It deals very cleverly with the subject we are discussing."

"Very well. I shall secure a box at once."

Before the banner girl could say anything further the lady with gray hair rose.

"I think," she said, smiling, "that the Earl of Stranleigh has earned the formal vote of thanks you suggested, and so, taking it as proposed and seconded, I beg to tender it and bid him farewell."

Saying this, she marshaled her following and departed.

When Lord Stranleigh left Kingsway Theater he was thinking less of the employment problem in the play than about its acting. The American actress had been superb, and the leading man, whom he considered Britain's greatest tragedian, caused him to wonder, because, although he had the production of the piece in his own hands, he had chosen for himself the humble rôle of policeman, appearing only for five minutes or thereabouts in the darkened picture of the last act, which represented the outcasts dozing on the benches of the Thames Embankment.

Stranleigh walked down Kingsway to the Strand, entered the Gaiety Restaurant and treated himself to a well-chosen supper. When he emerged, remembering the last scene of the play, he strolled down Arundel Street to the Thames Embankment, intended to be London's chief boulevard, although this thoroughfare, bordered by great luxurious hotels, becomes after nightfall an outdoor bedroom for the penniless—millionaire and pauper sleeping within a stone's throw of one another. However well the Thames Embankment may compare with a Parisian boulevard during the day, all the brightness of the latter is absent at night, for here are no cafés and restaurants.

He Made the Piano Sing Like a Nightingale

Stranleigh's first impression was how well the actual benches of the Embankment imitated their counterfeits on the stage. Even the slow policeman that passed him walked with the great tragedian's measured step. The young nobleman aroused the first sleeper, asked a few questions, and receiving replies that he didn't in the least believe presented the derelict with a sovereign, telling him to get something to eat and a more comfortable bed. This was repeated again and again, and monotonous iteration indicated that no denizen of the Embankment was there through any fault of his own.

Stranleigh knew that many a man who later became famous spent his first night in London on the Embankment, and he hoped that by chance he might succor some genius; yet he fancied that in such case his benefaction would not have been so greedily accepted as it was by these outcasts. He yearned for some one to tell him to go to the devil and leave the slumberer to his rest, but he met no such cheering indication of independence.

The slow policeman, marching by the parapet, paused and watched him with some suspicion in his attitude. Finally the officer spoke:

"Rather a dangerous business, sir."

"I know it is," said Stranleigh, coming alongside. "I don't believe in indiscriminate charity, but these poor wretches are so far down in the social scale that perhaps a little unexpected money will do them no harm."

"That wasn't quite what I meant, sir," said the policeman, who seemed disappointed to find Stranleigh was not intoxicated, as he had evidently surmised. "Some one you've given money to has already passed on the word, and if you're not careful you may find yourself waylaid and robbed. Better let me whistle a cab for you, sir."

"I'm not afraid, officer, but I dare say you know the crowd a great deal better than I do. I gave a sovereign to each of those who have since vanished. I hoped I might learn something, but I find I haven't; so, if you don't mind, I'll make you my proxy charity commissioner."

The young man gave the astonished commissioner a handful of gold, and said:

"You take your percentage out of that and distribute the rest among those who need it most."

"With your permission, sir," said the policeman, "I'll change all this into silver tomorrow and divide it tomorrow night. I suppose you don't know that these people would have some difficulty in getting honest change for a gold piece. None of them could convince anybody that they had come fairly by it."

"I hadn't thought of that. I'm rather a bungler, you see."

"Well, sir, begging your pardon, you don't seem very wise."

"You've hit the nail on the head, officer. Good night to you."

"Better have a cab, sir. You may get your head hit before you leave the Embankment."

"My skull is too thick to be injured by any of these weaklings. Good night."

Good night, sir."

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"You Mean, Madam, That I Should Contribute to the Cause of Woman's Suffrage?"

THE WOMAN SHOPPER

How to Make Her Buy—By Isaac F. Marcosson

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BRETT

"IF WOMEN only bought what they set out to buy there would be fewer department stores," said the house manager as he watched the ebb and flow of the tide of shoppers in a great New York drygoods establishment. He summed up in a sentence the state of mind that has made the whole many-sided science of merchandising for the sex possible. In the profitable encouragement of the feminine buying instinct lies the secret of the successful conduct of a vast part of the retail business in the United States, because the average woman not only shops for herself, but, by reason of her position in the household, shops for the entire family, husband often included. The winning trade appeal must be to her. A. T. Stewart recognized this many years ago, for his first published advertisement was addressed to "the ladies of New York." Perhaps in no commercial activity does human nature play so big a part or is competition so keen. In the explanation of some of the methods employed there is a helpful lesson in retailing for the shopkeeper, no matter whether he sells pins or pianos.

The problem of merchandising for women is peculiar and universal. Temperament enters largely into the transaction. A man who goes out to buy something for himself usually knows just what he wants and he almost invariably gets it without delay. He hasn't the time to shop. Merchandising for him is comparatively easy. A woman, on the other hand, does not always know exactly what she wants when she goes forth; she waits to see what is offered. Style, suggestion, environment, even atmospheric conditions, contribute to the choice and the extent of her buying, and she has the leisure to pick and choose. Just as you find a Tartar when you scratch a Russian so do you instantly uncover the born shopper when you offer a woman goods across the counter. It is the instinct of her sex and in the main it knows no creed or caste. So general is it that one may well paraphrase Kipling's lines to read:

For the Colonel's lady an' Judy O'Grady
Are shoppers under the skin.

Though this genius for shopping is universal, you find on comparison that the American woman is the best shopper in the world. One reason is that, where the French woman, for example, looks only for effect when she shops, the American woman scrutinizes the details that combine to cause this effect. The seeking out of these many little things comprises the perfect art of her buying. In brief, she knows everything that she is getting and she is particular about what she gets.

The merchant who meets all these varied and exacting requirements achieves something well worth investigating. Although the shopping instinct is the same in Portland, Maine, as it is in Portland, Oregon, there are certain places where it receives a larger gratification. Nowhere perhaps has it fuller play than in New York. On that hiving battleground of retailing for women that lies between Eighth Street and Thirty-fourth Street the hand of business reaches out to the gold-lined purse of the rich and the penny of the poor. All natures, nations and needs meet in this moving drama of merchandising. What follows is practically a composite of the experience of half a dozen stores through whose doors more than a million shoppers have passed in a single day and the volume of whose business for a year would finance an empire. What do they do to get the people and the trade?

Since the instinct of woman is to shop, it follows that the first step in successful merchandising for her is to make the place where she can shop as accessible as possible. The way to her buying must be the easiest way. You find that almost all of the stores that attract begin on a corner, because a corner is a beacon-light for business. Women naturally gravitate toward one. When you have a corner and perfect transportation facilities you get the ideal combination for drawing a woman's trade. The general rule to be laid down, which may be followed by any kind of retail merchant, is, "Get near the densest traffic." If the store is to be kept open day and night it should be located where traffic does not cease in the evening. Such a store should not be near a bank or group of banks, because they close early and are dark and deserted at night. This tends to give the whole block a dead appearance.

It sometimes happens that a store starts out in a dense traffic zone and then, through some unforeseen circumstance, loses part of its transit facilities. What can be done? The concrete case of what two stores on Sixth Avenue, in New York, did will answer the question. These stores were situated on what is known as the West Side, but they sold large quantities of goods to people from the East Side, which is located straight across town. Under the old Metropolitan street-railway system transfers were allowed from the northbound and southbound cars to the crosstown lines. This enabled the Eastsiders to get to the stores for one fare. But when the street-car lines went into the hands of receivers, due to the burden of water in their stock, the transfers were cut off. The Sixth Avenue stores lost a lot of business because the people from the East Side would not pay two fares each way when they shopped. The store managers said, "We must get these people over to our stores in some way." The result was that they started their own crosstown lines in the shape of big, comfortable stages that make dozens of trips every day from the elevated and subway stations to the stores. Any woman can ride on them, the only condition being that she procure a ticket at the store.

What happened? The lost trade from the East Side has not only been restored but actually increased, because the free ride in a well-appointed bus is comfortable and it gives the woman unaccustomed to riding in a carriage or a cab a fine feeling of luxury. More than this, it appeals to the universal human desire to ride for nothing.

The bus idea is not particularly new, because Marshall Field first put it into effect in Chicago years ago to haul patrons from the railway stations to his store. The important fact is, the cheaper and more direct the transportation the better the chance of increasing trade with women. Experience shows that they will not go to much trouble to reach a store.

Another factor in the matter of profitable site and accessibility is close proximity to the theaters. Matinées are great feeders to the department stores. So close is the relation between shopping and theatergoing that one great Chicago store has a theatrical ticket office, where seats for all current attractions may be obtained at regular prices. This saves a woman from having to stand in line at the box office and it enables her to remain just that much longer in the store.

"He Has a Smile and a Manner That Make Them Feel That He is Genuinely Interested in What They Want"

Stores attract some women like theaters. Any one of a dozen department-store managers in New York will tell you that there are women who come into their establishments every business day for the mere love of wandering around and seeing just what is being offered. They may not make a purchase once a week, but they like the sensation of being near bargains.

Assuming that the merchant has the properly accessible site, what is he to do to make the woman buy the moment she gets into the store? The whole secret, after having seasonable, reasonable and dependable goods, is to make the main floor as attractive and alluring as possible. It is at this point that one result of a careful study of the feminine temperament comes in, because the really successful main floor is so arranged as to stimulate the shopping instinct and make the woman buyer feel that she "simply must have" the articles displayed.

That fascinating psychological institution—the power of suggestion does the job. The shrewd merchandiser simply turns it loose when he fills the main floor with "pickups," little articles that attract the eye and make the woman pause and examine them. They may be jewelry, belts, belt-buckles, silver or gilt picture frames, toilet articles, notions, hatpins, leather goods, fans, veils, combs, umbrellas, hosiery—all the things that appeal to feminine fancy, that arouse instant interest and make a swift and unexpected appeal for purchase. The woman will buy them impulsively because they fascinate her. This starts the buying machinery and gives the shopper the feeling that she is getting just what she wants. The chances are that she will buy more than she ever expected to buy on that trip.

This naturally leads to what might be called the geography of merchandising for women. By having the small, highly suggestive and quickly salable articles, whose buying requires no forethought, at the entrance and near by on the main floor, the merchant is enabled to place the less attractive goods, and the stocks that require time and thought in buying, farther back and higher up. A woman who starts out to buy a suit or a long coat or a brass bedstead, or even a pair of shoes, is willing to go to the third or fourth floor after them. She has made up her mind to get this particular article and needs no power of suggestion to guide her. You can see that one reason why some retail merchants for women have failed is simply because they put the wrong kind of stock on their main floors, and especially near the doors.

There is still another good business reason behind the grouping of enticing articles on the main floor. It creates quick buying, and a busy counter is one of the first and best aids to merchandising for women. Crowds of women shoppers have been likened to flocks of sheep. Experience shows that if a woman stops at a counter and says out loud, "I think this is a real bargain," nearly every other

She Goes to the House That Makes a Dignified Announcement

woman within the range of her voice will at once think the same thing and rally around the goods. Many of them will buy. Thus to the power of suggestion must be added the potent influence of the power of example in inducing women to buy. The whole machinery that stirs the far-flung American bargain line into action operates on this theory. Bargains are good bait, for they bring people into the store. Women will buy them because they think they are cheap, whether they need them or not. Then they stir around to find some place or use for them.

The very origin of bargain day indicates its best value today. Formerly Friday was the poorest business day of the week. It was the lull after the rush of the first part of the week and the calm before Saturday, which was the general payday, when many people did their buying. How to make this a profitable day was the problem. A clever man said to himself, "Why not have a big volume of business at a very small profit rather than no business at all?" He marked down a pile of goods, advertised them and called Friday "bargain day." Women, being by instinct shoppers and bargain-hunters, flocked to the store. Friday is now as big a day as any other, and sometimes bigger.

Every great merchandiser has his own peculiar system of creating bargains. Often bargains are the result of opportunities. The shrewd merchant will buy a stock that may be slightly out of date and sell it at a small margin of profit. The article is unusual and it brings a lot of new people into the store. In short, it is one form of publicity.

There are many clever devices to get women into the stores. One is the "rainy-day special." It is a well-known fact that unless there is some very special inducement the average woman shopper will not rush out to buy on a rainy day. One far-sighted New York merchant hit upon an idea to make this inducement. He said, "Why not make the store so attractive on rainy days that the women will make it a point to come to my store every time it rains?" He planned a series of special bargains, which would not be advertised and which would be available only on rainy days. Thus the women would have to come to the shop to see just what they were. The element of surprise added interest to the performance.

The announcement that the firm made tells the story, for it read:

"When a day begins with rain our usual crowds do not come. Casting about for a means to sustain the sales' record of fair days in spite of rain we have hit upon the idea of establishing a system of rainy-day specials. Therefore, you may come to us on any day that starts with a drizzle or a downpour expecting to find extraordinary bargains. You may locate these groups by cards like this. There will be interesting values on every floor; goods reduced for the purpose of turning stormy dull days into stormy busy days."

On the back of this announcement was a facsimile of the placard that announced the special. It bore the words "Rainy-Day Specials, Not Advertised" in large type, and was stamped with the device of the store. Underneath was the price of the article in large, plain figures.

Hoisting the Lavender

THE words in the announcement, "On any day that starts with a drizzle," and so on, have an interesting bearing. No day is a provocation for the specials unless it rains when the store opens. It is officially declared a rainy day when the manager arrives. Assured that rain is falling he at once orders a placard containing the words "Rainy-Day Specials" posted at the big station in the center of the store. This is like a signal hoisted to the masthead of a flagship, for in a few minutes rainy-day cards flash up in red all over the establishment. A carefully planned system of reductions is on file and it is at once in operation. A corset that may have sold the day before for two dollars is marked down to one dollar and seventy-five cents; stockings that on bright days would bring eighty-five cents a pair go to seventy-nine cents, and so on. There must be real bargains on these rainy days.

Another New York store puts lavender placards out on rainy days bearing the words "Unadvertised Specials." It has educated its customers to look for them at such times, and they back them up with low prices in various stocks.

Still another rainy-day inducement is in the form of personal publicity. When business is dull on such days the clerks in the stores do their shopping. The managers will make special prices to them sometimes on certain lines. These girls take their purchases home and tell their families and friends about them. It sets women to talking, and merchandisers for women have learned that one of the most powerful influences they can have at work is the talk of shoppers.

All great merchants do not agree on the subject of bargains as the only bait. John Wanamaker, for example, sums up part of his business philosophy in this sentence, "New goods are better than bargains." This means the swift turning of stocks, which crystallizes the creed of Marshall Field, "Keep stocks moving, for action is the life of merchandising." When you turn to the rule that guided another master merchant, the late R. H. Macy, you find that he, too, realized, many years ago, that movement of merchandise was profit. His axiom was:

You make money by your turnovers·
You lose money by your leftovers.

In no kind of merchandising is action so necessary as in purveying for women. This is due to the fact that styles for them are constantly changing. With a man it is different. If green suits are not modish, and he happens to have one left over from last season, he will wear it anyhow. But if fashion decrees that turbans are stylish a woman will not wear her big hat, no matter how stunning it may be. She will continue in her hunt for turbans, and this means that the stores must have all kinds of turbans on hand.

Right buying, therefore, becomes one of the great problems of the merchandiser for the sex. In the office of the merchandising manager of a vast Sixth Avenue store you will see this sign hung up:

GOODS WELL BOUGHT ARE HALF SOLD
BUT
GOODS HALF SOLD ARE BADLY BOUGHT

How is the merchant to know whether he is buying right? Simply by keeping track of what his competitors are doing, and this is achieved by having what is technically known as the "Shopping Department." Sometimes it is called the "Comparison Department."

"It is So Cozy and Intimate"

Go to any well-organized department store, and somewhere in the big establishment you will see an office, separated by glass partitions from the rest of the store, with the word "Private" painted on the door. Many offices may have this word on the outside, but this particular office has special significance. Inside you will find two women, and one of them will very likely be reading and marking the department-store advertisements in the daily newspapers. The other will be examining laces, stockings, underwear, shoes, or any one of the hundred articles to be found in a well-stocked store. The place looks like a sample-room. In reality it is the "Shopping Department."

The goods that you see have been bought from competing stores, for the business of the department is to keep sharp track of what other stores are selling so as to compare the goods with the same kind of article in the house. What is the value of this work? It is not difficult to find out. Suppose that this particular store is selling a certain silk stocking at ninety-eight cents a pair. The next day a rival house advertises the same stocking for eighty-nine cents a pair. The shopping department, which has at once noted the advertisement, sends a woman to buy a pair of the stockings and they are compared with the quality her house is selling. If they are the same quality then something is wrong with the buying end. The buyer in the silk-stocking department is then hauled up and asked to explain why he cannot buy these stockings so as to sell them at eighty-nine cents a pair, or even a few cents lower than the price charged by the competitor. Thus, by means of such a department, the merchant not only can keep his finger on just what his trade rivals are doing but can know from day to day whether his department heads are on their jobs and buying the right goods at the right price.

Right buying for women means scouring the world for the latest styles and color effects. The successful merchandiser must have a bureau in Paris manned by men and women who watch style developments as eagerly as foreign correspondents on the spot watch the march of events. But this is only one detail. The merchant must also have agents in scores of places in the Orient for draperies; in the Madeira Islands for embroideries; in Ireland for linens; in Chemnitz for underwear, and so on. There must be shrewd Americanism behind the watch on this panorama of fashion and change. Many French gowns, for instance, must be Americanized when they come to New York. A novelty that looks well in terms of francs must be equally attractive and salable in terms of good United States dollars.

Cabling Paris Styles

NOT all the hints for catchy styles come from the conventional watch at the race-tracks, the boulevards, the theaters or the papers. Some drift in from unexpected sources. I saw a picture postal card that came to a great American merchant from a woman in the south of France. It showed a woman looking through a lorgnette fastened to the handle of an umbrella. It was quite an original device. Offhand it seemed acceptable. But the merchandise manager to whom it was referred asked this question, "Will the American woman like it?" He brought up his keenest women buyers, trained in the shifting taste and desire of their sex. "No," they said. "The American woman likes the lorgnette in the conventional place. This is a toy and a freak, and it won't do."

One great American merchant has an entire editorial staff in Paris which sends him a daily fashion letter. This staff publishes an illustrated weekly magazine, with plenty of pictures and news and gossip of the fashion world. If a new scarf is worn at the races it is photographed; a picture is sent over by the next steamer and with it full instructions as to how it is to be worn. Some of these scarfs are ordered. Cables have prepared the way for their coming. So when they arrive the head of the department to which they go assembles his people, tells them all about the new article, and by the time the goods are actually on sale the saleswomen can talk about them intelligently, just as if they had been handling these innovations for years.

Fashion and vanity are compatible terms. Hence the shrewd merchandiser for women cleverly appeals to the vanity of the sex. An incident will show how successfully it can be done. A certain American merchant, who is a heavy importer of the latest things in gowns and wraps, and who had studied the woman's state of mind, devised this plan to make a winning appeal to her. In the autumn

he held an elaborate exhibition of styles, and in the announcement of his show made the following statement:

The area devoted to this exhibition will be known as the Court of Foreign Fashions, where only the fashions just received from the ships will be displayed, and where the trunks and original packages that contain them, which have been seen before only by the customs officers, will be opened in your presence for the first time.

What appeal could be more irresistible? Here was the chance to be in at the literal opening of the very last word in the things that women most adore. The "original package" idea drew a throng of enchanted buyers.

There are other kinds of appeal to the woman's vanity. A. T. Stewart, who was wise in his generation, had a good plan. When he had a sale of fine silk dress goods he had a way of saying to a clerk in the presence and hearing of a well-to-do customer whom he knew by name: "By the way, Mr. Jones, you remember the duplicate of that silk dress pattern which was made for Queen Victoria? Well, I think Mrs. Blank would like to examine it."

Of course, Mrs. Blank was glad to examine it and delighted at what she considered the privilege of buying the same pattern that probably at that moment was covering the ample shoulders of the good queen.

This play on the woman's temperament has many ramifications. It reminds me of an incident in the life of a great American merchant. Twenty years ago he had a drygoods store that was big for the Southern town in which it was located. He was in New York one summer and went shopping with his sister. They went to a large store, where his companion asked for five articles. The store had only three. It made a deep impression on the brother, for he said to his sister:

"Why, I could beat that down home. I have all five of those things."

Years passed; that man went to New York and today he is at the head of two of the largest department stores in that city. When you ask him for the rule that underlies his successful merchandising for women he will tell you the story of that shopping expedition with his sister twenty years ago, and will add: "It consists in having all those five things all the time, for merchandising for women simply consists in having what they want when they want it."

What Every Woman Knows

ALL the genius of providing the right kind of store and the right kind of stock will be unavailing, however, if there are not intelligence and selling ability behind the counter. Although rules for employees are made every day by the score, experience shows that the whole science of reaching the woman customer lies in two simple things — attention to the customer and knowledge of the stock.

Clerks who study the merchandise they handle roll up big sales, and it is easy to see why. Take a girl at the lace counter. A woman happens to be strolling through the store and sees an attractive pattern of lace, and stops. Without being intrusive the intelligent clerk can engage in conversation with the woman. If she can tell her, for example, that this particular lace was woven by some nuns in a French convent the chances are that she will at once interest the woman. She invests her stock with a story interest that wins. So with any kind of goods. The very moment that a clerk, by reason of investigation or study, can impart interesting facts about what she sells she plays a strong card for business. Thus that much-worked institution—human interest—performs its labor at the drygoods counter as it does in the larger sphere of wholesale salesmanship and in that still greater activity—the whole work of the world.

Knowledge of merchandise means that the clerk can serve her customer and serve her well, and this is the basis of all retailing. If the woman buyer finds out that the clerk knows more than she does about goods, in nine cases out of ten she will buy, even if she had no intention of buying at the start. A man, on the other hand, often wants to feel that he knows more about the goods than the clerk, and when given a chance to display this knowledge will buy, even if he did not expect to make a purchase.

The clerk can obtain the knowledge about the merchandise she sells very easily. Heads of departments are glad to impart it. In addition, every great store has its "store school," and one great American merchant has founded a university for his employees in order that they may have the proper training.

When this knowledge is backed up with a smile and a pleasant personality there is no limit to the advance of the clerk. A story will illustrate. In one of the large New York department stores a premium is given to all clerks who sell more than a certain amount of goods every week. The manager noticed that one salesman in the silk dress-goods department led all the rest. Some weeks his premium was twelve dollars. He sent for the head of the silk-goods department and asked:

"Are you sure that Jones is not getting credit for the mail orders he fills?"

"Quite sure," was the reply. "He sells the goods."

"How does he do it?" asked the manager, very much interested.

"Women customers gravitate toward him," was the answer, "because he has a smile and a manner that make them feel that he is genuinely interested in what they want. He makes them realize it the moment they come into the department, and if he is standing in a group of salesmen they pick him out."

It is hard to tie this kind of salesman down. The next vacancy among buyers was offered to him and he filled it so acceptably that he is now headed toward an assistant managership.

Successful merchandisers for women have learned that when you make a woman feel cozy in her buying she will come back again. This inspiration has led to an interesting innovation in the display of dress goods. For years these goods were kept on shelves fortified by counters. Though bolts were piled up on counters some obstacle seemed to be interposed between the woman and free and unrestrained access to the goods.

A merchant, wiser than all the rest, reasoned thus: "Wouldn't it be more attractive to the woman buyer if she could find these bolts spread out on small tables that were not barricaded by counters? She could take up the goods herself—wade into them, so to speak—and establish a close relation with them. In short, she would be at home."

The merchant discarded his shelves and displayed his dress goods on individual tables. What was the result? He sold more dress goods than ever before; and, what was more to the point, the women not only came back but brought their friends. They almost had parties in this department, for they said, "It is so cozy and intimate."

When you analyze what this clever merchant did you find that it is simply an adaptation of a plan that has many uses. The average person would rather eat at a small table in a restaurant or a hotel than at a large table where there are a lot of strangers. You have only to consult human nature to sell goods.

Wherever you turn in highly-organized merchandising for women you find that the stores that provide the best and most human aids to shopping do the business. Children, for example, are a great problem with the shopper who cannot afford to keep a maid. To have a child tagging around from floor to floor is not only burdensome to the woman but very wearying to the little one.

One New York store has solved this problem. The woman can have her baby carriage checked at the door and her baby or older child checked at a roof garden, where trained attendants are on the lookout and where there are sand piles, ponds, and all the other diversions for the child. In bad weather and in winter the children are checked in a large recreation room, where there are indoor games. This has proved a strong inducement to shoppers. It makes for unhampered buying and it relieves the woman's mind; for, instead of worrying about the children whom she has left with a neighbor or locked up, she can have a feeling of security because they are close at hand.

The same store, by the way, has another winning appeal for women. It claims to sell meat at cost. I asked the manager why he did this and he said:

"It's a very simple proposition. Meat is a necessity and people must have it every day. They will go where they can get it the cheapest. When we sell meat at cost we bring a large number of people into the store every day. Most of our customers have no servants and do all their household work, and have to take care of their children. Many have other things to buy besides meat, and the chances are that they will combine all their buying at one place. Thus we get all their business."

There are many ingenious ways of getting people into the store. Here is a typical case. An enterprising Chicago merchant had a big sale of iron savings banks. They were sold at twenty-five cents each, had cost him forty and were worth a dollar. But they were sold with the understanding that the store was to keep the key, and the buyer of the bank, therefore, could not open it without coming back to the establishment. Thousands bought the banks because they were a real bargain.

Shopping Through the Tube

NOW, this merchant was not a philanthropist. He knew that when people came back to open their banks they would spend in his store some of the money they had saved. He was not mistaken. Many did not wait until the bank was full. They needed something and said, "I've some money in my bank. The key is at Blank's store. I can get what I want there." This plan served a twofold purpose; for, in addition to being a form of compulsory saving, it provided a sure lure to get people back to the store.

Another plan put into effect by a Rochester store consisted of a distribution of lapel buttons by the thousand. Each button had a number. On certain days the store advertised a list of numbers, and the persons having these numbers on their buttons could call and get prizes. This scheme had the virtue of making thousands of people read advertisements who otherwise would not have done so, and thus their attention was directed to the store and its stocks. Also, in wandering through the establishment in search of their prizes they became familiar with the place and with what it had to offer.

Successful merchandising for women must meet and solve many new problems and conditions. Our suburban zone, for example, is constantly expanding. The merchant must serve and reach the suburbanite. Merely sending her goods out to her free of charge does not solve the problem. Original aids and comforts in shopping must be provided.

New York has the largest suburban population. Let us see what the great stores do for it. The most recent innovation is typical of the enterprise of a great house. It has established a bureau for shoppers in the concourse of the Hudson Terminal building. This is an inclosed highway through which the flood of tube commuters to New Jersey sweeps twice a day. The bureau is really a branch office of the business, equipped with telephones and manned by clerks who know all the departments and who have prices, catalogues and lists of bargains advertised.

Here is the way it can serve a suburbanite. A woman in Montclair, New Jersey, is invited to a luncheon in New York. She wants to make a call before the function and she must go back to her home immediately after the party. She needs a number of articles and she has no time to shop. She can stop at this booth on her way to the city, leave her orders and find all the packages ready for her at the booth when she goes back in the afternoon. It is just a step from the booth to the tube, and the tube lands her in the railway station in Hoboken or Jersey City. Her problem is solved.

Now turn to another kind of aid to the suburbanite, although this help may be employed by the city dweller as well. It consists of the "shopper's guide." A woman who is not familiar with the geography of a great store can ask the first floor-walker she meets for a shopper's guide. In a few

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She Knows Everything That She is Getting and She is Particular About What She Gets

The Line of Least Resistance

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

IV

THE clean, resinous scent of new lumber was in the air. It came from every quarter—from paintless wooden buildings blistering in the unclouded sun; from woodwork of adobes; from canvas streets yet whitely unbeaten by any storm, redolent of rough boarded floors and walls, of pine frames and tables and bunks; from aromatic curls of fresh, sweet shavings, wind-lodged by bush and shrub and fence wall.

No grass yet grew over the newly laid pipe-line from the pumphouse at Muerto Spring. The water-tank was new, the railroad buildings were new, and newly painted to an opprobrious, economical hue that might almost be called a hue and cry—a nameless raw and offensive color, popularly held to be composed of iron-rust, brickdust and blood. The railroad itself was new; the ties—save where resin simmered and stewed at knot or gash—were bright and unfaded, the barrow pits bare and brown, the rails shimmering away to a blinding dazzle toward the sun.

The stages were gone—men of affairs were about; from beyond the powder-house came the incessant crackling of rifles, where transient Dundee beguiled the passing hour at target practice. On the broad, shady porch of the Dundee House foregathered a group so habitual of late that Polk Armstrong, moved by some vague Wordsworthian memory, had twitched his elderly thumb at them and murmured: "We are seven."

"Take That One!"

Miss Mallory, Don and Hiram you know in part. First of the remainder, four, note now Mr. Breese, promoter and ex-broker, of tubercular tendencies, uncle and guardian to Miss Lena Mallory—to Dundee and to us important in the latter capacity as explaining her sojournings. Of Mr. Breese himself it may be said that he came to cough and remained to prey; finding here a rich field for his breaking and promoting proclivities. In passing, be it added that he stood more than a chance of becoming the preyed upon in turn; the preyee, so to speak. For him, for any other like him, a danger lies constantly in wait, of gradually believing his own spontaneous and glowing eloquence.

Such insidious credulity was now creeping upon Breese; he was in a fair way to become his own next victim. In this infatuation he was abetted by horny-handed and otherwise scaly parties having mines vendible of which they desired to become dispossessed. It is not death alone that loves a shining mark.

He was an immaculate, smooth-faced, fragile little man, with silvery, silken hair, a pearly skin and birdlike claws of brittle appearance—all which lent themselves readily to the prevalent supposition that he was made of glass. Glacial of manner and brusque of speech, it was half by mistake that his name became Freeze upon the popular tongue.

To Miss Lena he was "Guardy," and to his wife he was simply "Father," as she was "Mother" to him. This wistful usage in a childless old couple was not without pathos, if only any had noticed it. But no one did; Lena being used to it, which comes to exactly the same thing. Unless, indeed, it were Don Kennedy, who noticed most things.

"Mother"—otherwise "Aunt Polly"—was a dear, dim-eyed old lady of vague chameleon mental characteristics and consolatory exterior, who played pinocle earnestly with "Father," oblivious to passing decades, and lent a desultory decorum to the diversions of Miss Mallory.

The last two of this group of seven were Dolly, his daughter, and the Professor himself—to adopt his own order of precedence. Dorothy was fifteen, blue-eyed, delicious and doubly spoiled for that her mother was dead and herself poor of health. The Professor—Lathrop Ormsby Otis whatever his other virtues, was unquestionably a good father to his motherless girl. Because of her failing health he had, at forty-three, given up his chair in a well-known New York college and abandoned a career in which he had won no small distinction, notwithstanding his comparative youth, to seek a more genial clime and there devote himself to Dorothy's welfare.

An archæologist by avocation, this had brought him to New Mexico rather than elsewhere; coming last to Dundee en route for certain famous cliff-dwellings—or, rather, cave-dwellings—on the Gila. The cave-dwellings were still there; but having met Mr. Breese, as explained above, the Professor loitered in Dundee. We cannot blame him. It was a long and tiresome journey to the mines; the veranda was cool and pleasant; Don and Hiram were sufficiently prehistoric in their mental and ethical attitudes to quiet any twinges of the archæological conscience. Slim Dorothy, day by day, grew merry, sun-brown and strong; acquiring at the same time an amazing out-of-doors vocabulary and an outdoor manner verging on the hoydenish. She was learning to ride; the Professor accompanied her—and Miss Mallory—on thrilling voyages of discovery. Those cave-dwellers were all dead, anyhow, and the Professor felt suddenly very much alive; unearthing, in the attic lumber-room of memory, the dusty monograph of a famous literary doctor, who—at forty—had resolutely maintained that a man was at the prime and vigor of life between forty and forty-five; later revising this opinion to make fifty the meridional year. The Professor recalled this monograph with interest and pleasure, finding it logical, brilliant and convincing; more so, indeed, than it had seemed at first reading.

The firm of Yoast and Kennedy might well have been otherwise engaged. There was much to be done "fixing up" their ranch with windmill, watering troughs and corrals; even—should the whim so seize them—with a house. They had, indeed, taken out their windmill and pump in the fourth day of the new era as recorded in Hiram's calendar, but, in a sudden access of incompetence, had decided to get an experienced man to put it up, and had returned to the veranda two weeks since; where they patiently waited for an experienced man to broach to them the subject of windmills.

The dim, unheeded panorama of the far-off, jostling world passed on and left them to the deep life of the hour, lotus-eaters in "a land where all things always seemed the same"; smiling days, languorous, dreamy, delicious; nights of moon-magic, witchery of throbbing song, the luminous arch of stars.

It will occur to you that the situation called for a chaperonage less theoretical than Aunt Polly's. The privileges of that time and place will fully cover appearances. For the reality, Miss Lena was an eminently capable person, of foresight, prudence and skill. With unfailing vigilance she vigorously put down attempts to overstep the strict lines of friendliness by either the Professor or Kennedy. But she was a kind and thoroughly good-hearted girl, and so only suppressed them alternately. Being herself mature and twenty she was less severe with Hiram, who was barely twenty-two, and whom she, therefore, regarded merely as an amusing boy—a thing equally dissatisfactory to Hiram and to his elders.

"Will some one please tell me why these apparently otherwise intelligent people find such unfailing delight in rifle practice, to the exclusion of all other interests?" asked Miss Mallory. "One would think it would pall in time."

"Why, that's dead easy!" said Hiram. "They was born in captivity, and gettin' out o' their cages has gone to their heads."

"Exactly! In their more civilized communities," said Don, "their activities in this line have been so restricted by step-paternal legislation that when a gentleman observed a skunk in his henhouse he had to call in legal advice. Then, if no especial act of the legislature was required, and if the skunk remained on the premises beyond the expiration of the closed season, the henman, having first duly served notice of trespass on the offender, and having affixed proper revenue stamps to his gun and to each cartridge, displaying his license so folded that the notarial seal shall be plainly visible, calls upon the skunk, in the presence of a properly appointed inspector or commissioner, or his deputy, demanding that he, the said skunk, do now show his license to kill fowl, ducks, geese and other feathered domestic poultry. And if said skunk cannot show such license, or refuses to show such license, the featherless biped shall call upon him, the said skunk, to desist; and if said skunk does not then desist he may then be shot in accordance with the provisions of this act, entitled an act to amend an act entitled an act——"

The Professor was a bit of a poet. All this while his eyes were dreamily following the contours of Moongate Pass, studying the deep-shadowed wrinkles distinct against the morning sun, and shaping in imagination the hinted misty valleys beyond; so negligent of his duty. For while their conversational procedure was informal, it was tacitly understood that when either Otis or Kennedy declared himself upon any proposition the other would forthwith uphold the contrary with life, fortune and sacred honor.

Up rose Dolly, his daughter, then and stood before Kennedy with minatory finger and flashing eyes. "Now you're making fun of my daddy again! You make me feel bad!"

"Dolly!" groaned the Professor. "Do you wish us to understand that your sense of touch is imperfect or that you are conscious of being morally depraved? 'Daddy,' too! What would your Uncle Thomas say?"

"Oh, you know very well what I mean!" cried this unrepentant and degenerate damsel. Evidently the opinions of Uncle Thomas carried no weight. "You know very well what El Señor Don means too. Why don't you squash him?" She stamped a vehement little foot for emphasis and winked shamelessly at Miss Mallory. Dolly, as she herself coarsely put it, "egged on" the combatants with cheerful impartiality. When, as now, either was too indolent to take up the challenge it was her part, as a sort of intellectual toreador, to "poke 'em up." Such was her own reprehensible phrase.

For Father and Mother Breese, their communication was confined, with rare exceptions, to ejaculatory remarks of "Dis!" "Pinocle!" "Kings eighty!" and the like. But they lent a listening ear, except at critical moments of the game, and rewarded a neat stroke with laughter and applause. Lena and Hiram, lightly skirmishing, kept for most part aloof from the main affray, but occasionally swooped down, sometimes on opposing sides, sometimes as allies, to rescue the discomfited or to add to his discomfiture, exactly as pleased their whim. It was also Lena's care to see that the buttons were kept on the foils, and to strike them up if one were lost in the warm play.

The Professor reluctantly abandoned the Moongate. "Very well, I'll meet you on the bloody sands," he said to

Kennedy. His eyes were twinkling; he had a wholesome sense of humor that went far to soften and ameliorate his many virtues. "Our game laws frequently overstep the mark. Admitted. But is that not far better than your extreme? The frontiersman openly violates what few and liberal game laws he has, with the natural consequence that all game will soon be exterminated."

"You wouldn't let a deer actually butt you, would you, Professor?" queried Hiram in grieved astonishment.

"There's your frontiersman! To him, breaking the law varies between a downright duty and a good joke!" The Professor was aroused; his refined, scholarly face glowed with animation.

Don sprang to the defense: "Of all the fantastic sentimentality the world has ever known, this howl about the vanished game of a continent is the silliest and sloppiest. To hear them mourn you'd think 'twas a national calamity that good farms had replaced the buffalo, and pitiful beyond belief that Ohio and Kentucky were not still the undisturbed haunt of black bear and deer and turkey. They are fighting evolution. I expect to hear next of an act protecting angleworms from the depredations of the plow."

"And that brings up my pet story," said Lena. "In Nebraska, politics is a contest between the Missouri River cities and the rest of the state. Once Omaha, being in power, passed stringently protective game laws that bore heavily on the farmers, leaving them helpless to protect their crops ——".

"If they obeyed the silly law," suggested Hiram.

"If they obeyed the silly law—which they didn't. In retaliation the farmers banded together and posted their farms with trespass notices to keep off the city sportsmen during the open season. Then they elected a majority in the next legislature, and to put on a finishing touch they passed a bill to forbid hunting on the roadside. But they worded it carelessly, with this disastrous result:

"'Hereafter it shall be unlawful to shoot or fire off any gun upon any public road or highway in the State of Nebraska except for the purpose of killing some wild and dangerous beast or an officer in discharge of his duty!'"

"Such a bill has features that should make it popular here," observed the Professor grimly, as the laughter died. Then he returned to the assault with renewed vigor. "My dear Mr. Kennedy, we are so far apart on this matter that I do not think we are talking about the same thing. Laws are often ill-advised, but a good citizen will obey a law even while hoping and working for its repeal."

"I thought you were a Daughter of the American Revolution," said Hiram spitefully, when the Professor stopped talking.

"Then they were poor citizens who fought at Lexington and Concord?" seconded Lena.

Thus hard beset by three, the Professor fell back. "A great war for a great principle is not the same thing as reckless disregard of any law that does not meet your approval, leading inevitably to contempt for all laws," he protested. "And we were speaking of specific law or laws regulating the slaughter of game."

"What is wrong for the individual is wrong for any aggregation of individuals; and what is right for many is right for one," said Don oracularly. "But let us come back to the specific law, by all means. Our grandads in convention found a principle at stake in those very laws. So much so that when they looked over the Constitution to see what bets they'd missed, the second oversight corrected was this: 'The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.'"

"There you go again, at the old trick of mutilating the text," said the Professor indignantly. "'A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state'—you took pains to leave that out."

"Yes, I know that many learned jurists construe the passage to mean that the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall be infringed, but the right of the people to keep and bear gold lace shall not be infringed. But such is not my reading of the amendment. I make it: 'The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.' Only that and nothing more. As for the clause which you charge me with willfully omitting, I didn't remember it. It was merely explanatory; it told why they did what they did; but what they did is entirely in the part I gave. If you don't believe it, try your clause alone and see what sort of an amendment it makes. 'A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state ——' Incomplete, isn't it? The sense is all in the other part of it."

Matters Were Going Ill With Red-Faced Kim Ki

"They meant that training of militia companies should never be prohibited," said the Professor doggedly. "Not that bearing of arms by individuals should not be regulated."

"They meant that history had taught them that disarmament had always been a preliminary to oppression. They meant liberty and not license," retorted Don. "They were quite right. Tell us honestly—how would you like the job of oppressing New Mexico?"

The Professor laughed, passing his hand through his lightly frosted hair. "I shouldn't care to undertake to oppress it or to repress it, either. Kindly remember that President Hayes was obliged to declare martial law here during your Lincoln County War."

"Martial law! Just for a little disturbance between cowmen and cattlemen! That was a short-sighted policy, anyway," said Don with some arrogance. "It was seriously proposed to leave a strip six miles wide between Lincoln County and Donna Ana for a No Man's Land where gentlemen of diverging views might adjust their differences with no expense to the taxpayers. Had this long-headed arrangement been carried out there would have been no need of martial law, and the war might have been going on yet!"

But the Professor would not be laughed aside. "Think of the carnival of bloodshed the territory has just gone through! Think how many murders are committed by men who are good citizens in the main, simply because they bear arms ready to hand in the moment of anger! How you can be so obtuse as to defend the practice of carrying deadly weapons, in the face of such glaring evidence, is beyond me. Mr. Kennedy, it grieves me to have a man of your unusual intelligence express such views."

"On the contrary, how a man of your usual intelligence can be so singularly obtuse is beyond me!" said Don, sighing mournfully. "Kindly remember that the necessity for martial law existed before it was declared. So citizens, good in the main, when they buckle on their forty-some-odds, declare a little martial law on their own account. We carry the law of the land at the saddle-horn, as the saying goes. The bad citizen packs a gun anyway and the good one ought to have an even break. It won't work, Professor. There are many good reasons to urge on your side—notably the appeal to arms just because they're handy. But there's no argument for or against a man carrying a gun that won't apply with equal force to a nation building a navy. A navy does other things besides fighting. A nation with a navy may be more likely to go to war than if it had none, but it is also less likely to be wronged or to be the subject of attempted wrong. There are crimes besides violence; and the violent man or the warlike nation does not submit to them. I might agree that it would be better if a man didn't pack a gun and a nation didn't tote a navy, but I'll never believe one is right and the other wrong."

"On the other hand ——"

"Let me interrupt you, Professor. I will freely admit the undeniable truth of much that you urge. But in that little phrase 'on the other hand' you have admitted all I care for—that there is something to be said on both sides. That is precisely what most of your people never do. They hear one side of all these subjects reiterated, uncontradicted, till they repeat their views in a reverent chant, as if they were axioms, self-evident, needing only authoritative statement to put down all opposition. So when you admit that there is really something well founded in our views there is no more to be said. We knew that your views were worth while."

"But the preponderance of opinion—observe that I say opinion, not fact—is against you."

"I think not," said Don. "This is only a detail of the two general tendencies, to be law-ridden or lawless—in which tug-of-war you and I are pulling opposite ways. That we are pretty evenly matched is amply proved, since we neither have tyranny on the one hand nor Rob Roy's simple little plan on the other."

"I dare say you are right. The truth always lies somewhere between the two extremes," agreed Otis amicably. "But it will be hard to cite an instance of our erroneous legality to offset the recent glaring excesses here in the Southwest."

"Easiest thing there is! Only, I shouldn't have 'named it'—as Hiram says—without this invitation," rejoined Kennedy. "There's the Salem Witchcraft ——"

But this was a subject on which the Professor was sensitive. His finely-chiseled features hardened to a frown. "That was generations ago," he said. "The world has progressed since then. You have to go back some time to match your outrages."

"You miss my point, Professor. You repudiate all that as a shameful crime. But you don't look at it as I do. My indignation is for the law-abiding state of mind of the men who let these things be done, unresisted, to their nearest and dearest. Think of it, Hiram! They meekly let Martha and Priscilla be done to death on this monstrous accusation without ever pulling trigger! Witches deserved death—some one told them so—'twas the law! That don't go here. John is that lawless and violent that if the whole United States Navy should come bounding and skipping o'er the lily-white lea on any such pious errand he'd go down after his hardware and give 'em a small touch of high life, law or no law." Don could use English on occasion, having been expelled from the University of Virginia; but to conceal his emotions he generally fell back on flippant colloquialism.

Otis ran his hand through his hair in some perplexity. "It was an unhappy madness on both the people and magistrates for which they should not be judged too harshly."

"One stiff-necked desperado with a bell-mouthed blunderbuss and half a pint o' slugs would 'a' sent 'em home sane and happy," rejoined Kennedy, answering the mental attitude behind the words. "I've voted for 'magistrates' myself before now. I always remember who made him a magistrate—I myself, that excellent man. And to sum it all up, I—nor yet any possible number of I's—cannot delegate to our deputy any power we do not have ourselves. This helps me to keep my reverence for their infallibility within bounds, even when they are sanest. And the spectacle of a magistrate barking mad and frothing at the mouth does not excite me to unreflecting obedience—especially where Mattie's concerned. No, sir! Just one pig-headed, upstanding he-man who revered the workings of his own contumacious mind more than he did the voice of authority would have stopped the whole black business cheap—for maybe a magistrate or so."

The Professor was privately impressed, but not in the least convinced. And he did not at all relish this unexpected turn of the ox-goring. "It is small wonder that Mr. Kennedy and I seldom agree," he said rather stiffly. "We stand on different viewpoints with our eyes rigidly fixed in opposite directions. The sectional feeling here is so strong ——"

"Sectional feeling! Oh, shade of Great-Uncle Paul Revere!" cried Don wrathfully. "The measure of our

antagonism is the superiority you affect—no, no, that isn't the word. The superiority you feel. I would cast no doubt on your sincerity. Of course we resent it. If we didn't resent it that would be proof that we deserved it. But how about your sectionalism? Look once: New York bickers at Boston, and both pick on Philadelphia, and all three consider themselves hardy explorers when they venture past a line drawn in any direction from Washington! Think of the treatment you give Edgar Allan Poe, and consider how you'd have sainted him and burned incense and punk before his image if he'd only dwelt together in peace and unity at Concord! Why, that isn't even sectionalism—that's quarter sectionalism. You people come out here and go hurrahing industriously about, ruthlessly plucking beams from our eyes like a steam stump-puller on a new farm, and if we so much as twist the corner of a silk handkerchief to go after one tweenty-weenty little mote in your northeast eye, you have the infernal impudence to accuse us of sectionalism!"

The Professor led the roar of laughter that restored the usual good humor.

"But, Mr. Kennedy, you people out here really are different in every way," said Breese. "And you'll own that it's only natural for us to think the ways to which we are accustomed are right."

"There are fewer vital differences than you suppose," said Don. "Perhaps the most important is that your people, when not rich, are poor and needy, while we're only poor. We're not even that while this mining foolishness keeps up. But it can't last. Then your rigorous climate makes providence, foresight and industry compulsory, while we never allow business to interfere with our pleasure. They call this 'the *mañana* country.' It's a misnomer. More than in any other corner of the nation we live in and for today. We have learned nothing from the past and we care nothing for the future. I'm inclined to think that, aside from these two points—in both of which I grant that the distinction is in your favor—we are very much of a muchness. Those two points alone make you immeasurably our superiors in material progress except in the matter of public buildings. There we are your superiors—we have no poorhouses! You beat us on another count: our manners lack the pose of Vere de Vere. But, morally, I believe men are divided, there as here, along the same lines—brute, bully, bounder, blackguard, knave, fool, cad, snob, prig, bore, sham, dupe and true man."

"Well!" gasped Lena. "I must say! What chance has a poor woman of picking the true man from that lot? That's even worse than the old classification of rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief!"

"Poor woman, you completely misunderstand me. I didn't say men were classified that way. I said they were divided that way. The proportions differ—that's all. And, pardon me—there is a venerable myth to the effect that the poor men are supposed to do the guessing." (As you will observe, Don was not free from the masculine weakness for satirizing the effeminacy of woman.) He turned to Otis. "My belief is that we show a higher percentage of the brute and bully than you do, and that you run correspondingly more to sham and dupe. Otherwise the assay is about the same."

What scathing retort the Professor might have made to this blasphemy was checked by an interruption.

V

IT WAS Mrs. Vane of the fixed, benevolent smile, a fellow-guest of good intent. With a hasty nod to the veranda she hurried by to intercept an unwary person at the gate: Mr. Uncle Jimmy Collins, a somewhat reconstructed Confederate. At her greeting he swept off his hat with an air.

Casting an apprehensive glance at the unconscious Jimmy Junior, working across the way, Mrs. Vane lowered her voice to an agitated whisper, with tragic and rhythmic underscoring of words: "Oh, Mr. Collins! I hate to mention it—but do you know your Jimmy *gambles?*"

The veranda listened shamelessly; even the pinocle was suspended. The query visibly staggered the old soldier. He mopped his forehead and disconsolately studied the lining of his hat. "Gambles? Dear me, dear me! Jimmy! I've tried to teach him better'n that, ma'am. Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes! Why, I saw him myself! He was playing with a Mexican boy on the freight depot platform in broad daylight! They had the money in front of them!"

"Dear me, dear me!" said the old gentleman again, in great distress. A puzzled look came to his eyes. "I am surprised. Whose—whose money was it?" he faltered.

"Whose money?" echoed the beaming lady. "Why—his, I suppose."

The veteran gave a sigh of relief. "Oh-h! I thought maybe it was yours! Good-mawnin', madam!" He clapped on his hat with bow and flourish and went stumping on his wooden-legged way with a new and jaunty erectness of bearing, leaving good Mrs. Vane to retreat, red with mortification, and the veranda redder still with smothered merriment.

"Splendid, splendid!" gasped Lena. "I wouldn't have missed that!" She turned to the Professor. "Now don't disapprove and spoil it, you rigid moralist. It's too good."

"Do you expect me to approve?" The Professor was struggling, with indifferent results, to repress a refractory grin to austere, steel-trap lines.

"You do!" she defied him. "Else, why do you laugh? Gossip makes more trouble than gambling."

"There'll be more to this!" prophesied Hiram, dolefully wagging his head. "The old man'll lead Jimmy behind the barn, pullin' a strap between his fingers 'Jimmy!' he'll say, 'this hurts you worse than it does me!'"

"Oh, I like it here!" declared Lena. "The men are so direct and straightforward Even in their open wrongdoing there is a childlike simplicity, a lack of all intent to conceal, that goes far to condone their offenses. Yesterday I went over to the store. They were playing that extraordinary game—I can't remember the name of it—where they all throw up coins and the one that falls nearest a crack in the floor takes all the rest ——"

"Crack-Loo," said Don reminiscently. "Crack-Loo can be made singularly unremunerative at times."

"There! You see!" said Lena with the triumphant feminine faculty of conveying a meaning entirely foreign to the words. "They were just like that. They moved back, but kept quietly on at their game, evidently unconscious of any impropriety. I'll tell you what it's like," she cried, with that eagerness we all use to hunt down a luckless simile. "It's like the tents they live in, with the doors wide open, revealing their domestic economy with unshrinking candor to the passer-by. No skeleton in the closet there."

"Would it not be more accurate to say there is no closet for the skeleton?" asked Kennedy. "I will cheerfully admit, however, that any of them possessing a skeleton are quite capable of providing a cozy bunk and an easy chair for it."

"I must not have understood you correctly, Miss Mallory," said the Professor. "Not to be ashamed of what you do is surely not quite the same thing as not to do that of which you should be ashamed."

"That's not a fair statement at all," said Don. "I appeal to Miss Mallory if she meant any such thing. If a man scorns to conceal his acts he may do naughty-naughty things—yes, indeedy. But when he comes to something ——"

"'Here we go round the mulberry bush!'" said Miss Mallory rudely, describing swift circles with a shapely hand. "Miss Mallory is quite capable of knowing what she means without having two great clumsy men explain it to her. As a matter of fact, I mean exactly what the old lady in the story did: 'My son, never do anything you need be ashamed of and then you need never be ashamed of anything you do!'"

"Oh, well," said Hiram, "we've got one big advantage over your closed-and-double-locked-door system. We're not afraid of being exposed and so we never commit one crime to conceal another."

"In other words, our sins and crimes are chosen, not forced upon us," supplemented Kennedy.

The Professor shook his head. "It works both ways. The fear of exposure would deter a timid soul like mine from many a delightful sin which a—a ——"

"Hardened ruffian?"

"Thank you—which a hardened ruffian like you or Mr. Kennedy would enjoy without hesitation."

"'How he would take his pleasure once!'" quoted Kennedy, *sotto voce.*

Otis eyed him sharply. "A cowman who quotes Browning—and quotes so very much to the point—is properly the object of suspicion."

"Bless your soul," said the object of suspicion, evading the more serious charge, "I'm not a cowman. I'm only a cattleman."

"I plainly see," said Lena, "that you won't be happy till some one asks you to explain. Very well, Mr. Johnson; will you kindly tell us the difference between a cowman and a cattleman?"

"A cattleman owns cattle. A cowman is one who understands the business and yet learns something new about it every day. A cowman may work for wages or he may own cattle. But he'll never do anything else and he'll never know anything else. To be just, he knows that one thing so much better than other men know any other one thing that he is easily equal to any superiors. And he is scrupulously, almost absurdly, honest about inanimate things—a specialist, you see. Now I own cattle, but I have been some time farmer, lumberman, telegraph operator and railroader. Hiram was a cowman at seven and will be that at seventy."

"How may the uninitiated tell them apart?" asked Otis

"I See at Last Why It is Always the Western Man and the Eastern Girl Who Fall in Love—in the Novels"

"It's hard to do. The only sure way is to keep tally of their herds. If the rate of increase is over one hundred per cent per annum the owner is a cowman. But there are indications that help. The cowman names a brand where the other gives the owner's name. I speak of Bowman and Hutchinson, The California Company, Hardcastle and Mitford; Hiram says the K Y outfit, the John Cross, the H A M."

"The John Cross?" echoed Dolly. "What's that?"

"The California Company's brand. The Las Palomas people. I used to have my frugal earnings invested in John Cross stock. But I sold out because they're to get in trouble about taking up homesteads."

"Why do they call it John Cross?" Dolly wanted to know.

"Well, you see, some of the original big stockholders were Canadians and they always called the outfit after the old Hudson Bay Company.

"But why did you call the Hudson Bay Company that?" persisted Dolly. Don shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands, palms down.

"Now you've got me. I'm from the South."

"Kind Heaven be thanked, you are out of your depth for once. I was beginning to fear you were omniscient." Miss Mallory settled back in her chair with cozy feline satisfaction, cuddled her chin in her rosy palm, dimpled with deliberate, cold-blooded insolence and eyed Mr. Kennedy with a broad and speculative smile. "Ah! I see at last why it is always the Western man and the Eastern girl who fall in love—in the novels. It's so they can have something to talk about. It's hardly fair for the girl either. He tells her hundreds of things she doesn't know, though they are every-day commonplaces to him. So the poor girl naturally thinks he's wonderful."

"If that is the tradition, Miss Mallory," Don hinted, "you will find me ——"

Miss Mallory disrespectfully wrinkled her saucy nose at him. "I was speaking of novels, not of real people. But I don't hold with novels at all. Their victims expect more than the workaday world can give."

Here an opportune interruption arose across the way.

The blacksmith shop and the stage stables were built, for reasons unknown and unimaginable, directly fronting the hotel. Here the KIM hay outfit, destined now for the wide reaches of grama below Fra Christobal, was busily making ready for the road; filling water-barrels and loading supplies. Bishop was tying the rake to "trail" the hay-rigging. Young Jimmy Collins lay on his back under an old mowing machine, industriously tightening nuts; and Pappy Sickles, Canadian, was hitching his team to the other mower, fire-new and gaudy with blue and red.

Now came hastily Kim Ki Rogers, his employer, the great man of Dundee—postmaster, owner of store, hotel, Kim stage-line and the KIM brand—a beefy, bull-necked, red-faced man, now irate, blustering and loud.

"What you hitchin' up to that machine for, you dodderin' old idiot?" he bawled. "Bishop's goin' to have that."

Pappy threw a fleeting, cursory glance over his shoulder as he bent over to hook a trace. "You promised it to me," he observed mildly. "I'd as lief be an idjit as a natchel-born liar."

Kim Ki grew redder than ever; without more ado he made a vicious pass at Pappy's grizzled head. But Pappy ducked nimbly. Thud—thud! His fists landed solidly on Kim Ki's portly sides. Rogers rushed, swinging furiously; Pappy ducked, lunged, clasped him in a fond embrace, threw him heavily. His left forearm was pressed squarely on the postmagisterial throat, backed by Pappy's gray head, thus snugly protected by the bend of the arm; and Pappy's free hand hammered lustily at his employer's ear.

The veranda, save Don and Hiram, rose in some excitement but, noting such agitation to be unshared, sat down again. The loading went on undisturbed; the cook stowed dishes in the chuckbox; young Jimmy plied his wrench assiduously. English Jerry, chambermaid to the Kim stables, sat tranquil on the wagon-tongue and smoked a peaceful cob pipe; Pres Lewis, blacksmith, leaned in the shop door, cast a loitering glance at the proceedings, stroked his silky-brown Jovian beard and turned a grave, weather-wise eye to contemplation of a stray cloud over Cuchillo Negro. Jerry rose, tapped his pipe, yawned, stretched himself and shambled back to the stables.

Meantime, matters were going ill with red-faced Kim Ki. Vainly he heaved and strained to dislodge his wiry and wily adversary; Pappy clung like a leech. During the struggle his arm had got under Kim Ki's neck, and for a little they were nose to nose, eye to eye, in ludicrous likeness to a pair of gamecocks. But Pappy now had his head again tucked safely away in the bent arm, and his good right, when it could free itself from desperately-clutching fingers, thumped vigorously away in deliberate little short-arm jabs.

The luckless magnate rolled his eye at the blacksmith, only to find that worthy engrossed with meteorological observation. He creditably grasped the humor of the situation. "Pres," he gasped, "take this old man off'n me: I don't want to hurt him."

Thus appealed to, Pres thrust his hands in his pockets and leisurely sauntered out. "Pappy," he said dispassionately, "Kim's afraid you'll bruise up your hand. Reckon you hadn't better stop? Dinner'll be ready presently, anyhow."

"Do I git the machine?" Pappy's gray beard was doubled over his own mouth and the demand came in muffled tones.

"Sure you do!"

"Leggo my shirt, then—you're tearin' it plumb off'n me." Rogers rose and felt his damaged face with tentative fingertip. Then he waved his hand in airy, comprehensive gesture. "All you boys go over and have one on me," he said briskly. "Pappy, I'm goin' to make you

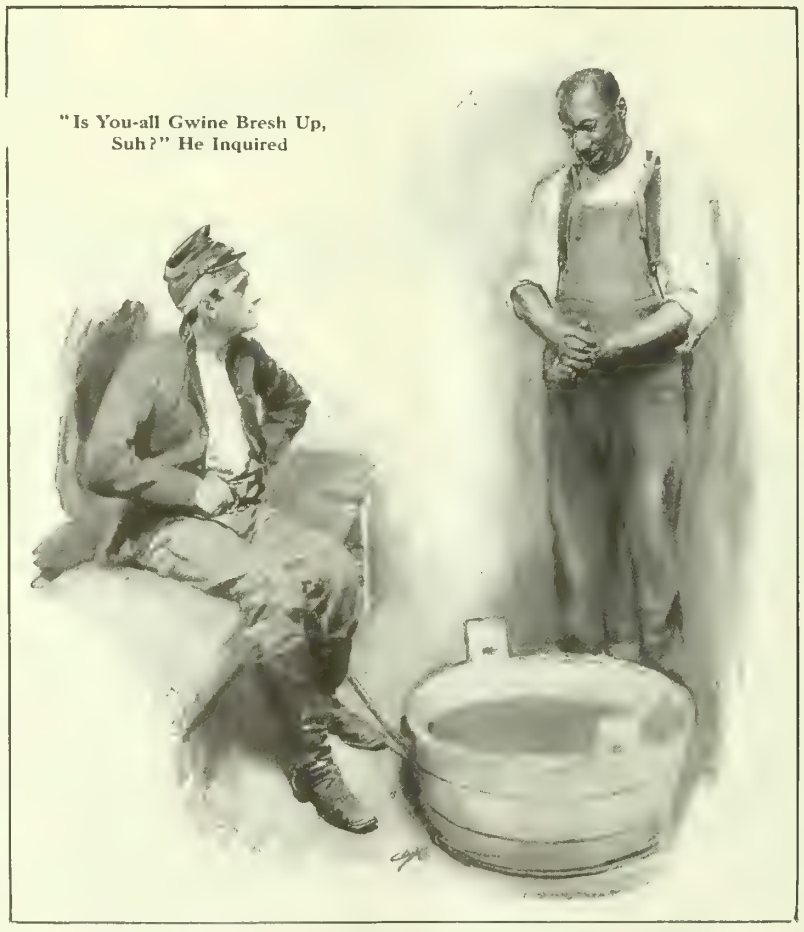
(Continued on Page 33)

AILSA PAIGE

By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS VAUX WILSON

XIX



"Is You-all Gwine Bresh Up, Suh?" He Inquired

THE smoke and spiteful crackle of the pickets' fusillade had risen to one unbroken crash, solidly accented by the report of field guns.

Ambulances were everywhere driving to the rear at a gallop past the center and left sections of McDunn's battery, which, unlimbered, was standing in a cotton-field, the guns pointed southward across the smoke rising below.

Claymore's staff, dismounted, stood near. The young General himself, jacket over one arm, was seated astride the trail of the sixth gun, talking eagerly to McDunn, when across the rolling ground came a lancer at full speed, plunging and bucketing in his saddle, the scarlet rags of the lance pennon whipping the wind. The trooper reined in his excited horse beside Claymore, saluted, and handed him a message; and the youthful General, glancing at it, got on to his feet in a hurry and tossed his yellow-edged jacket of a private to an orderly. Then he faced the lancer.

"Tell Colonel Craig to hold his position no matter what it costs!" he exclaimed sharply. "Tell Colonel Arran that I expect him to stand by the right section of the Tenth battery until it is safely and properly brought off!" He swung around on Captain McDunn.

"Limber your battery to the rear, sir! Follow headquarters!" he snapped, and threw himself into his saddle, giving his mount rein and heel with a reckless nod to his staff.

McDunn, superbly mounted, scarcely raised his clear, penetrating voice: "Cannoneers, mount gun-carriages; caissons follow; drivers, put spur and whip to horses—forward march!" he said.

"Trot out!" rang the bugles; the horses broke into a swinging lope across the dry ridges of the cotton-field; whips whistled; the cannoneers bounced about on the chests; guns, limbers and caissons thumped, leaped, jolted, rose up, all wheels in the air at once, swayed almost to overturning, and thundered on in a tornado of dust, leaders, swing team, wheel team, straining into a frantic gallop.

The powerful horses bounded forward into a magnificent stride; General and staff tore on ahead toward the turnpike. Suddenly, right past them came a driving storm of stampeding cavalry, panic-stricken, riding like damned men, tearing off and hurling from them carbines, canteens, belts; and McDunn, white with rage, whipped out his revolver and fired into them as they rushed by in a torrent of red dust. From his distorted mouth vile epithets poured; he cursed and damned their cowardice and, standing up in his stirrups, riding like a Cossack at full speed, attempted to use his saber on the fugitives from the front. But there was no stopping them, for the poor fellows had been sent into fire without knowing how to use the carbines issued the day before.

Into a sandy field all spouting with exploding shells and bullets the drivers galloped and steered the plunging guns The driver of the lead team, fifth caisson, was shot clear out of his saddle, all the wheels going over him and grinding him to pulp; piece and limber whirled into a lane on a dead run, and Arthur Wye, driving the swing team, clinging to the harness and crawling out along the traces, gained the saddle of the lead horse.

"Bully for you!" shouted McDunn. "I hope to God that cowardly cavalry saw you!"

The left section swung on the center to get its position; limber after limber dashed up, clashing and clanking, to drop its gun; caisson after caisson rounded to under partial cover in the farm lane to the right.

The roar of the conflict along the river had become terrific; to the east a New Jersey battery, obscured in flame-shot clouds, was retiring by its twenty-eight-foot prolonges, using canister; the remains of a New Hampshire infantry regiment supported the retreat; between the two batteries Claymore, in his shirt-sleeves rolled to his elbows, heavy revolver swinging in his blackened fist, was giving a tongue-lashing to the stream of fugitives from the river woods.

"Where are you going? Hey! Scouting? Well, scout to the front, damn you! . . . Where are you going, young man? For ammunition? Go back to the front or I'll shoot you! Get along there, you malingerers, or I'll have a squadron of Arran's pig-stickers ride you down and punch your skins full of holes! Orderly! Ask Colonel Arran if he can spare me a squad of his lancers for a few minutes ——"

The orderly saluted, coughed up a stream of blood, fell backward off his horse, scrambled to his feet, terror-stricken, both hands pressed convulsively over his stomach.

"Damn them! They've got me, General!" he gasped; "they've g-got me this time! There's a piece of shell inside me as big ——"

He leaned weakly against his mild-eyed horse, nauseated; but it was only a spent ball on his belt plate, after all, and a few moments later, swaying and sickly, he forced his horse into a trot across the hill.

A major of Claymore's staff galloped with orders to the Zouaves; but, as he opened his mouth to speak, a shell burst behind him and he pitched forward on his face, his shattered arm doubling under him

"Drag me behind that tree, Colonel Craig!" he said coolly. "I'll finish my orders in a moment." Major Lent and Colonel Craig got him behind the tree, and the officer's superb will never faltered.

"Your new position must cover that bridge," he whispered faintly. "The left section of McDunn's battery is already ordered to your support. . . . How is it with you, Colonel? Speak louder ——"

Colonel Craig, pallid and worn under the powder smears and sweat, wiped the glistening grime from his eyeglasses.

"We are holding on," he said. "It's all right, Major. I'll get word through to the General," and he signaled to some drummer-boys lying quietly in the bushes to bring up a stretcher, just as the left section of McDunn's battery burst into view on a dead run, swung into action and began to pour level sheets of flame into the woods, where already the high-pitched rebel yell was beginning again.

A solid shot struck number five gun on the hub, killing cannoneer number three, who was thumbing the vent, and filling number one gunner with splinters of iron, whirling him into eternity amid a fountain of dirt and flying hubtires. Then a shell blew a gun-team into fragments, plastering the men's faces with bloody shreds of flesh; and the boyish lieutenant, spitting out filth, coolly ordered up the limbers, and brought his section around into the road with a beautiful display of driving and horsemanship that drew raucous cheers from the Zouaves where they lay, half stifled, firing at the gray line-of-battle gathering along the edges of the woods

And now the shrill, startling battle cry swelled to the hysterical pack yell and, gathering depth and volume, burst out into a frantic treble roar. A long gray line detached itself from the woods; mounted officers, sashed and debonair, trotted jauntily out in front of it; the beautiful battle flags slanted forward; there came a superb, long, low-swinging gleam of steel; and the Southland was afoot once more, gallant, magnificent, sweeping on into the red gloom of the Northern guns.

"Yes—*My Son*"

Berkley, his face bandaged, covered with sweat and dust, sat his worn, cowhide saddle in the ranks, long lance couched, watching, expectant. Every trooper who could ride a horse was needed now; hospitals had given up their invalids; convalescents and sick men gathered bridle with shaking fingers; hollow-eyed youngsters tightened the cheek straps of their forage-caps and waited, lance in rest.

In the furious smoke below them they could see the Zouaves running about like red devils in the pit; McDunn's guns continued to pour solid columns of flame across the creek; far away to the west the unseen Union line-of-battle had buried itself in smoke. Through it the Southern battle flags still advanced, halted, tossed wildly, moved forward in jerks, swung to the fierce cheering, moved on haltingly, went down, up again, wavered, disappeared in the cannon fog.

Colonel Arran, his naked saber point lowered, sat his saddle, gray and erect. The Major never stirred in his saddle; only the troop captains, from time to time, turned their heads as some stricken horse lashed out, or the unmistakable sound of a bullet hitting living flesh broke the intense silence of the ranks

Hallam, at the head of his troop, stroked his handsome mustache continually, and at moments spoke angrily to his restive horse. He was beginning to have a good deal of trouble with his horse, which apparently wished to bolt, and he had just managed to drag the fretting animal back into position when, without warning, the volunteer infantry posted on the right delivered a ragged volley, sagged back, broke and began running. Almost on their very heels a dust-covered Confederate flying battery dropped its blackened guns and sent charge after charge ripping through them, while out of the fringing woods trotted the gray infantry, driving in skirmishers, leaping fences, brush piles and ditches, like lean hounds on the trail.

Instantly a squadron of the lancers trampled forward, facing to the west; but down on their unprotected flank thundered the Confederate cavalry, and from the beginning it had been too late for a counter-charge.

A whirlwind of lancers and gray riders drove madly down the slope, inextricably mixed, shooting, sabering, stabbing with tip and ferrule.

A saber stroke severed Berkley's cheek strap, shearing through visor and button, and he swung his lance and drove it backward into a man's face

In the terrible confusion and tangle of men and horses he could scarcely use his lance at all, or avoid the twirling lances of his comrades, or understand what his officers were shouting. It was all a nightmare—a horror of snorting horses, panting, sweating riders, the swift downward glitter of saber strokes thickening like sheeted rain.

His horse's feet were now entangled in brush heaps; a crowding, cursing mass of cavalrymen floundered into a half-demolished snake fence, which fell outward, rolling mounts and riders into a wet gully, where they continued fighting like wildcats in a pit.

Yelling exultantly, the bulk of Confederate riders passed through the lancers, leaving them to the infantry to finish, and rode at the flying Federal infantry. Everywhere bayonets began to glimmer through the smoke and dust as the disorganized squadrons rallied and galloped eastward, seeking vainly for shelter to reform.

Down in the hollow an entire troop of lancers, fairly intact, had become entangled among the brush and young saplings, and the Confederate infantry, springing over the fence, began to bayonet them and pull them from their horses, while the half stunned cavalrymen scattered through the bushes, riding hither and thither, looking vainly for some road to lead them out of the bushy trap. They could not go back, the fence was too solid to ride down, too high to leap; the carbineers faced about, trying to make a stand, firing from their saddles; Colonel Arran, confused but cool, turned his brier-torn horse and rode forward, swinging his heavy saber, just as Hallam and Berkley galloped up through the bushes, followed by forty or more bewildered troopers, and halted for orders But there was no way out.

Then Berkley leaned from his saddle, touched the visor of his cap and, looking Arran straight in the eyes, said quietly:

"With your permission, sir, I think I can tear down enough of that fence to let you and the others through. May I try?"

Colonel Arran said quietly: "No man can ride to that fence and live. Their infantry hold it."

"Two men may get there." He turned and looked at Hallam "We're not going to surrender: we'll all die here, anyway. Shall we try the fence together?"

For a second the silence resounded with the racket of the Confederate rifles; three men dropped from their saddles; then Hallam turned ghastly white, opened his jaws to speak, but no sound came Suddenly he swung his horse and spurred straight toward the open brush in the rear, whipping out his handkerchief and holding it fluttering above his head.

Colonel Arran shouted at him, jerked his revolver free and fired at him. A carbineer also fired after him from the saddle, but Hallam rode on unscathed in his half-crazed flight, leaving his deserted men gazing after him, astounded. In the smoke of another volley two more cavalrymen pitched out of their saddles

Then Berkley drove his horse blindly into the powder fog ahead; a dozen brilliant little jets of flame pricked the gloom; his horse reared and went down in a piteous heap, but Berkley landed on all fours, crawled hurriedly up under the smoke, jerked a board loose, tore another free, rose to his knees and ripped away board after board, shouting to his comrades to come on and cut their way out.

They came, cheering, spurring their jaded horses through the gap, crowding out across the road, striking wildly with their sabers, forcing their way up the bank, into a stubble-field, and forward at a stiff trot toward the swirling smoke of a Union battery behind which they could see shattered squadrons reforming.

Berkley ran with them on foot, one hand grasping a friendly stirrup, until the horse he clung to halted abruptly, quivering all over, then sank down by the buttocks with a shuddering scream. And Berkley saw Colonel Arran rising from the ground, saw him glance at his horse, turn and look behind him where the Confederate skirmishers were following on a run, kneeling to fire occasionally, then springing to their feet and trotting forward, rifles glittering in the sun.

A horse with an empty saddle, its off foreleg entangled in its bridle, was hobbling around in circles, stumbling, neighing, tripping, scrambling to its feet again and trying frantically to go on Berkley caught the bridle, freed it and, hanging to the terrified animal's head, shouted to Colonel Arran:

"You had better hurry, sir. Their skirmishers are coming up fast!"

Colonel Arran stood quietly gazing at him. Suddenly the Colonel reeled and stumbled forward against the horse's flank, catching at the mane.

"Are you badly hurt, sir?

The Colonel turned his dazed eyes on him, then slid forward along the horse's flank. His hands relaxed their hold on the mane and he fell flat on his face; and Berkley, still hanging to the bit, dragged the prostrate man over on his back and stared into his deathly features.

"Where did they hit you, sir?"

"Through the liver," he gasped. "It's all right, Berkley. . . . Don't wait any longer ——"

"I'm not going to leave you."

"You must. . . . I'm ended. . . . You haven't a—moment—to lose ——"

"Can you put your arms around my neck?"

"There's no time to waste! I tell you to mount and run for it! . . . And—thank you ——"

"Put both arms around my neck. . . . Quick! . . . Can you lock your fingers? . . . This damned horse won't stand! Hold fast to me. I'll raise you easily. . . . Get the other leg over the saddle. Lean forward Now I'll walk him at first—hold tight! . . . Can you hang on, Colonel?"

"Yes—*my son.*"

A wild thrill ran through the boy's veins, stopping breath and pulse for a second Then the hot blood rushed stinging into his face he threw one arm around the drooping figure in the saddle and, controlling the bridle with a grip of steel, started the horse off across the field.

All around them the dry soil was bursting into little dusty fountains where the bullets were striking ahead, dark smoke hung heavily Farther on some blue-capped soldiers shouted to them from their shallow rifle pits.

Farther on still they passed an entire battalion of regular infantry, calmly seated on the grass in line-of-battle: and behind these troops Berkley saw a stretcher on the grass and two men of the hospital corps squatted beside it, chewing grass stems.

They came readily enough when they learned the name and rank of the wounded officer Berkley, almost exhausted, walked beside the stretcher, leading the horse and looking down at the stricken man, who lay with eyes closed and clothing disordered where a hasty search for the wound had disclosed the small, round, blue hole just over the seat of the liver.

They turned into a road that had been terribly cut up by the wheels of artillery. It was already thronged with the débris of the battle, skulkers, wounded men hobbling, pallid malingerers edging their furtive way out of fire. Then ahead arose a terrible clamor, the wailing of wounded, frightened cries, the angry shouts of cavalrymen where a provost guard of the Twentieth Dragoons was riding recklessly into the fugitives, roughly sorting the goats from the sheep and keeping the way clear for the ambulances now arriving along a cross road at a gallop.

Berkley heard his name called out and, looking up, saw Casson astride a huge horse, signaling him eagerly from his saddle

"Who in hell have you got there?" he asked, pushing his horse up to the litter "It's Colonel Arran," he added

in a modified voice. "Is he very bad, Berkley?"

"I don't know. Can't you stop one of those ambulances, Jack? I want to get him to the surgeons as soon as possible——"

"You bet!" said Casson, wheeling his horse and displaying the new chevrons of a sergeant. "Hey, you black offspring of a yellow whippet!" he bellowed to a driver, "back out there and be quick about it!" And he leaned from his saddle and seizing the leaders by the head swung them around with a volley of profanity. Then, grinning amiably at Berkley, he motioned the stretcher-bearers forward and sat on his horse, garrulously superintending the transfer of the injured man.

"There's an emergency hospital just beyond that clump of trees," he said. "You'd better take him there. Golly! but he's hard hit. I guess that bullet found its billet. There's not much hope when it's a belly-whopper. Too bad, ain't it? He was a bully old boy of a colonel; we all said so in the dragoons. Only—to hell with those lances of yours, Berkley! What cursed good are they alongside a gun? And I notice your regiment has its carbineers, too—which proves that your lances are no good, or you wouldn't have twelve carbines to the troop. Eh? Oh, you bet your boots, sonny. Don't talk lance to me! It's all on account of those Frenchmen on Little Mac's staff ——"

"Shut up!" said Berkley nervously. "I can't stand any more just now."

"Oh!" said Casson, taken aback, "I didn't know you were such cronies with your colonel. Sorry, my dear fellow; didn't mean to seem indifferent. Poor old gentleman! I guess he will pull through. There are nurses at the front—nice little things, God bless 'em! Say, don't you want to climb up with the driver?"

Berkley hesitated. "Do you know where my regiment is? I ought to go back—if there's anybody to look after Colonel Arran ——"

"Is that your horse?"

"No—some staff officer's, I guess."

"Where's yours?"

"Dead," said Berkley briefly. He thought a moment, then tied his horse to the tailboard and climbed up beside the driver.

"Go on," he said; "drive carefully." He nodded his thanks to Casson as the team swung north, then, grave, preoccupied, folded his arms and sat leaning forward, resting his elbows across his knees.

The provost guard, filing along, carbines on thigh, opened to let him through; and he saw them turning in their saddles to peer curiously into the straw as the ambulance passed.

It was slow going, for the road was blocked with artillery and infantry and other ambulances; but the driver found a lane between guns and caissons and through the dusty blue columns plodding forward toward the firing-line, and at last a white hospital tent glimmered under the trees, and the slow mule team turned into a leafy lane and halted in the rear of a line of ambulances which were all busily discharging their mangled burdens. The cries of the wounded were terrible.

Operating-tables stood under the trees in the open air; assistants sponged the blood from them continually; the overworked surgeons, stripped to their undershirts, smeared with blood, worked coolly and rapidly in the shade of the oak trees, seldom raising their voices, never impatient. Orderlies brought water in artillery buckets; ward masters passed swiftly to and fro; a soldier stood by a pile of severed limbs, passing out bandages to assistants who swarmed around, scurrying hither and thither under the quiet orders of the medical directors.

A stretcher was brought; Colonel Arran opened his heavy lids as they placed him in it. His eyes summoned Berkley.

"It's all right," he said in the ghost of a voice. "Whichever way it turns out it's all right. . . . I've tried to live lawfully. . . . It is better to live mercifully. I think—she—would forgive. . . . Will you?"

"Yes."

He bent and took the wounded man's hand in his.

"If I knew if I knew ——" he said, and his burning eyes searched the bloodless face beneath him. But in it he read no surface corroboration of the secret tumult that raged in his very soul; every nerve in him grew tense under the deep, straining gaze; every fiber quivered.

"God!" he whispered; "if it were true ——"

A surgeon shouldered him aside, glanced sharply at the patient, motioned the bearers forward.

Berkley sat down by the roadside, bridle in hand, head bowed in his arms. Beside him his horse fed quietly on the weeds. In his ears rang the cries of the wounded; all around him he was conscious of people passing to and fro; and he sat there, face covered, deadly tired, already exhausted to a stolidity that verged on stupor.

He must have slept, too, because when he sat up and opened his eyes again it was nearly sundown, and somebody had stolen his horse.

A Zouave with a badly sprained ankle, lying on a blanket near him, offered him bread and bad meat; and Berkley ate it, striving to collect his deadened thoughts. After he had eaten he filled the Zouave's canteen at a little rivulet where hundreds of soldiers were kneeling to drink or dip up the cool, clear water.

"What's your reg'ment, friend?" asked the man.

"Eighth New York Lancers."

"Lord A'mighty! You boys did get cut up, didn't you?"

"I guess so. Are you Colonel Craig's regiment?"

"Yes. We got it, too. We got it all right."

"Is your colonel all right?"

"Yes. Steve—his son—corporal—was hit."

"What!"

"Yes, sir. Plumb through the collar bone. He was one of the first to get it. I was turrible sorry for his father—fine old boy! and he looked like he'd drop dead hisself—but, by gosh, friend, when the stretcher took Steve to the rear the old man jest sot them clean-cut jaws o' his'n an' kep' his gold-wired gig-lamps to the front. An' when the time come he sez in his ca'm, pleasant way· 'Boys,' sez he, 'we're agoin' in. It's a part of the job,' sez he, 'that has got to be done thorough. So,' sez he, 'we'll jest mosey along kind o' quick steppin' now, and we'll do our part like we al'us does do it. For'rd mar-r-rch!'"

Berkley sat still, hands clasped over his knees, thinking of Stephen and of Celia and of the father out yonder somewhere amid the smoke.

"Gawd," said the Zouave, "you got a dirty jab on your coc'anut, didn't you?"

The bandage had slipped, displaying the black scab of the scarcely-healed wound; and Berkley absently replaced it.

"That'll ketch the girls," said the Zouave with conviction. "I've only got a sprained ankle to show my girl."

"The war's not over," said Berkley indifferently. Then he got up painfully from the grass, exchanged adieus with the Zouave and wandered off toward the hospital to seek for news of Colonel Arran.

It appeared that the surgeons had operated and had sent the Colonel a mile farther to the rear, where a temporary hospital had been established in a young ladies' seminary. And toward this Berkley set out across the fields, the sound of the battle dinning heavily in his aching ears.

As he walked he kept a sullen eye out for his stolen horse, never expecting to see him, and it was with a savage mixture of surprise and satisfaction that he beheld him bestrode by two dirty malingerers from a New York infantry regiment, who rode on with difficulty and objurgations, and reproached each other for their mutual discomfort.

How they had escaped the provost he did not know; how they escaped absolute annihilation they did not comprehend; for Berkley seized the bridle, swung the horse sharply, turning them both out of the saddle; then, delivering a swift kick apiece as they lay cursing, he mounted and rode forward amid enthusiastic approval from the drivers of passing army wagons.

Long since the towering smoke in the west had veiled the sun; and now the sky had become gray and thick, and already a fine, drizzling rain was falling, turning the red dust to grease.

Slipping, floundering, his horse bore him on under darkening skies; rain fell heavily now; he bared his hot head to it; raised his face, masked with grime, and let the drops fall on the dark scar that burned under the bandage.

In the gathering gloom eastward he saw the horizon redden and darken and redden with the cannon flashes; the immense battle rumor filled his ears and brain.

"Which way, friend?" demanded a patrol, carelessly throwing his horse across Berkley's path.

"Orderly to Colonel Arran, Eighth New York Lancers, wounded. Is that the hospital yonder?"

"Them school buildin's," nodded the patrol. "Say, is your colonel very bad? I'm Twentieth New York, doin' provost. We seen you fellers at White Oak. What a wallop they did give us ——"

He broke off grimly, turned his horse and rode out into a soggy field where some men were dodging behind a row of shaggy hedge bushes. And far behind Berkley heard his loud, bullying voice:

"Git! you duck-legged, egg-suckin', skunk-backed loafers! Go on there! Aw, don't yer talk back to me, 'r I'll let m' horse bite yer pants off! Back yer go! Forrard! Hump! Hump! Scoot!"

Through the heavily-falling rain he saw the lighted school buildings looming among the trees; turned into the drive, accounted for himself, gave his horse to a negro with orders to care for it, and followed a ward master into a shed where a kettle was boiling over a stove.

The ward master returned presently, threading his way through a mass of parked ambulances to the shed where Berkley sat on a broken cracker-box.

"Colonel Arran is very low. I guess you'd better not bother him to-night."

"Is he—mortally hurt?"

"I've seen worse."

"He may get well?"

"I've seen 'em get well," said the non-committal ward master. Then, looking Berkley over: "You're pretty dirty, ain't you? Are you ——" he raised his eyebrows significantly.

"I'm clean," said Berkley with the indifference habituated to filth.

"All right. They'll fix you up a cot somewhere. If Colonel Arran comes out all right I'll call you. He's full of opium now."

"Did they get the bullet?"

"Oh, yes. I ain't a surgeon, my friend, but I hear a lot of surgeon talk. It's the shock—in a man of his age. The wound's clean, so far not a thread in it, I hear. Shock—and gangrene—that's what we look out for. . . . What's the news down by the river?"

"I don't know," said Berkley.

"Don't you know if you got licked?"

"I don't think so. You'd hear the firing here plainer."

"You're the Eighth Cavalry, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"They say you got cut up."

"Some."

"And how about the Zouaves?"

'Oh, they're there yet," said Berkley listlessly. Fatigue was overpowering him; he was aware, presently, that a

In His Ears Rang the Cries of the Wounded

negro, carrying a lantern, was guiding his stumbling steps into a small building where, amid piles of boxes, an army cot stood covered by a blanket. Berkley gave him a crumpled mess of paper money, and he almost expired.

Later the same negro rolled a wooden tub into the room, half filled it with steaming water and stood in profound admiration of his work, grinning at Berkley.

"Is you-all gwine bresh up, suh?" he inquired.

Berkley straightened his shoulders with an effort, unbuckled his belt, and began to take off his wet uniform.

The negro aided him respectfully; that wet wad of dollars had done its work profoundly.

"Yo' is de adjetant ob dis here gin'ral ob de lancers, suh? De po' ole gin'ral! He done git shot dreffle bad, suh. . . . Jes' you lay on de flo', suh, 'twill I gits yo' boots off'n yo' laigs! Dar! Now jes' set down in de tub, suh. I gwine scrub you wif de saddle-soap—Lor'-a-mighty! Who done bang you on de haid dat-a-way?"—scrubbing vigorously with the saddle-soap all the while. "Spec' yo' is lame an' so' all over, is you? Now I'se gwine rub you ha'd, suh; an' now I'se gwine dry you ha'd." He chuckled and rubbed and manipulated, yet became tender as a woman in drying the clipped hair and the scarred temple. And, before Berkley was aware of what he was about, the negro lifted him and laid him on the cot.

"Now," he chuckled, "I'se gwine shave you." And he fished out a razor from the rear pocket of his striped drill overalls, rubbed the weapon of his race with a proud thumb, spread more soap over Berkley's upturned face and fell deftly to work, wiping off the accumulated lather on the seat of his own trousers.

Berkley remembered seeing him do it twice, then remembered no more. A blessed sense of rest soothed every bone: in the heavenly stillness and surcease from noise he drifted gently into slumber, into a deep, dreamless sleep, and lay still as death under the army blanket.

The old negro looked at him with compassion.

"Po' li'l sodger boy," he muttered. "Done gib me fo' dollahs. Lor'-a-mighty! Spec' Mars Linkum's men is all richer'n ole Miss." He cast another glance at the sleeping man, then picked up the worn, muddy boots, threw the soiled jacket and breeches over his arm and shuffled off, shaking his grizzled head.

XX

IT WAS still dark when Berkley awoke with a violent start, dreaming of loud trumpets, and found himself sitting upright on his cot, eyes staring into obscurity.

Outside on the veranda a multitude of heavy steps echoed and reëchoed over the creaking boards; spurs clinked, sabers dragged and clanked; a man's harsh, nasal voice sounded irritably at intervals:

"We're not an army—we're not yet an army; that's what's the matter. You can't erect an army by uniforming and drilling a few hundred thousand clerks and farmers. You can't manufacture an army by brigading regiments—by creating divisions and forming army corps. There is only one thing on God's long-enduring earth that can transform this mob of state troops into a national army—discipline!—and that takes time; and we've got to take it and let experience kick us out of one battle into another. And some day we'll wake up to find ourselves a real army, with real departments, really controlled and in actual and practical working order. Now it's every department for itself and God help General McClellan! He has my sympathy! He has a dirty job on his hands half done, and they won't let him finish it!"

And again the same impatient voice broke out contemptuously:

"War? These two years haven't been two years of war! They've been two years of noisy, gaudy rough-and-tumble! Bull Run was opera bouffe! The rest of it has been one fantastic and bloody carnival! Did anybody ever before see such a grandmother's rag-bag of uniforms in an American army! What in hell do we want of Zouaves in French uniforms, cavalry armed with Austrian lances, ridiculous rocket batteries, Polish riders, Hungarian hussars, grenadiers, mounted rifles, militia and volunteers in every garb, carrying every arm and wearing every uniform ever created by foreign armorers and military tailors! . . . But I rather guess that the fancy-dress-ball era is just about over. I've a notion that we're coming down to the old-fashioned army blue again. And the sooner the better. I want no more red fezzes and breeches in my commands for the enemy to blaze at a mile away! I want no more picturesque lances. I want plain blue pants and Springfield rifles! And I guess I'll get them if I make noise enough in North America!"

Who this impassioned military critic was, shouting opinions to the sky, Berkley never learned; for presently there was a great jingling and clatter and trample of horses brought around, and the officers, whoever they were, mounted and departed as they had arrived, in darkness, leaving Berkley on his cot in the storehouse to stretch his limbs, and yawn and stretch again, and draw the warm folds of the blanket closer, and lie blinking at the dark, through which now a bird had begun to twitter a sweet, fitful salute to the coming dawn.

Across the foot of his couch lay folded an invalid's red hospital wrapper; beside his bed stood the slippers. After a few moments he rose, stepped into the slippers and, drawing on the woolen robe, belted it in about his thin waist. Then he limped out to the veranda.

In the dusk the bird sang timidly. Berkley could just make out the outlines of the nearer buildings and of tall trees around. Here and there lights burned behind closed windows; but, except for these, the world was black and still—stiller for the deadened stamping of horses in distant, unseen stalls.

An unmistakable taint of the hospital hung in the fresh morning air—a vague hint of anesthetics, of cooking—the flat odor of sickness and open wounds.

Lanterns passed in the darkness toward the stables; unseen shapes moved hither and thither, their footsteps sharply audible. He listened and peered about him for a while, then went back to the storeroom, picked his way among the medical supplies and sat down on the edge of his bed.

A few moments later he became aware of somebody moving on the veranda, and of a light outside; heard his door open, lifted his dazzled eyes in the candle rays. "Are you here, Philip?" came a quiet, tired voice. "You must wake now and dress. Colonel Arran is conscious and wishes to see you."

"Ailsa!"

She stood looking at him placidly, the burning candle steady in her hand, her face very white and thin.

He had risen, standing there motionless in his belted invalid's robe with the stenciled S. C. on the shoulder. And now he would have gone to her, hands outstretched, haggard face joyously illumined; but she stepped back with a swift gesture that halted him; and in her calm, unfriendly gaze he hesitated, doubting his senses.

"Ailsa, dear, is anything wrong?"

"I think," she said quietly, "that we had better not let Colonel Arran see how wrong matters have gone between us. He is very badly hurt. I have talked a little with him. I came here because he asked for you and for no other reason."

"Did you know I was here?"

"I saw you arrive last night from the infirmary window. . . . I hope your wound is healed," she added in a strained voice.

"Ailsa! What has happened?"

She shuddered slightly, looked at him without a shadow of expression.

"Let us understand one another now. I haven't the slightest atom of—regard left for you. I have no desire to see you, to hear of you again while I am alive. That is final."

"Will you tell me why?"

She had turned to go; now she hesitated, silent, irresolute.

"Will you tell me, Ailsa?"

She said wearily: "If you insist I can make it plainer some time. But this is not the time. . . . And you had better not ask me at all, Philip."

"I do ask you."

"I warn you to accept your dismissal without seeking an explanation. It would spare—us both."

"I will spare neither of us. What has changed you?"

"I shall choose my own convenience to answer you," she replied haughtily.

"Choose it, then, and tell me when to expect your explanation."

"When I send for you; not before."

"Are you going to let me go away with that for my answer?"

"Perhaps."

He hooked his thumbs in his girdle and looked down, considering; then, quietly raising his head:

"I don't know what you have found out—what has been told you. I have done plenty of things in my life unworthy of you, but I thought you knew that."

"I know it now."

"You knew it before. I never attempted to conceal anything."

A sudden blue glimmer made her eyes brilliant.

"That is a falsehood!" she said deliberately.

The color faded from his cheeks, then he said with ashy composure:

"I lie much less than the average man, Ailsa. It is nothing to boast of, but it happens to be true. I don't lie."

"You keep silent and act a lie!"

He reflected for a moment, then:

"Hadn't you better tell me?"

"No."

Then his color returned, surging, making the scar on his face hideous; he turned, walked to the window and stood looking into the darkness while the departing glimmer of her candle faded on the wall behind him.

Presently, scraping, ducking, chuckling, the old darky appeared with his boots and uniform, everything dry and fairly clean; and he dressed by lantern-light, buckled his belt, drew on his gloves, settled his forage-cap, and followed the old man out into the graying dawn.

They gave him some fresh light bread and a basin of coffee; he finished and waited, teeth worrying the stem of his empty pipe for which he had no tobacco.

Surgeons, assistant surgeons, contract physicians, ward masters, nurses, passed and repassed; stretchers filed into the dead-house; coffins were being

(Continued on Page 41)

Into His Memory Came the Recollection of the First Time He Ever Saw Her So

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 20, 1910

Is Democracy Bankrupt?

THE United States Supreme Court decided that Georgia had no authority over the Cherokee Indians inhabiting a reservation that lay within state lines. Only the Federal Government had power to deal with the Indians, it said. "The Cherokee nation is a distinct community occupying its own territory with boundaries accurately described, in which the laws of Georgia have no right to enter." Nevertheless President Jackson, as he explained in a message to Congress, "informed the Indians that their attempt to establish an independent government would not be countenanced by the Executive of the United States, and advised them to emigrate beyond the Mississippi or submit to the laws of the state."

In other words, to uphold the doctrine of states' rights the President calmly overruled the Supreme Court, and as he commanded the army his ruling was effective.

That may be regarded as the high tide of the ancient Democratic dogma of states' rights, which Jefferson preached a good deal but practiced very little. A subsequent powerful assertion of that doctrine resulted in a war that was supposed to have settled the question.

Why can't the Democrats let this dead and mouldering old dogma alone? Ever and anon they rattle its bones—in opposition to centralization of government—in a manner suggesting that they have run out of live material. Wall Street also vigorously agitates the skeleton whenever the Federal Government exercises a power of regulation over interstate business. The party to which, perhaps, the country will be turning for salvation before long should get used to doing its thinking outside of a graveyard.

Collecting Our Foreign Bill

TO RELIEVE an acute money pinch, induced by the troubles of October, 1907, we imported much gold. In that fiscal year we shipped abroad about a thousand million dollars' worth of cotton, breadstuffs, provisions and petroleum, and on the net balance between imports and exports of precious metal we gained seventy-five million dollars of European gold. But in the fiscal year recently closed we sent it all back net exports of gold almost exactly equaling net imports two years before. In ten years the balance of trade in our favor has amounted to four and a half billion dollars; but we have drawn only seventy million dollars of gold, net, from abroad. That is, we have been able to collect a little over one per cent of what the world theoretically owed us. Going back twenty years the balance of trade in our favor is seven billions, while the gold movement is almost exactly even. Practically speaking, we haven't been able to collect a dollar in hard cash of the seven billions.

Broadly speaking, also, a nation cannot sell goods at all for cash. Whatever it sells it must take out in trade in one way or another. This does not agree with the protectionist program of producing at home everything we consume and selling the surplus abroad; but it agrees with the facts.

Immigration to the South

PRIOR to 1907 immigration from Canada to the United States had shrunk to nominal proportions. That year it increased to twenty thousand, the next year to thirty-eight thousand and the year following that to fifty-two thousand. Washington reports say it is now even larger and that a considerable part of these incomers from the North are going to the Southern states—which, we hope, is true—while at the same time Western wheat farmers may continue to invade the Canadian Northwest.

Before the Civil War slavery turned the whole tide of European immigration to the North, for the free labor would not compete with the slave. From 1830 to 1860 the white population of the South Atlantic states increased one million; of the North Atlantic, five millions; of the Middle South, two millions and a quarter; of the Middle North, seven millions and a half. The old bar is removed; but it is only very recently that immigrants have turned in any considerable numbers to the South. At the last census seven Southern states had only about a third as many European-born whites as Iowa, and in the whole South ninety-eight per cent of the population was native-born. Meanwhile there are agricultural possibilities in the South—although often requiring some capital for development—that may yet fairly match what the West had to offer a generation ago.

Wasting at the Bung-Hole

DEPLETION of the lumber supply attracts much attention. We imagine Uncle Sam discussing it earnestly, even passionately; then lighting his pipe and absently dropping the match in the wood box. The country produces five hundred million dollars' worth of lumber a year and burns up eighty million dollars' worth of frame buildings—and seventy million dollars' worth of contents, to show that it has no prejudices in the matter. The annual fire loss—largely preventable—amounts to two dollars and a half for every man, woman and child.

The country is readily excited by a suspicion that Messrs. Guggenheim mean to sequestrate its Alaskan coal; but in various forms of sheer waste we throw away an Alaska every year.

Simple extravagance is a minor ill. Whether or not a farmer puts a thousand dollars in an automobile may safely be left to his own discretion. But when he puts a thousand dollars' worth of farm machinery out in the sun and rain, or under no other protection than a tree, it is evident he has no discretion. There was once a district convention to demand better service from the railroads in transportation of certain agricultural products; but some of the delegates were unable to attend because their own country roads were practically impassable.

If the Guggenheims did go after that Alaskan coal possibly they justified themselves by the reflection that we annually throw away at least a quarter of the coal we mine by reckless handling, careless firing and faulty furnaces.

Getting the Will of the People

MR. BRYAN favored county option as the best method of dealing with the liquor traffic. Other Nebraska Democrats did not. In a test vote at the state convention Mr. Bryan was beaten by 435 to 394. The decision turned, then, on the votes of twenty-one delegates out of 829—or less than three per cent of the total number. But at the last presidential election there were over a hundred and thirty thousand Democratic voters in Nebraska, so the twenty-one whose ballots decided the issue in the convention were as one to about six thousand of the whole number of Democrats. That a solitary one of the 829 delegates had anything more than a vague, general notion as to the sentiment of a majority of Democrats in his own immediate locality is improbable.

At the last election there were nearly a hundred and thirty thousand Republican voters in Nebraska. Nobody knows how many of them believe in county option and how many do not. If twenty-one delegates put a county option plank in their platform, while the Democratic platform, by the votes of twenty-one delegates, contained none, very likely we should have a hundred thousand Democrats and Republicans who were unable to vote the way they wanted to because forty-two men were of a different opinion from themselves.

This situation, in one degree or another, constantly arises under our system of representative and delegated government. But there is no good reason why it should arise, for there is no reason why voters should not express themselves directly upon the question at issue.

Is Michigan Awake?

"NEVER," the Honorable Julius Cæsar Burrows is informing Michigan audiences, "will I vote for a law to turn American labor into the street!" This is the best reply the Senator is able to think of to the charge that, in framing the new tariff law, he bobbed every time Aldrich pulled the string.

Much iron ore is produced in Michigan—by the Steel Trust—and to avoid turning that labor into the streets the Senator obediently supported a duty on it, although President Taft and the House wanted it on the free list. Fortunately we have an authoritative report on the iron mines of Minnesota, where conditions must be much the same as in Michigan. Of the labor there employed twenty-three per cent is American, thirty-three per cent Austrian, sixteen per cent Finnish, eleven per cent Italian and ten per cent Scandinavian. Of the foreign-born only forty-eight per cent can speak English. This is the same sort of labor that the Senator is valiantly protecting in Pennsylvania steel mills, where it works seven days a week to make a living.

There are over two hundred thousand farms in Michigan mostly operated by real American labor. Senator Burrows dutifully assisted Aldrich to increase already excessive duties on cotton cloth, rubber goods and linoleum used on these farms, and to maintain the wool duties which even President Taft could not stomach.

Michigan is one of the states in which a Senator will be chosen by the people this year. Whether Burrows is returned will be decided at the Republican primaries in September. Michigan is a good state, too, but politically is it awake or sleeping? Can it be taken in by a reactionary party machine, a set of whiskers and a line of twaddle? This question assumes national importance in view of the circumstance that Burrows, if reëlected, will succeed Aldrich as chairman of the Finance Committee. Strangely enough, this is urged as a reason why Michigan people should vote for Burrows—as though to afflict the nation by putting a pinchbeck Aldrich in the most powerful position in the Senate would somehow reflect glory on the state! We seem to hear cries of dissent and dismay from the other forty-five states whose legislation the Finance Committee will shape.

Taxing the Poor Man

HERE are two hundred typical workingmen's families on the West Side of New York—truckmen, grocers' clerks, icemen, janitors, stone-cutters, carpenters and so on. They are mostly American, English, Irish and German. On an average there are five and a half persons in a family. A third of them have incomes of a thousand dollars a year or more. The average income is $851 and rent takes $162, or over nineteen per cent of it. The details can be found in Wage Earners' Budgets, by Louise B. Moore.

These are the people that pay much of the city's taxes. New York raises over a hundred millions a year by direct tax on real estate. Tenants, of course, foot the bill. Suppose ten families occupy a flat-building assessed at thirty thousand dollars. Taxes on the building come to $504, or rather over fifty dollars a family. Our West Siders are comparatively well off. Scores of thousands of families, especially on the East Side, have smaller incomes. Broadly speaking, the smaller the income the more proportionately goes for taxes. Where the income was $750 to $1100, eighteen per cent went for rent; where it was $450 to $650, rent took twenty-four per cent.

The value of New York realty has increased enormously of late years. The higher the land value the heavier the taxes and the greater the rent. Benjamin C. Marsh concludes that the unearned increment accruing to landlords by reason of advanced value of realty amounts to about forty-five millions a year. Our West Siders support this accretion by paying higher rent and taxes.

Prejudice Against Wall Street

A FINANCIAL review, published at the close of July, says: "On the first two days of this week the stock market was moving at a rapid pace toward something unpleasantly like a panic."

We know now what the trouble was. A bull pool, loaded down with vast quantities of stocks, non-dividend-paying and of dubious value, was staggering to its fall. Its speculative commitments are said to have reached fifty million dollars. Fortunately the general situation was sound and the trouble was merely local and temporary. In 1873 the general situation was less sound and the memorable panic of that year was ushered in by the blowing up of an inflated promoting house. The crisis of 1884 was started by the collapse of Grant & Ward assets, seven hundred thousand dollars; liabilities, sixteen millions—and the loot of the Marine Bank. The toppling of a great railroad gambler's house of cards and the exposure of a putrid "industrial," which paid a hundred per cent dividend in January and confessed bankruptcy in May of the same year, played stellar rôles in the first act of the panic of 1893. The Morse-Heinze system supplied the match for the explosion of 1907.

A paint factory is a useful institution. But an establishment that catches fire periodically, spreading conflagration through the neighborhood, is pretty certain to become an object of popular aversion. Public prejudice against Wall Street is too often indiscriminating. In some respects it is regrettable—as when the fear that a central government bank will succumb to Wall Street influences becomes the greatest obstacle to the establishment of such an institution. But it seems hardly likely that the prejudice will abate so long as the Street remains substantially what it is.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Napoleon Bonaparte—Filibuster

THERE have been plenty of filibusters—the deed in the United States Senate and plenty of filibusters—the men—in the same profound conclave, but somehow the adventure pales into a sickly mauve when one considers Senator Bill Stone filibustering in a whisper, or Battle Bob La Follette performing the same daring deed in a pompadour, or Senator Carter casting his paint-brush whiskers to the breeze of his own verbosity and declaring he will stand and talk on that spot forever and a day lest this iniquity shall perish. (Loud applause.)

We are prone—that is, we would fain—think of filibusters as brave and hardy men scooting on piratical ships out of some port in some country and sailing boldly into some port in some other country bent on deeds of high emprise, seeking to set up a new government or set down an old one, and delivering arms, munitions and patriots to the oppressed or the oppressor, depending on which high contracting party is most liberal with the coin. Now, a Senate filibuster cannot rightfully be said to be a deed of high or even low emprise. It is a deed of conversation, mostly of language, not necessarily coherent or cohesive, but just language, and it is engaged in for the purpose of holding up some legislation pending unless the filibuster gets into that bill his particular pet appropriation or his particular pet idea. The rules of the Senate allow unlimited debate. Hence, any Senator who has a grievance or a graft has no restriction, save physical and tracheal, on the amount of filibustering he may do. He need have no thoughts. He must have words.

So, we have seen filibuster after filibuster, ranging in violence and ferocity, from the one Ben Tillman conducted against the naval bill in the closing days of Congress for the purpose of getting something for the Charleston Navy Yard to the noiseless one of Bill Stone against the financial bill. I must confess that the various filibusters, brave and fearless though they may have been, have not inspired any particular amount of awe or enthusiasm. They have seemed like a lot of garrulous men talking their venerable heads off.

But have you heard the news from Florida?

The United States Senate, by virtue of the recent primaries which will be ratified by the legislature, has acquired a sure-enough filibuster, a real filibuster, a filibusterino, in the person of Napoleon Bonaparte Broward, who is to succeed Senator Taliaferro—pronounced Tolliver—having defeated Taliaferro—now pronounced Mud—in the second primary held in that state. Napoleon Bonaparte Broward is no conversational, languagiferous filibuster. He is the goods, the materials. He and two others built the famous tug, The Three Friends, and they ran in eight cargoes of guns, powder and malarial Cubans to aid the sacred cause of *Cuba Libre*.

Broward and Dynamite Johnny O'Brien made snoots at the Spanish gunboats for the greater part of two years, sliding across to the fair but devastated land time and time again, being shot at, chased, held up, searched and all but scuttled, but getting there each time and landing their cargoes where said cargoes were most needed to help put a dent in Weyler. That was filibustering as was filibustering, and Napoleon Bonaparte Broward, soon-to-be United States Senator, was the active spirit. If he starts to run a filibuster in the Senate even the heavy guns of Heyburn or Hale or Aldrich will not scare him. He'll put his cargo in the bill he wants it in, or there will be a muss that will be historic, for this person, Broward, is set and determined in his ways and sniffs the battle from afar.

Hard-Headed and Soft-Hearted

WE ARE constantly finding in the biographies of our statesmen records of achievement that should make any American boy think he has a chance. Still, I doubt if any Senator came up through so many difficulties as Broward, or made so much of a small beginning. He was born in direst poverty, in Duval County, Florida, in 1857. After the war his family moved back to the farm in Duval County and found it wrecked and ruined. Father, mother, the boys and girls went to work to clear up some of the land, suffered from malaria, eked out a scanty living with the help of such game as could be shot and such fish as could be caught, made a few cents cutting water-oak pins to be used in rafting, doing anything to get along. The mother died and then the father, and when he was twelve years old Broward and his brother, younger than he, undertook to run the farm themselves.

He had little schooling, worked on his grandfather's farm and then became cook on a steamboat belonging to his uncle—the worst cook that ever was, he says himself. Presently he was made a deckhand and assistant wheelman, and in the winter got to the public school for a few weeks. A little later he went to Cape Cod, Massachusetts, dressed in cotton jeans, and got a berth on a fishing smack. He went to the Banks, nearly froze, and when he got back to Boston had thirty-one fights in thirty days with dockwollopers who did not like his Southern attitude.

Broward followed the sea for two years, working on all sorts of coastwise vessels, and got back to Florida where he worked on steamboats on the St. Johns River. He became a pilot and accumulated enough money to buy an interest in passenger and mail boats between Mayport and Palatka. He kept at this until 1887 when he moved to Jacksonville and ran a woodyard. Then he was appointed and elected sheriff and after that held various political offices, including a membership of the legislature. He went into phosphate mining and, in 1895, designed the model and moulds of The Three Friends and superintended the building of that famous tug. He was a member of the Jacksonville city council and police commissioner for that city. Then came the filibustering days and the war with Spain, when Broward was captain of a boat used by some of the correspondents in Cuban waters.

Broward was elected Governor and was defeated in the canvass for Senator against the present Senator Fletcher. He won against Taliaferro and will enter the Senate on March 4 next, as the legislature is bound to ratify the choice of the primaries.

He is a rough and ready person, a hard man, they say, because of the hardships of his life; but he is as softhearted as a child over a tale of distress, and he goes far out of his way to perform services for his friends and supporters. On the day of the primary he was told of a little girl, whose father kept a grocery store, who had defended Broward against the attacks of some customer. "I must go and thank that little girl," he said, and he did. They were talking to him of the bravery of Dynamite Johnny O'Brien and others of the filibusters, and Broward said: "Yes; they were brave men, but don't forget that nigger deckhand. I have forgotten his name, but he was just as brave as any of the rest of us."

Broward is responsible for the work now going on in the draining of the Everglades. He held tenaciously to his theory that the work could be done because water will run down hill, but was defeated twice by the people of the state. Then he carried the scheme through and he, personally, is responsible for the advance in price of hundreds of thousands of acres of land in his state from ten cents an acre to twenty or thirty dollars, and in some instances a hundred dollars an acre. He is an enthusiast, a dreamer, but a doer also.

He is a most convincing talker and a good politician. Some of the people who have met him think him almost a hypnotist. If he hears of an opponent he goes to that man and asks for half an hour. Then he sits down and, as William W. Carroll, the Pecan King, says: "He sits close and with the forefinger of his right hand begins to pack his argument into your leg just as a small boy stuffs rags up an exposed water pipe. Soon you are jammed full of Broward and go away preaching his doctrine, even if you do reverse yourself."

His political opponents used to say Broward ate with his knife—or his fingers—but they have quit using that on him now. Nor did he let the fact that he lives in East Church Street, in Jacksonville, while Senators Taliaferro and Fletcher live on Church Street, worry him any. As in the Everglades enterprise he kept right on, and finally won what he was after, which is a way he seems to have.

Broward is a big, broad-shouldered man. His mouth is large, but his head is finely shaped and he is impressive in a rugged, don't-tread-on-me style. He has eight daughters and one son, Napoleon Bonaparte Broward, Jr., aged three months. He talks well, in a not particularly polished but most convincing way, and he has all the energy and virility and determination that men schooled as he has been should and usually do have.

And, say, what this Senate has needed has been a real filibustering filibuster. There are enough of the discursive kind. Here is one who knows how, and I trust he will turn one loose early in his career as a Senator. The dry bones around there surely do need some scientific rattling.

He Sniffs the Battle From Afar

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Hot Times

JIMMIE HAY, one of the bright young men of the Washington Times, who "covers" the White House and usually travels with President Taft, was sent to Beverly when the President went to the summer capital. There was not much doing and the managing editor wired Jimmie to come back, thinking he would be of more use in Washington.

One of Hay's associates on the paper, who has the office reputation of being very close-fisted, thought to have some fun with Jimmie and telegraphed him: "Welcome back to our fair city. Temperature is 104 at the Kiosk today."

Whereupon Jimmie replied: "It must be hotter than that in Washington to melt the price of a telegram off your roll."

Tim's Family Tree

WHEN Big Tim Sullivan, the New York East Side politician, went to Europe this summer one of the passengers was Mrs. Astor.

During a conversation Sullivan expressed surprise that William Waldorf Astor should have expatriated himself and become a British subject.

"Why," said Mrs. Astor, "I see nothing strange in that. Now, for example, what is the difference between Mr. Astor's going from America to England to live and becoming an English citizen, and your going from Ireland to America to live and becoming an American citizen?"

"But I didn't," said Big Tim. "I was born in New York, and so were my father and mother."

"Ah," said Mrs. Astor, "that must make you one of the old Knickerbocker families."

"No," replied Tim, as he walked away, "one of the old Five Points families."

The Hall of Fame

℄ Brand Whitlock, the mayor of Toledo, used to be a political reporter on Chicago papers.

℄ Frank Daniels, the comedian, looks funnier off than on. His tailor is a comedian too.

℄ When Horace Fletcher, the chewologist, is at home he lives in the Palazzo Saibante, Venice. Mostly he lives in a New York hotel.

℄ B. F. Yoakum, the big railroad man, has a farm out on Long Island where he raises chickens that cost him about a dollar a feather. An egg is expensive enough to put in a breastpin.

℄ Very few people know what the H in the name of John H. Carroll, president of the Society of Great Men of the World and big railroad lawyer, stands for; but the secret is now revealed. His middle name is Haydock, but he never does it.

℄ Tiring of authorship John Jacob Astor has become an inventor. His latest invention is a device to keep a revolving chair from revolving, or something like that—a long-felt want that chairmakers have for years been trying to meet by making non-revolving chairs.

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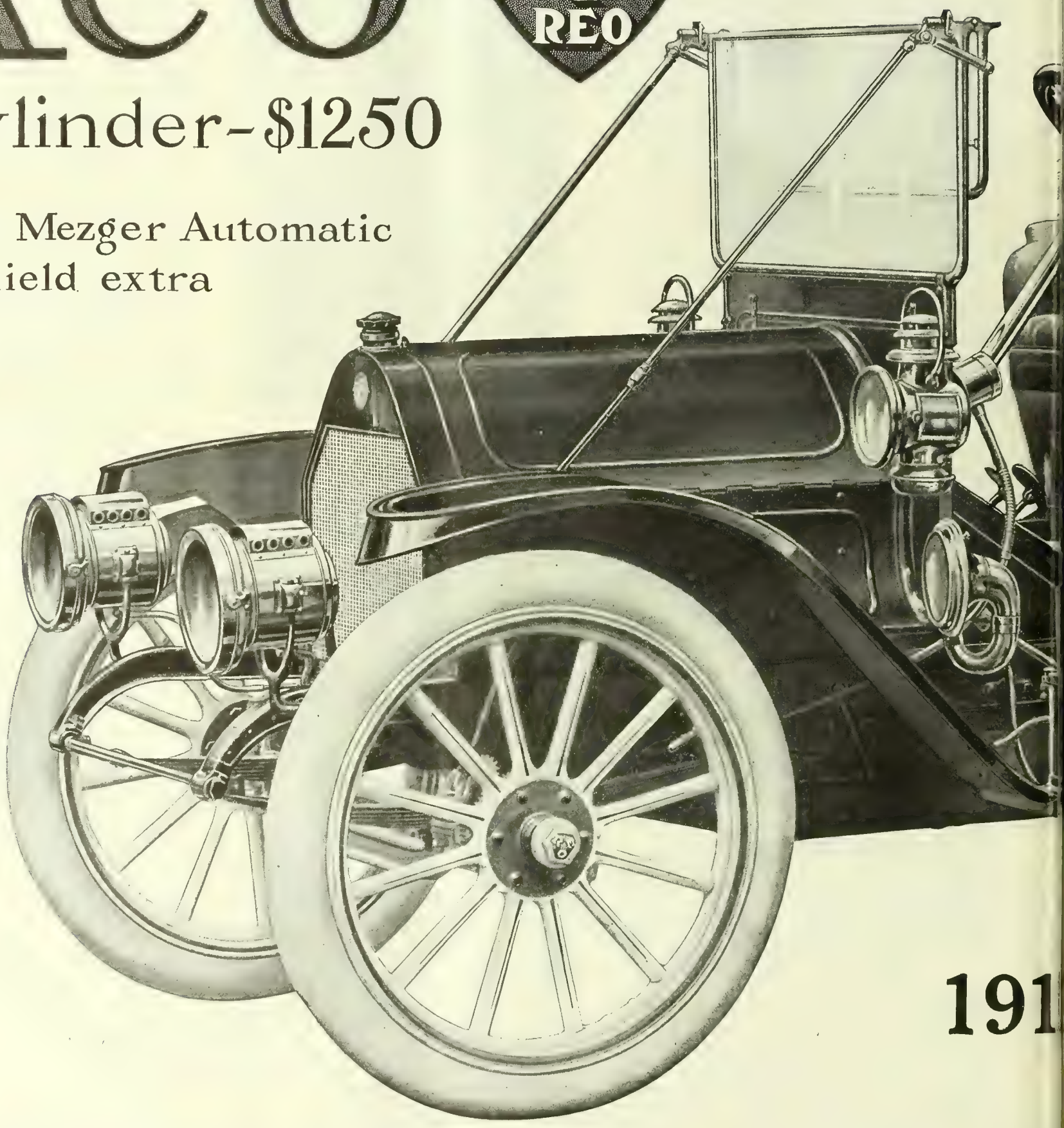

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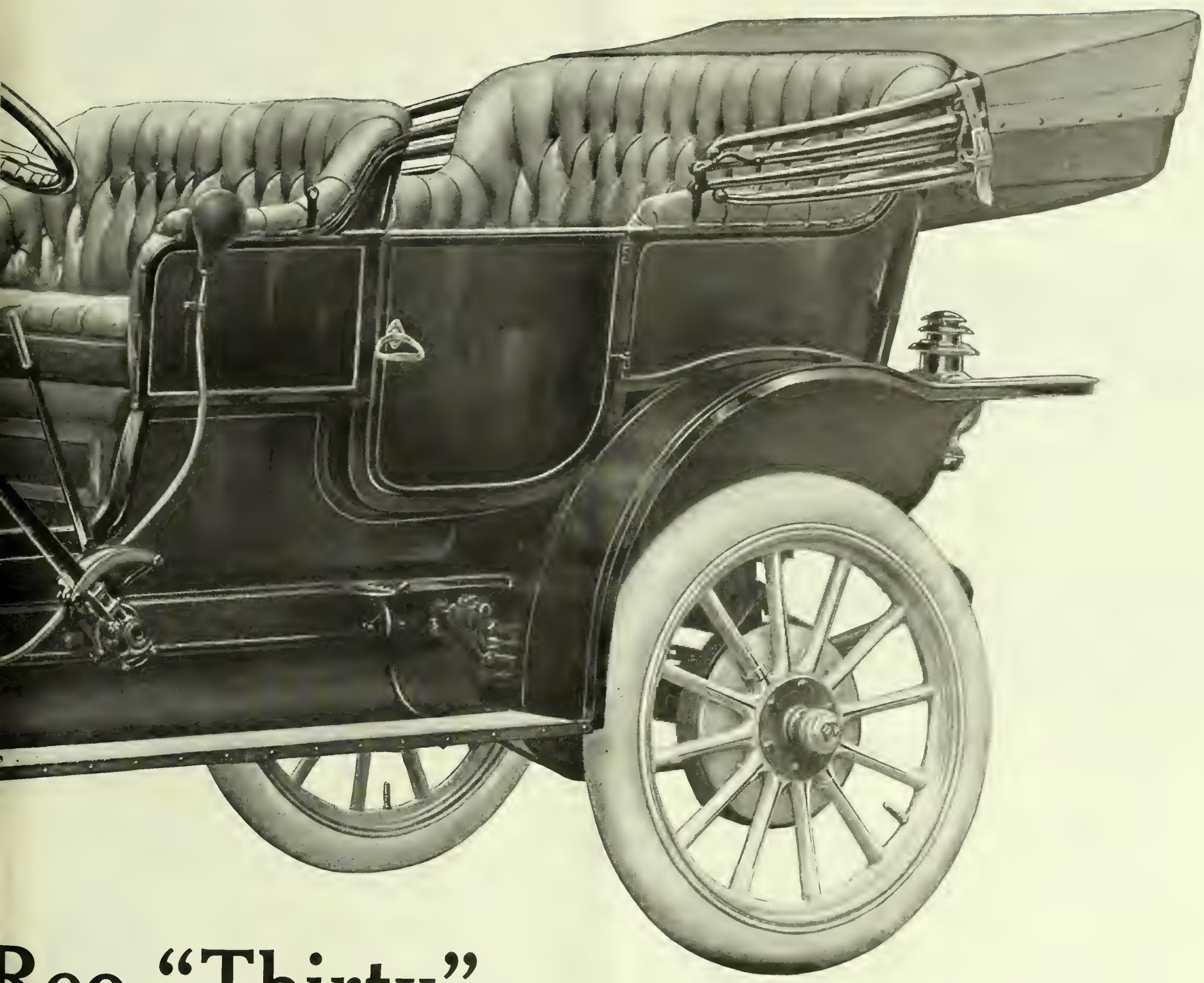

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PLAYING POLITICS

Notes on the Great American Game As It is Played in the Dog Days

THERE are just two men in this country who will be national political factors as long as they live. One is Theodore Roosevelt and the other is William Jennings Bryan. A good reason for this condition is that each of these eminent gentlemen will see to it, personally, that he shall remain a national political factor, and that each possesses some small skill in that kind of mechanics. All other reasons are superfluous, for there never will be a time when either Roosevelt or Bryan cannot rally to the old flag enough partisans to make a considerable noise, no matter what the future may bring forth. Nor will there ever be a time when each will not raise the long yell for the faithful if there should be danger of eclipse or submersion.

Bryan and Roosevelt differ widely in a personal way, but they are not so far apart when it comes to methods. Each gets his publicity by being a little ahead of the procession. Of course, Bryan has to form his own procession while the Roosevelt parade is generally drawn up for the Colonel, but it is all the same in the end. Bryan is not nearly the commanding figure that Roosevelt is, but even though nation, state or district rebukes him he has a certain hold on the country and his fingers are locked and interlaced. Moreover, he will never let go.

Wise observers have announced the political death of Bryan as a national figure time and again, and have variously set the date for the obsequies, notably in the days following the elections in 1896, 1900 and 1908, but when it came to the hour for the ceremonies the corpse was found dancing a jig on the lid of the coffin. Likewise there have been many who have predicted that Theodore Roosevelt has reached the apogee and is going down the long slide to oblivion, and next morning Theodore Roosevelt and his sayings and doings are plastered on the front pages of all the papers in the land.

Roosevelt and Bryan both know that a couple of years of enforced silence on their part, or a couple of years of silence on the part of the various mediums of publicity, and they would be done for. Hence neither goes anywhere or does anything without beating the tom-tom.

Long-Planned Impulsiveness

Bryan started his paper in order to have a medium of expression for the views he incubates so rapidly. Roosevelt hired out to a magazine for the same reason. Bryan makes money from his paper and his lectures, and Roosevelt gets a large salary for his editorial utterances. That is right and proper. But if there were no salary and no gate-receipts for lectures both men would do the work for nothing. The point is that they have to keep out in front. Being great national characters they must maintain themselves as such, and if they can get paid for so doing so much the better, for both are extremely prudent in the matter of money.

What the people see and know of men like Roosevelt and Bryan is the public side. There can be little knowledge of motives, for men like these keep their motives to themselves. Also, they think so far ahead of the mass that the thing that seems impulsive this morning probably was planned last week or last month or last year. The chief concern of such eminent publicists is to keep their constituencies. Mr. Roosevelt is a better politician than Mr. Bryan, but both are politicians. Each aims for power, and each enjoys power more than anything else. To be sure, Bryan has not had official power to any extent, but when a man can force his own nomination three times for President on a political party that casts more than six millions of votes he has power all right, and to spare. Wherefore, any little sidelights on the political actions of men so prominently before the people are interesting.

A great politician used to say that if he were half or even a quarter as smart in intrigue, in plot, in manipulation, in foresight, in knowledge of conditions as he was made out to be by the political writers, he would have the world by the tail with a downhill drag in a year's time. It is but the cold truth to say that the ordinary political leader gets ten times the credit he deserves for astuteness. Now far be it from me to intimate even that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan are not superlatively smart and far-seeing politicians, statesmen if you like, and patriots, both. That is not what I was driving at. What I want to do is to tell of two incidents, one concerning Mr. Roosevelt and one concerning Mr. Bryan, both of national political significance and both showing those distinctly human limitations embalmed in that how-very-small-the-very-great sentiment which we underlings are so fond of quoting.

The Gossips of Gotham

Oddly enough each of these incidents hinges on a letter, and each letter seems to have miffed these great men exactly as a common person would be miffed at a communication he did not like and the sentiments of which he could not indorse.

When President Roosevelt got back and, indeed, most of the time he was away, there was constant inquiry as to the position he would take toward President Taft. A vast amount of speculation was indulged in and the correspondents who went down the Nile to meet the former President plumped the question, "What do you think of President Taft's Administration?" at the returning faunal naturalist first off, reserving the tariff, the high cost of living, the Ballinger-Pinchot row, Cannonism and Aldrichism and all the rest of it for the second flight of inquiries.

Mr. Roosevelt did not reply. He said nothing publicly about Mr. Taft and what he said privately is nobody's business, provided he said anything. There had been stories that Mr. Roosevelt had said Taft was recreant, that he had gone over to the reactionaries, but those stories amounted to nothing because they had no authority. Presently Mr. Roosevelt went to Beverly and visited Mr. Taft. We had dispatches saying the former President shouted "Hello, Will!" as he sprang up the porch steps and that the President responded, "Hello, Theodore," and that they shook hands. That is all that has been reported.

As many constructions as there were writers were placed on the meeting, its significance, its quota of cordiality between the two men, and all that. Then Mr. Roosevelt returned to Sagamore Hill and Mr. Taft returned to the golf links and Senator Lodge, who was along, said nothing, and the situation resolved into one of guessing. Among the guessers was Wall Street. That institution is deeply concerned over the relations between the former President and the President. It has been trying to find out about those relations ever since the day Mr. Taft was elected.

The big men in Wall Street are the leading financiers in this country and, also, the leading gossips. They are enormously industrious when it comes to peddling tales. Thus there were a hundred tales of the relations between the two men peddled during the absence of Mr. Roosevelt, but the Wall Street story finally crystallized and there is now one story that Wall Street believes is the real one and that shows how the Colonel felt when he went away and how he may feel now, although a year in the jungle may have softened him some. Moreover, Wall Street makes it its business to find out about these things. Often these captains of finance are unduly credulous and always they are ready to circulate a tale that will have its effect on the market, whether right or wrong, but this story cannot affect stocks and it has been handed about as the epitome of the real feeling of Mr. Roosevelt for Mr. Taft.

I do not guarantee it. I tell it as the biggest men in Wall Street believe it. A day or two, or perhaps a week, after election in 1908 Mr. Taft wrote a letter to President Roosevelt. In that letter he thanked Mr. Roosevelt effusively for all he had done for him in the way of nominating him and getting him elected and said, in effect: "With the exception of my brother, Charles [meaning Charles P. Taft, of Cincinnati], I consider that I am more indebted to you than to any other for my nomination and election, and I thank you"—and so on and so forth.

Now, the story goes, when Mr. Roosevelt got that letter he jumped up and down and uttered loud cries. He was miffed. It was his opinion he had done more for the nomination of Mr. Taft and his election than all the Tafts in the country, or than any other man, set of men, or human combination whatsoever. He considered Taft an ingrate for putting his brother ahead of him as a factor in the victory, and he was very angry about it. It hurt his pride, or his egotism, or his self-esteem, or something, to have even Brother Charley put ahead of him as a means to the triumphant end, and he said so to some of his friends with considerable emphasis.

Taft saw Mr. Roosevelt several times during the interval between election and inauguration, but, so the Wall Street story goes, the interviews were short and formal and had little to do with business. Mr. Roosevelt wanted Frank B. Kellogg appointed Attorney-General and he wanted William Loeb, Jr., put in the Cabinet. Mr. Taft refused both requests, or intimations, rather. Then came inauguration, Roosevelt's departure for Africa and the beginning of the term of Taft.

As Mr. Roosevelt was leaving for Africa Mr. Taft sent him another letter. This one was full of expressions of good will and friendship, but it also said that, with the exception of Charles P. Taft, Mr. Roosevelt had done more to elect Taft than any person and that Taft was properly and thoroughly grateful. T. R. hopped high in the air again and said more things. Then he went a-hunting, and during all the time he was away he never sent a letter, or a postcard, or a telegram, or a message of any kind to Mr. Taft, nor was there any communication between the two men until Captain Archie Butt arrived in New York on the day of Roosevelt's return and brought a letter of greeting from Taft, which may or may not have reiterated the Charles P. Taft sentiment. Wall Street does not know about that.

The Ready Letter-Writer

The Bryan story concerns a letter, also. It is believed in certain Democratic circles. This is it: When Bryan, after his return from South America, suddenly evinced great hostility for Judson Harmon, most likely candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1912, and tried to muddle the Ohio political situation by insisting that the convention that named Harmon for a second term as Governor should select a candidate for the United States Senatorship to succeed Senator Dick, thereby making a lot of trouble for Harmon, but not getting himself anywhere except as a trouble-maker, people began to ask: Why?

Harmon was not for Bryan in 1896, but he was regular in 1900 and in 1908, had presided at Bryan meetings, had recognized Bryan Democrats in Ohio and was thought to be in the good graces of the Nebraskan. The reason for Bryan's opposition to Harmon, for his almost open enmity, is said in Ohio and by the Democrats of other states who profess to know, to lie in a letter written by one of the Harmon children to a school friend. This school friend belongs to a Texas family where Bryan visits.

According to the story the Harmon youngster wrote to the Texas youngster, along about election day in 1908, in this childish manner: "We are all hoping papa will be elected Governor this year and that Mr. Bryan will be beaten, because that will give papa a chance at the Presidential nomination four years from now if he can be reëlected Governor of Ohio."

Bryan heard of this letter when he was visiting in Texas. He immediately began to talk of the disloyalty of Harmon and tried to make it as difficult for Harmon as he could when it came time for the renomination in Ohio.

Always the same

WE make only one grade of Campbell's Tomato Soup—the best that money and care and unlimited skill can produce. And it is sold at one uniform price—ten cents a can.

There is no exaggeration in asserting that no better soup is or can be produced at any price. The simple facts substantiate all we say about

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

Made of the choicest New Jersey tomatoes—fresh, sound, ripened to the minute; and blended with other ingredients of equally perfect quality, this soup has a distinct flavor and richness of its own, that you cannot fail to recognize. And you will find this superlative quality in every can of tomato soup that bears the Campbell label.

That label is a thing to remember and insist on. It is your guarantee of satisfaction "or money refunded." And that is the invariable plan on which all Campbell's Soups are sold.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

It is easier to write for Campbell's Menu Book than to do without it.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

Young King Cole
He yells for a bowl
Of *Campbell's Soup* each day.
Then cries "Encore!"
With a mighty roar,
And we hasten to obey.

Sense and Nonsense

Checkmate

THE clerk in the general store in one of the seaport villages of Connecticut was the checker champion. He could beat all the regulars who hung about, and there were some good players among them.

One day a little weather-beaten man came in and watched the clerk clean up a villager six times hand-running. At the close of the sixth game the old man asked: "What is that there game you air playin'?"

"Checkers," said the clerk. "Checkers. A game of skill and brains. Don't you know it?"

The old man shook his head.

"Come on," invited the clerk; "I'll show you. It's a great game. It's easy to learn"; and he winked at the hangers-on.

The little man was willing. They sat down and the clerk explained the theory and won the first game so easily that everybody laughed. The clerk took the second game, but not so easily.

"You're doin' fine," encouraged the clerk. "Try another."

The clerk won this one, but just by a pinch. "Great!" he said to his opponent. "You will be quite a checker player after a while, but I'll say to you that I hain't bin playin' my best game. Now I'll set 'em again, and I'll show you some real checker playin'. It's your move."

The little man studied a minute, made an opening and then went systematically to work and beat the clerk in jigtime. The clerk insisted on another game and was defeated even more decisively. The little man put it all over him for seven more games. Then the clerk, no longer the checker champion of the South Shore, said angrily: "I thought you said you didn't know this game."

"Young feller," replied the little man, "I bin whalin' outen this water for forty-two year, and whalin' up North, at that. Twenty-seven of them years I spent frozen fast to the ice. What do you suppose I did frozen up there all them twenty-seven years?"

Wanted: A Job

I'm looking around for a job, my friend, and
I care not what it be;
Most any old kind of a job there is is a good-
enough job for me.
I'll drive a car on a trolley-line or work as an
engineer;
Or, if you wish, I'll write love songs, real
poetry, full of cheer.
I'll bake your pies, I'll broil your steak, I'll
act as messenger-boy;
I'll take a job as a leading man, like Hackett
or Eddie Foy—
There's naught in the world that a man can
do that I'm unable to do,
For I am an A. B. C. D. E. and an M. N.
O. P. Q.

I'll wash a window or run a bank; I'll
jockey a speedy nag;
I'll write you jokes of a mirthful kind or
carry a lawyer's bag.
I'll preach a sermon to curl your hair, and
warranted orthodox;
I'll run the Government quite as well as
Ballinger, Taft or Knox.
I'll take a job on a motor car, and satisfy, I
am sure,
And make you say when the trip is done I'm
an 18-K. chauffeur;
For I am a man of unusual sort, a sort that
you seldom see,
With my P. D. Q., and my S. T. U., and
my W. X. Y. Z.

I'll take a place as your hired man and do all
the garden chores;
I'll act as walker upon the floor of needy
department stores.
I'll go as caddy upon the links and steady
you on the green;
Or, should you wish, I'll take the job to edit
your magazine.
I'll join the chorus in opera—plain, comic or
simply grand,
I'll play first fiddle or blow the horn in any
old kind of band.
I'll teach your kid what he doesn't know, no
matter how dumb or deaf,
For I'm not only an I. O. U. but also a K. T. F.

I'll work all summer as baggageman attached
to a swell hotel,
Or waiter-in-chief, or the humble guy who
soundeth the dinner-bell.
I'll paint your mansion and mow your grass,
and look after baby chicks;
I'll take the stump for the candidate who
doesn't know how to mix.
I'll write long speeches for folks who speak
at dinners of public sort;
Or try a case on any old side in any old kind
of court.
For I am a chap of high degree I've taken
a dozen or so,
From plain A. B., and S. T. D., to S. P.
Q. R. O.

So, trot along with your job, my friend, no
matter what it may be;
Most any old kind of a job there is is a good-
enough job for me.
I've been to college for thirteen years, and
studied a lot outside,
And every course in the whole currick I've
tried, and tried, and tried;
And I'd like to ask what's the good of it all if,
after the course is through,
There's nary a thing in this blooming world a
fellow can get to do—
Oh, what is the use of a B. I. F., or an L.
M. N. O. P.,
If, when he goes after a simple job, they give
him the G. I. T.? —*Horace Dodd Gastit.*

Away

"I won't be long," the Little Boy said,
As he clattered him down the stair,
And found him a hat for his curly head
And called to a dog somewhere.
Then off like a flash down the shady lane
With a whistle and cry and song;
And back to us ever it came again:
"I won't be gone very long."

"I won't be long," the Little Boy said,
As we saw him among the trees,
His eyes all bright and his cheeks all red,
A friend of the birds and bees;
Then through the hedges and out of the gate,
For naught in the world goes wrong
With a boy of six or seven or eight -
"I won't be gone very long."

"I won't be long," the Little Boy said,
"I'm just going out to play."
And the curly dog barked and the two of
them sped
Over the clover away.
He waved us a kiss with a little brown hand
And cries rose from here and there,
For oh, but a boy does understand
A dog and the open air!

"I won't be long," the Little Boy said,
"Don't wait any supper—you see,
I'll just have a bowl of milk and bread
And my dog he will eat with me."
Then he swung his hat on its tangled string
Till the curly dog wagged his tail
And romped and played like a boy in spring
And barked him a comrade's hail.

"I won't be long," the Little Boy said—
Oh, Mother of him, don't cry!
The leaves come green again, yellow and red,
And the years and the years go by.
But sometime he'll come, as we've seen him
do,
With the bark of a dog and a song,
For it must be true—oh, it must be true
That he'll not be gone very long!

—*J. W. Foley.*

Fishing

Some talk of fishing; well, I must admit
That I could never see the use of it;
Just sitting all day long with line and hook
I'd rather loaf around and read a book.
Sometimes, I know, they "whip the streams"
and "cast,"
And maybe land a trout or two at last;
But I can think of hours much better passed.

And when the fisherman comes back at night
He lies and lies of many a mighty bite,
And tells of monster fish that wriggled loose,
Though little ones are all he can produce.
Oh, well; for those who like it, let 'em fish—
But not for mine; give me some other dish,
Some other sport to satisfy my wish.

Let others clean the trout a mussy mess!
I hate the very thought of fishiness
Though fish, when nicely fried, are, I confess,
A kind of food I eat with happy vim;
And so I flatter much the angler's whim
While leaving all the work of it to him.

Berton Braley.

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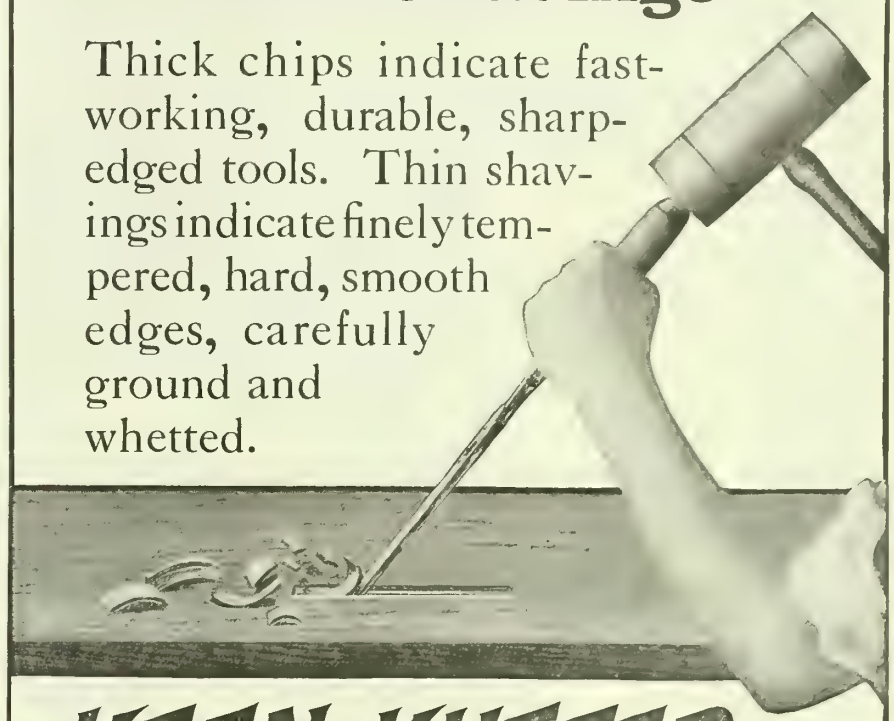
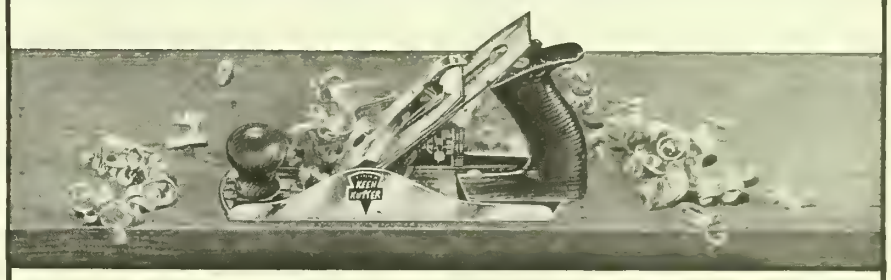
Thick chips indicate fast-working, durable, sharp-edged tools. Thin shavings indicate finely tempered, hard, smooth edges, carefully ground and whetted.



KEEN KUTTER

Quality Tools



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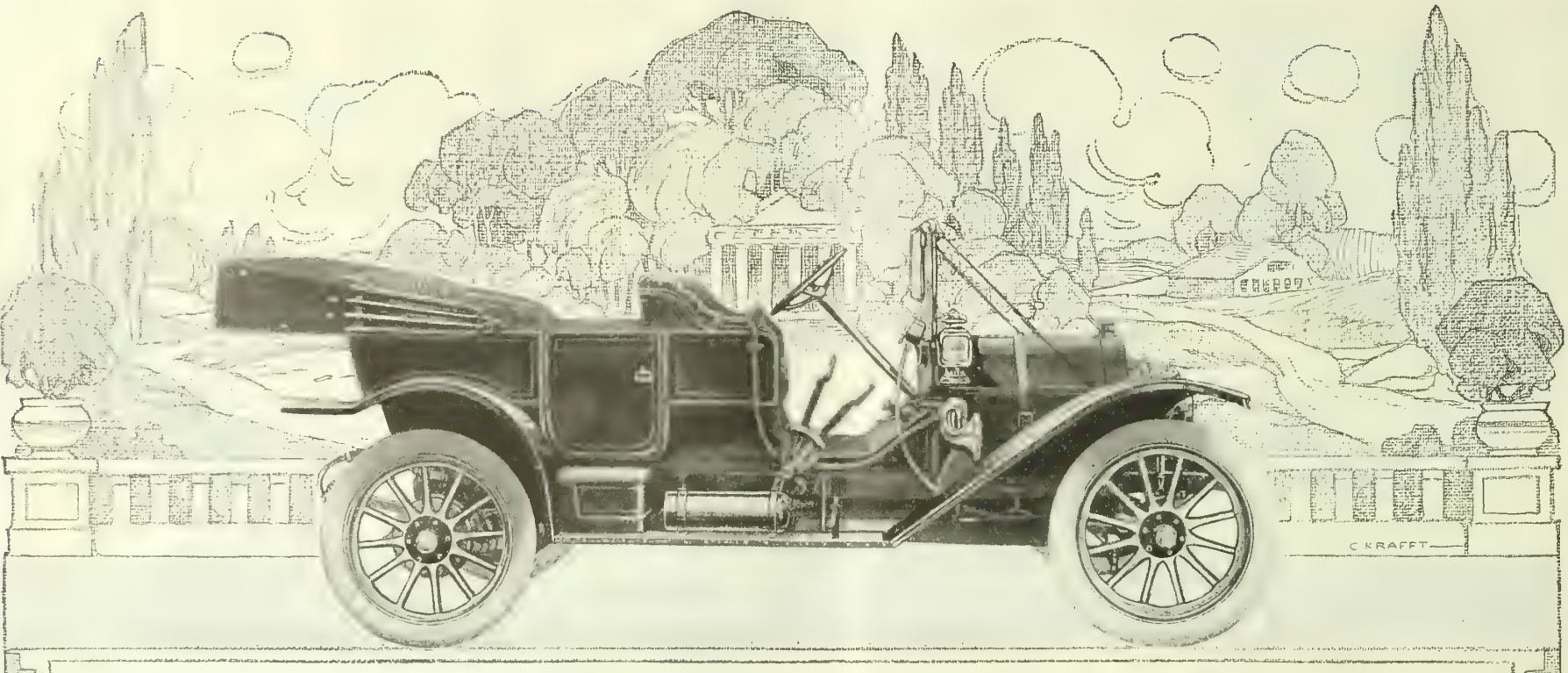

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The 1911 car is the same handsome, roomy, luxuriously appointed machine that set a new standard of automobile value in 1910. It still sells for $2000—a thousand dollars less than cars of equal quality.

But Haynes experience—the basis of the Haynes reputation—has shown a way for us to add still more to Haynes superiority.

The 1911 Model 20 has 35-40 Horse Power. It has a larger, roomier tonneau than last year's model and a larger wheel base—114 inches. Its equipment is not only complete but of a quality that correctly reflects the excellence of the whole car. Every car this year—in addition to top, dust hood, wind shields, lamps, etc.,—will be supplied with the famous Warner Autometer—known as the most efficient speed indicator ever put on the market. It costs three times as much as most of the instruments put on other cars, but we considered that only an indicator of this quality was worthy to be placed on the Haynes.

Last year our announcement of a Haynes for $2000 proved the sensation of the motor world. It brought definite advance payment orders for more cars than we could build within 30 days from the time our first big ad. appeared in the national magazines. It convinced us that the majority of buyers prefer a car of *established reputation* and *known* quality if it can be had at a price anywhere near the price of a *common-quality* car.

We want you to know this Haynes Model 20 before you purchase any motor car, *no matter what the price.*

We want you to compare it part for part with any other car—to ride in it and prove by actual test its easy riding qualities, its responsiveness and power. Then we want you to note the completeness and quality of the equipment.

In accordance with our usual policy, we will build only a limited number of the Haynes Model 20 for 1911.

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Write today for catalog and name of nearest Haynes dealer.

Haynes Automobile Company, 206 Main St., Kokomo, Ind.

Lord Stranleigh, Philanthropist

(Continued from Page 11)

The policeman stood watching him as he walked rapidly toward Westminster, then he poured the gold into his pocket.

All those whom Stranleigh had aroused that night showed the cringing disposition of the very poor. They seemed anxious about one thing only, which was to say whatever might please the man who accosted them, in the hope of obtaining a sixpence or a few coppers at the end of the discourse. They represented merely human débris, and even the optimistic Stranleigh realized that they were of no use either to humanity or themselves. Whatever he gave them would be spent, and afterward they would sink into the same condition in which he had found them. He drew a deep sigh of disappointment at the result of his experiment.

He was nearing Westminster Bridge when he noticed some distance ahead a man whose arms rested on the top of the river wall, the one person, except the policeman, he had seen that night ignoring the meager comfort of the benches. As he neared this person Stranleigh stopped, and himself leaned against the parapet, just under the ornamental lamp-post that rose from the top of the wall. Stranleigh himself was in comparative obscurity, but the lamp shone full on the intellectual face of the stranger. It was a pathetic countenance indicating great refinement, but the stamp of starvation was visible on the pallid features. It reminded him of one of the six pictures drawn by the late Fred Barnard to illustrate Dickens: the picture of Sidney Carton about to mount the scaffold and looking back over his shoulder with the same wistful expression that was now before him in life.

Stranleigh remembered Fred Barnard with a pang of regret. One night, when they were dining together, Barnard had told him the history of the picture; how he had searched in vain through London and Paris for any man whose face would realize his own dream of Sidney Carton. Then one night, under a lamp-post in Paris, he caught a momentary glimpse of the person who fulfilled his requirements, with refined features softened by the grief of a Savior; but the face was that of a woman, and he finished his well-known picture by placing a woman's head on a man's body.

Here then, at last, was a fitting subject for any beneficence the young nobleman cared to bestow. Despite his evident hunger the stranger appeared lost in some ecstatic dream; and he did not hear Stranleigh approach, but started when the latter accosted him, awakening from his reverie as if he knew not where he was.

"You pursue your meditations at a late hour, sir, and in an unaccustomed place."

After a moment the stranger replied:

"*Ya ne govoriu po anglisky.*"

"Ah, you are a Russian, and do not speak English," commented Stranleigh, using somewhat haltingly the other's language. "I possess one or two good friends in Russia, but confess that my attempts to converse in their tongue meet respectful sympathy rather than commendation."

The stranger smiled, and his visionary eyes glistened with delight at even this attempt at his own speech.

"Do you know French?" asked Stranleigh.

It appeared that the stranger did, and their future communication took place in French, which the Russian spoke exceedingly well.

"As I told you," Stranleigh went on, "I have several friends in Russia of whom I am very fond, and for their sakes I proffer my assistance if you happen to need it."

"You are very kind," replied the Russian, "and it is true, as doubtless you have surmised, that I am in dire straits. I have had nothing to eat for nearly forty-eight hours."

"That is a state of things permitting no delay in the amending. Blessed is he who has nothing, for he need fear no trap. Will you come with me to my house, since all the restaurants of London are closed?"

They walked together to Westminster Bridge, where a friendly policeman whistled for a wandering cab and then looked with some astonishment at the strangely assorted pair. A hansom came flying across the bridge in response to the call. The richest man and the poorest in Europe got in together and drove to Stranleigh House, where his lordship found an excellent supper laid awaiting his return.

"Champagne?" asked Stranleigh.

The Russian hesitated.

"I suppose," he said at last, "you keep no vodka?"

"As it happens," said Stranleigh with a laugh, "I have just stocked a quantity of it—the best that can be found. My chief Russian friend is to visit me next week."

"I will take a little vodka, then," replied his guest, "since I have fallen into fortunate circumstances. I am sorry to be of such trouble, but the sudden change from hope to realization has shown me how physically weak I am."

His fine white hand trembled as he raised the raw vodka to his lips, refusing to have its potency mitigated by water.

"Ah!" he sighed, setting down the glass, "that assures me I am still in the land of the living. I must now eat very sparingly."

They sat down together, the visitor now diluting his vodka with water, still refusing champagne. After the meal Stranleigh pushed over to him a box of Russian cigarettes, then took one himself.

"Will you tell me all about it now," he said, "or shall we wait till morning?"

The Russian did not answer on the moment, which hesitation appeared to be a habit of his, but gazed about as if marveling at the luxury in which he found himself. As the aromatic smoke of the cigarette rose in the air he heaved a deep sigh of contentment.

"Does that mean, sir, that you offer a complete stranger the further hospitality of a bed? You hint that I am to be here in the morning."

"Morning is so close upon us that it would not be worth your while searching for a lodging at this hour. Indeed, a stranger with no English might meet difficulty in obtaining a resting-place, and besides, you could find nothing in London so comfortable as it is my privilege to offer."

"Sir, I hesitate to trespass ——"

"It is no trespass, *monsieur*. This is a bachelor establishment, and I consult no one's convenience but my own or that of my guest; and I assure you of an English welcome, recalling to your mind that our countries are friendly."

"*Gospodín*, if you allow me to sleep here on the sofa it will be as Heaven compared with the place where you found me."

Stranleigh laughed.

"In one, at least, of your Eastern religions there are seven Heavens, and I prefer to send you to the seventh rather than the first. And now let us introduce ourselves. My name is Stranleigh."

"I am Vassili Nicolaievna. Until recently I was a student at the University of St. Petersburg."

"Did you take a literary course there? I have guessed you to be a poet. Am I right or wrong?"

"Both, Gospodín Stranleigh. I dream poetry, but cannot express it in words. Still, I try to give expression to my dreams through these." He stretched out his hands; white, slight, but nevertheless powerful. "I have devoted my life to music, and so did not finish the course at the university. May I give you a song for my supper?"

He waved a hand toward the very splendid grand piano that stood at the end of the dining-room, ready when Stranleigh gave a bachelor dinner, for the entertainment of his guests.

"I should be delighted," said his lordship.

The Russian opened the instrument and sat down before it, plunging into a weird, fantastic, rather terrible selection that Stranleigh had never heard before. Then, after a moment's pause, he made the piano sing like a nightingale.

"Heaven prosper us!" cried Stranleigh when he rose. "I have never before heard that piano. You possess all the power of Rubinstein and all the delicacy of Paderewski. Who wrote that music?"

"Mine, mine, mine!" cried Nicolaievna. "Rubinstein was a Russian and Paderewski is a Pole, but in music both belong to the past. 'Tis not up their stairway I am climbing. Wagner is the first step in my ascent, then Strauss, with his Elektra; by-and-by it will be Vassili Nicolaievna. I came to London to play my soul-stirring

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Message No. 21
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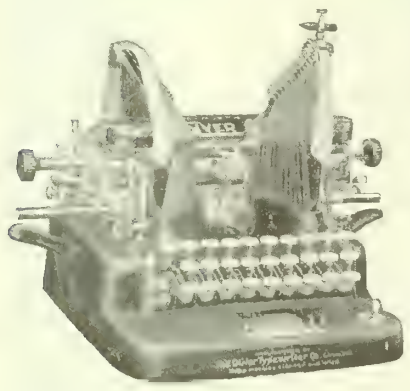

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A small first payment brings the machine—it's yours to use as your own. Then we willingly wait while you pay at the rate of seventeen cents a day. See application blank below.

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The Standard Visible Writer

The Oliver serves the interests of a vast constituency

Its sphere of action and achievement is as wide as the world.

No other writing machine has such wonderful *working capacity*—and none excels or even approaches its *versatility*

Its freely-moving mechanism works in a frame of steel that's as rigid and strong as the jacket of an engine.

These moving parts exemplify "the poetry of motion" in their beautiful, rhythmic action.

All one would expect in any typewriter—and a *score of unexpected perfections*—you will find in this matchless machine.

And this, the newest model—The Oliver Typewriter No. 5—is the one we offer to sell you for seventeen cents a day.

You can order the machine today on the blank below, enclosing $15.00 to show that you mean business.

Your check is good—or send draft, post-office or express money order. Catalog on request.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
43 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

APPLICATION BLANK (42)

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.,
43 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Gentlemen. I accept your offer of the latest model No. 5 Oliver Standard Typewriter for Seventeen Cents a Day. Enclosed please find $15 as evidence of good faith. I agree to save 17 cents a day and remit the balance, $85, in monthly installments. Title to remain in your name until the machine is fully paid for.

Name

Address

Town State

symphony of humanity; a composition to echo round the world. I expected help from my musical brethren, but such is the jealousy in the ranks of those who should most appreciate me that they turned the cold shoulder. They declare I am not to be heard, and without money I am powerless."

"I should have thought," said Stranleigh, "that any true musician would welcome you with open arms."

"It is not so," cried Vassili. "They are all comfortably situated here, and why should I come to disturb their slumbers? Jealousy, jealousy, jealousy! Each knows in his heart that I tower above him as the peak of the Kremlin looks down upon the lowest hovel in Moscow."

Stranleigh could scarcely repress a smile at the colossal conceit of the man, but nevertheless, from his playing and his composition, he deemed it justifiable, and put down its blatant expression to the influence of vodka. The Russian's arms were gesticulating like those of a Sicilian actor as he continued:

"My great symphony of humanity, could I but be allowed to render it here in London, will concentrate upon me the attention of the universe. The echoes of its harmonies and its discords will ring down the ages, and yet am I nullified for the lack of a hundred rubles."

"No; you are not," said Lord Stranleigh. "Do you wish to collect a critical audience here in London and perform before it?"

"Yes," answered the Russian.

"Very well; I will finance you. Not with a hundred rubles, but ten thousand if you desire them, and the money is at your disposal tomorrow morning."

Greatly to Stranleigh's embarrassment the mad musician flung himself at his lordship's feet, seized a reluctant hand and covered it with kisses.

"Tut-tut!" cried Stranleigh with an uneasy laugh. "We are not rehearsing a sentimental play, you know. You are overwrought, and so, for that matter, am I. I consider you the greatest genius I have ever met, and your music will haunt me while I live. Have no fear that you will languish for lack of opportunity, but meantime let us to bed, for there is strenuous work to do in the morning."

"Work to do! Work to do! Yes; and I must keep my head cool and my hands steady."

He held out these capable instruments of his will, and Stranleigh touched the bell.

On the day that the luncheon to Prince Azov was given at the Guildhall one of those imposing processions in which Londoners delight set out from the Russian Embassy in Belgrave Square, proceeded up Grosvenor Square to Hyde Park, then down Piccadilly to St. James' Street, and so through Pall Mall, the Strand and Fleet Street to the City There were several carriages, preceded and followed by a clanking company of horsemen, whose breastplates glittered in the sun, and whose gay uniforms added a touch of color to the drab streets through which they passed.

The foremost carriage contained the Russian Ambassador, accompanied by several high nobles of that empire. In the next carriage sat only two persons: Prince Azov, the honored guest of the day, and by his side his most familiar English friend, the Earl of Stranleigh.

The streets on each side were lined with troops, and behind them was massed a very good-natured crowd, who vociferously cheered the spectacle. Along Piccadilly, down St. James' Street and to the farther end of Pall Mall the clubs were resplendent with bunting and decorations, and in the Strand Venetian masts had been set up. All London seemingly was enjoying a holiday, turning out to honor the White Czar's representative. Everywhere the procession was welcomed by hurrahs and gladsome greetings, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs; and indeed the young Prince, who smilingly acknowledged the enthusiasm, was a magnificent specimen of manhood, clad in Oriental splendor, and well worth coming out to see.

As they passed into the Strand his highness said:

"You are a fortunate people, Stranleigh. I should feel rather nervous if taking part in a similar display through the streets of Petersburg."

"Oh, you are quite safe here," replied his lordship "Rightly or wrongly, we are so tender with the denizens of the underworld that they will not risk their own safety——"

Stranleigh sprang suddenly to his feet and stood covering the Prince with his body.

"Seize that man!" he shouted in a voice that rang out above the cheers, so startling was its note.

To Stranleigh the whole mob had but one face—the pallid, ecstatic countenance of the mad musician. His white hand was raised, grasping a black iron ball, and there for one brief section of a moment it paused as the amazed Nihilist caught sight of his benefactor; but, before a policeman could move, a spasm of determination swept all reluctance from that wonderful face and he launched his bomb straight at the carriage.

Stranleigh in his time had been a notable cricketer, saving many a hard-fought field for his public school and college, and more than one person in that day's crowd, not yet realizing what had happened, noted with admiration how the young man quite unconsciously assumed the attitude of a fielder and deftly caught the missile, allowing it to swing gently to rest past his body.

Now a policeman grasped the Nihilist, who struggled fiercely for a moment and then grew suddenly calm. The procession had stopped. The crowd was silent. An officer of the force came out from a restaurant, carrying a pail of water, and as he held this up to Stranleigh the latter very gingerly placed within it the deadly sphere. The anarchist, as he was led away, shouted loudly:

"*Khoroshó proshtcháïté, Gospodín. Skólko platít?*"

"What does he say?" whispered Stranleigh as he sat down again beside the imperturbable Prince, who, during this time, had not changed countenance or moved a muscle.

"His Russian is rather incoherent. I fear the man is excited. He appears to address you, saying it's all very well, bids you good-by, and asserts he will pay the price, or rather asks what it will cost—an inquiry that is a trifle belated. Poor chap! We are both rather helpless; he in his place, I in mine."

"He is a man of genius," said Stranleigh—"a towering genius, who threw away with that bomb a career of the greatest promise."

Pandora's Box

Pandora was a woman fair, and that is why I wish
The contents of that box of hers were very much like this:

A recipe for apple-pies,
A recipe for jelly,
Some motor goggles for her eyes,
A novel by Corelli,
A pattern for a summer hat
In manner Chanticlery;
Two switches and a fluffy rat
For purpose capillary.
An "ad" for Monday's Bargain Sale,
A list of the Best Sellers,
Some samples for a chiffon veil
In blues, and pinks, and yellers.
A copy of a Garden Book
Called Fifty-seven Roses;
A clipping How To Give the Hook
To Freckles on Our Noses;
A box of rouge, a powder-puff,
A kit for Manicuring;
A collarette, a piece of ruff
To make herself alluring.
A piece of satin and some lace,
A receipe for pickles;
Some Anti-Sunburn for the Face,
Two pennies and some nickels.
An invitation for a tea,
With Bridge to follow later;
A roll of ribbon and a key;
Some buttons for her gaiter,
Some printed plates of glad array
All in the latest fashion;
A ticket for the matinée
Of some new play of Passion.
The advertisement of a jade
Who wanted a position
As waitress or as parlor-maid,
Or, maybe, in the kitchen—
A list so very long, I fear,
It never knew a stopping
Of sundry things Pandora dear
Was after in her shopping.

These are the things, I'll bet a hat, Pandora lovely carried;
And base my guesses one, and all, on—well, you know I'm married.

—*Horace Dodd Gastit*

at any time of night, in any room—and you don't even have to draw the cork. Each

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is a bottle of white, pure light—the most economical electric bulb that Science has given us.

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Ask the electric light man in your city for an estimate on wiring your home, if it is not already equipped for electricity.

We will gladly send you the **"Dawn of a New Era in Lighting,"** a booklet which gives full description and particulars of the Mazda Lamp.

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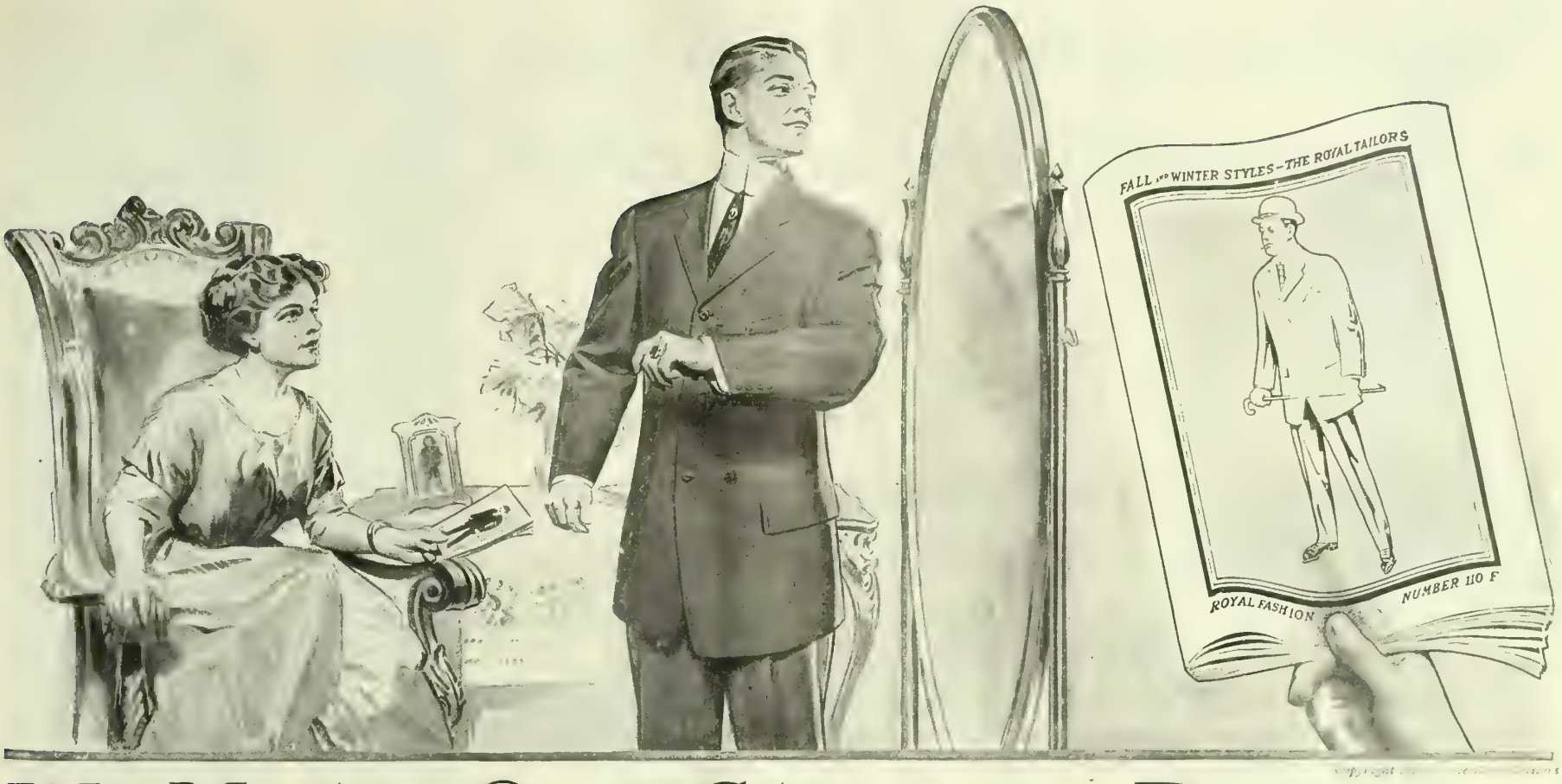
Largest Retail Store in Rochester



We Make Our Clothes - Pictures "Come-True" On Your Back

Many a "pleasant-dream" of a fashion artist in the printed page, is the "night-mare" of the clothes-buyer in daily wear. It is our contract to *materialize* our pictures in our *clothes.*

Please read our remarkable guarantee. You select the style, the cloth for your suit, and we build it, line for line, to realize your ideal. If it doesn't, we pay the cost of your disappointment! Shall we send you the book and dealer's name?

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The Royal service is exclusively a service in made-to-measure clothes.

In our two great tailoring establishments in New York and Chicago we have gathered together the very flower of the journeymen tailors in these two great clothes centers. These master cutters, relieved of the business burdens that weight down the tailor with a shop of his own, devote themselves exclusively to building Royal Tailor clothes on individual order—with work so specialized that each man can give his skill completely to that part of the garment making he knows and likes best.

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2—All Pure Wool—
3-A Legal Guarantee With Each Garment
4-100% Process Shrunk
5-Cost No More Than Ready Mades
6-Six Day Schedule Deliveries

From specialists like these you sacrifice nothing good that the local tailor can give you—and you gain much that no local tailor can give.

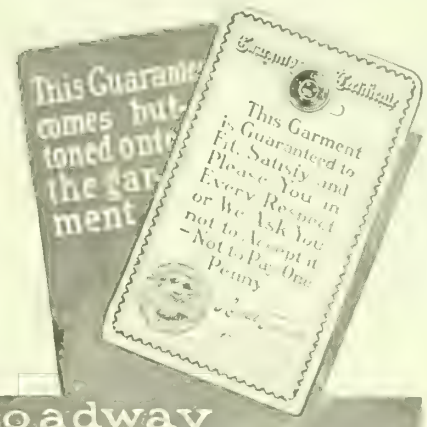
You deal with your own home merchant who takes your measures by a system so scientifically thorough and accurate that it gives us a virtual blue print of your body.

You select your cloth from the most brilliant and sumptuous wealth of woolens in America—half a thousand Fall cloth creations.

And when your suit comes, it must fit, it must please and satisfy you in every respect. It must live up to the fashion picture ideal or you need not accept it.

The prices? $20, $25, $30, $35 for the very utmost in Tailoring! And even at $16.50 and $18 some wonderful values. Always All Wool.

Go now to your local dealer's store and see the Royal Fall Fabrics. But make sure you find the real Royal dealer. Look for our tiger head on all samples you are shown. Insist on genuine Royal Tailoring. When the garment comes look for the label in inside coat pocket.


This Guarantee comes but once to the garment
This Garment is Guaranteed to Fit, Satisfy and Please You in Every Respect or We Ask You not to Accept it —Not to Pay One Penny

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The Royal Tailors

Chicago

Joseph Nehan
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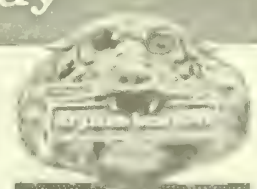
New York



This Six-inch Joint Means a Permanently Tight Roof

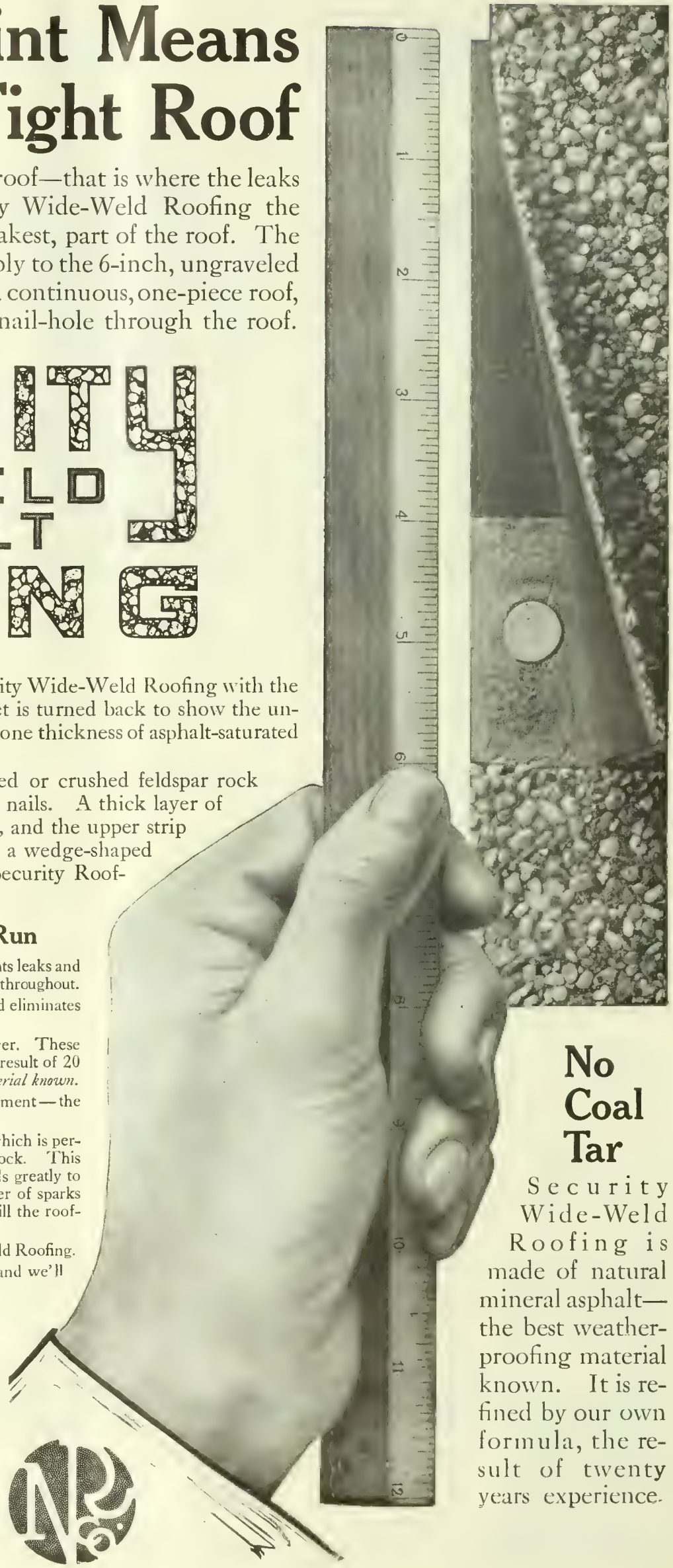
The joint is the most important point in the roof—that is where the leaks and trouble come in most roofs. In Security Wide-Weld Roofing the patented joint is the strongest, instead of the weakest, part of the roof. The under surface of each sheet is cemented inseparably to the 6-inch, ungraveled margin of the next sheet below. Thus, you have a continuous, one-piece roof, with every nail-head covered, and not a single nail-hole through the roof.

SECURITY WIDE-WELD ASPHALT ROOFING

PATENTED

The picture at the right shows part of a sheet of Security Wide-Weld Roofing with the next sheet above lapped over into place. The upper sheet is turned back to show the ungraveled margin of the sheet below. The black portion is one thickness of asphalt-saturated felt, extending four inches beyond the others.

These in turn extend two inches beyond the graveled or crushed feldspar rock surface, giving full thickness through which to drive the nails. A thick layer of hard mineral asphalt cement is spread over the six inches, and the upper strip pressed into place, covering all nail-heads, and forming a wedge-shaped weld that cannot be broken. Any one can easily apply Security Roofing and make the 6-inch patented cement-welded joint.



GOOD Roofing Costs Least in the Long Run

Security Wide-Weld Roofing not only has the six-inch joint that prevents leaks and makes your roof tight from top to bottom, but it is built up on the highest quality throughout.

It is made to withstand all attacks by the elements, lasts for years, and eliminates the necessity of repairs and painting.

The layers are of special long-fibred wool-felt with high absorptive power. These are saturated with natural mineral asphalt, refined by our own formula, the result of 20 years' experience. Natural mineral asphalt is *the best weather-proofing material known.*

The layers of felt alternate with layers of hard mineral-asphalt cement—the whole uniting so firmly that the layers can not be torn apart.

The surfacing is a thick layer of natural mineral-asphalt cement, in which is permanently imbedded a final layer of white sea-gravel or crushed feldspar rock. This final layer protects the weather-proofing materials from the elements, adds greatly to the life of the roof, and prevents injury by accident. It will resist a shower of sparks and embers from a burning building, and hold an interior fire in check till the roof-boards are burned away.

No *coal-tar products* or inferior volatile oils are used in Security Wide-Weld Roofing.

There is a Security Agent in almost every town. Write us and we'll send name and address of one nearest you.

Security Wide-Weld Roofing is made in three styles: Graveled Surface; Coarse Feldspar; and Fine Feldspar. It can also be furnished with burlap insertion for siding or roofs over one-half pitch. Anyone can easily apply Security Roofing and it is perfectly adapted for use on any type of building.

Write for free book, "The Requirements of a GOOD Roof." It tells in detail why Security Roofing meets these requirements; and how easy it is to weld the patented, 6-inch joint.

No Coal Tar

Security Wide-Weld Roofing is made of natural mineral asphalt—the best weather-proofing material known. It is refined by our own formula, the result of twenty years experience.

The National Roofing Company

Manufacturers of Asphalt-Roofing and Paints

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The Line of Least Resistance

(Continued from Page 18)

foreman of this here outfit. You satisfied to work under him, Bish?"

"Sure I am. It's a bore to be boss, anyhow."

"Don't forget the grindstone," admonished Kim Ki. "Well, I got to go. Come on, Pappy, let's us wash up."

Pappy tucked in his shirt and they toddled amiably away. The veranda manifested a lively disposition to demand an encore. However, it was refused. With airy salute of waved hand and bow and smile Rogers and his coadjutor passed on and left them laughing.

"And such is life in the Far West!" said the Professor, and wiped away a tear. "Homeward the well-regulated militia plods its weary way. 'Tis time for—ah—dinner."

"Music this evenin'," said Hiram gloatingly.

The Professor arched his brows. "Meaning—tonight? Or this afternoon?"

"Meaning this evening," said Don. "'And the evening and the morning were the first day!' Evening is any time after the sun begins to decline."

Miss Mallory rapped her chair arm sharply. "Children! Tut—fie-for-shame! Upon my word, I believe this perpetual wrangle is entirely over names and not about facts at all."

Don rose and bowed congratulation. "Miss Mallory, you have made the one profound and philosophical remark of the day. We have no real quarrel. It is, as you say, a mere difference in names."

But Dolly's thoughts lingered in Eden. "I wonder how long Adam and Eve lived in the garden before their eviction? It doesn't say. Oh, I do hope there was a full moon."

"Oh, well," said Hiram disparagingly, "what if there was? Grandma didn't have no mandolin, anyhow!" He spoke with deep conviction, mindful of what late time he, himself, home-going heedless, had stumbled on the stars.

. . . . . .

Knowing that Miss Mallory's hands were beautiful, you will not now be surprised to hear of her mandolin. She played it more than well; she had a flexible voice of exquisite tint and timbre, soft, tender, caressing, meaningful. Hiram could tell you every word of every half-sad, haunting song, just as Hiram remembers every hour of those hours, so many, so few. But he will not tell you. . . . What songs? You remember, successful sir—and you—and you, madam—some certain songs—or, perhaps, but one—that stir your listless blood to a lilting tide, that set all your quivering nerves a-tingle with ghostly messages? The faintest bar or phrase of it, the lightest echo of its wandering notes, thrills you to the fingertips. Then you raise your heavy chin; your furtive, watchful face changes for the moment to the uplifted, dauntless face that was yours ere we became wise. . . . Heigh ho! No more on Ajalon the moon stands still and trembles at our will. . . . Your wife, sir—or your husband, madam—does not care for these songs. It may even be—so strange we are—that you do not yourself know why a strain so simple moves you as no mightiest lord of song can ever do. Think a little. You remember now? That is what Lena Mallory sang.

VI

EVENTS of this weltering world are fully accounted for by so many clashing theories advanced by thinkers and others that the discreet story-teller takes refuge in an abandoned fiction, the Firm of the Fates, a myth no more believed: which, therefore, cannot possibly offend the most vehement and tenacious adherent of any, and may be considered a convenient algebraic symbol for what Fact you favor—Providence, Evolution, Destiny, blind Chance or the chemical reaction of atoms, exactly as you choose.

So, still they snip and spin on high Olympus—young Clotho, diligent Lachesis, sad Atropos; rather busier than of old, the world having proved astonishingly larger than was expected—for the warnings of sage Malthus had passed all unheeded. But, on the whole, they are pretty well content for all that, since to them was assigned no care of abysmal world-dust hordes of crowding suns and satellites that skip and gambol and whisk and whirl in the opener spaces beyond the narrow bound where imagination ends and infinity begins to be quite unrestrained and unregulated of Grecian Fates or their ingenious Greek designers.

Great fellows, those same old Greek designers! Clothed in mystery and majesty of poetic thought, their guess is impressive still. Yet we daily jostle elbows with the very body of their guess, and find it prosaic enough—unless, indeed, it concerns ourselves. You may know the modern mediators between Fates and men by the scrip or pouch they bear, for mandates. Many wear a neat gray uniform, black-braided, brass-buttoned. When next you meet such messenger, turn and look and mark him what he is. Think that in every leathern pouch of all those leathern pouches he brings decrees—love and loss, joy and sorrow and ruin and wrong, name and fame, gain and grief and shame and death.

Of the many such missives handled on a certain June day by the Dundee agency of the Fates—Kim Ki was postmaster, but Deputy Rowe did the work—were two bearing upon this chronicle. Both were unsigned; one was outward bound. Adam Sleiter wrote the last. Sleiter, reputed the sometime terror of Cerillos, Golden and Placer, was now about to transfer the Legal Tender mine to Breese, in exchange for much valuable money—in which crowning feat Sleiter took an artistic pride. Why Sleiter wrote this letter, why he discreetly withheld his signature, will now be declared.

Jim Gale's saloon was also, as a sideline, a sort of literary clearing-house. To an unused "Senate" table in the poolroom men brought papers from "home": New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago and San Francisco; Atlanta, Nashville, Louisville, St. Louis and New Orleans; London, Quebec, Berlin; taking at will what others caught their eye, or skimming them over there. Here Kennedy, with an errand for Sleiter's ear in fitting time, loitered—reading, listening to chatting idlers.

Sleiter was one of these idlers—rubicund, flame-bearded; teller of broad, short stories; brawler and bully, boisterous, boastful, obstreperous. The traits were natural and not acquired; he was, if anything, more disagreeable half sober than quarter sober—his minimum and maximum of sobriety. Like the man famed for even temper, who was always mad, Sleiter was always objectionable. It was thought that his arrogant and overbearing manner was a great help in the sale of mines. Investors reasoned that such offensive and gratuitous rudeness in the vendor betokened a consciousness of wares of worth, on the principle that a good mine needs no gush.

As it neared noon the crowd melted away to culinary cares. There were but few left when Kennedy laid down his paper and stopped Sleiter as he was passing the table.

"I wanted to speak to you about Breese," he said in an undertone.

"Well, who's hinderin' you? Talk's cheap! You ain't tongue-tied, be ye?" Sleiter's thick, insolent lip rolled up, exposing jagged and discolored fangs.

"Not so loud, Mr. Sleiter," said Don in the same even tones he had used before. "I wanted to see if you wouldn't let up on selling Breese the Legal Tender. On his wife's account, if for nothing else. She's an old lady. Come, Sleiter, you've got plenty of money. I wish ——"

Sleiter had dropped his jaw, aghast. "You wish!" he thundered. "You wish! You —— whippersnapper, what the —— do I care what you wish? Mind your own —— —— business!"

"That wasn't exactly what I meant to say," said Don apologetically. "I didn't word it just right. Especially, I didn't intend to say 'I wish'." One bystander—he was a miner newly here from Arizona—snickered at this. But Jim Gale nudged him with a look so meaning that he reconsidered his hilarity.

Leaving blanks for idle words is unsatisfactory in any case. The reader of scant vocabulary is more impressed by the implied word than if it had been spelled out. In reporting Mr. Sleiter's remarks, such a course would recall the celebrated omission of the title rôle from the play. A paraphrase is better, with permission.

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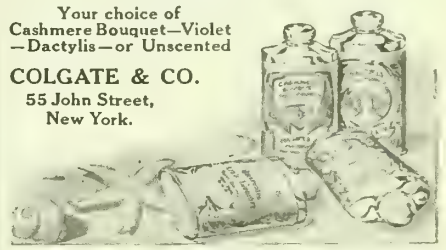

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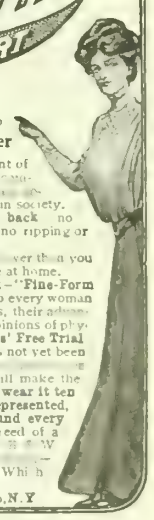

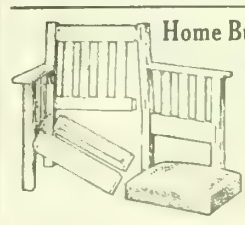

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Established 1696. Classical and scientific courses leading to degrees. Designated by U. S. Gov't one of the six leading military schools. A Preparatory School for boys. Military system [illegible] army officer. Terms $300. For catalogue, [illegible]

Grateful Relief

From the Torture of

Sunburn

with its annoyance and unsightly after effects is absolutely assured if Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is constantly used.

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream will prevent all the skin troubles of hot weather—will save your complexion and keep the face, neck, arms and hands soft and healthy. This Summer you can avoid all the discomforts of sore, parched, irritated skin if you will use

HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM

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Mothers find it excellent for babies' delicate skin. —Fathers know it is unequalled after shaving.

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Brighton Garters

Most other garters are heavily padded to keep the metal from the skin. The *shape* of the Brighton metal prevents it touching the leg. See how a pencil slips beneath.

25 cents everywhere —or we mail them.

Flat as this sheet of paper; stronger but lighter than any other garter; *fitted* to prevent binding, chafing, or tiring the leg; so secure that the sock can neither slip nor tear; pure silk webs—any color.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO
PHILADELPHIA

Smiting the table with his brawny fist, Mr. Sleiter gave, as his candid, raving and roaring opinion, that Kennedy was an officious meddler, sentenced by his Creator to pass the eons of eternity in a region noted for an insalubrious climate; the speaker being rather inclined to hasten Kennedy's departure thither, and, in fact, offering to do so for the smallest copper coin issued by the Federal Government. As to Breese, he recounted his physical, mental and moral infirmities at some length, and, after advancing an improbable genealogical surmise, affirmed, as a final and clinching venture of abuse, that Breese was one of more exceeding unworth than the speaker himself. The last flight may be given verbatim. Why he omitted the profanity is unknown. Perhaps he thought manner could add nothing to the matter of the charge; perhaps he was secretly uneasy that Don betrayed neither alarm nor anger.

"Yah! Don't you talk to me about Freeze! Think o' the money, saved up a dollar or two at a time, that he's wheedled from them folks back yonder—nesters and millhands and shopkeepers and sich. He jiggles and joggles and projects around playin' ducks and drakes with their money with no chance for action on it, just so's some of it can stick to his fingers. What'd I ever do as bad as that? When I go after 'em all they're out is just what I get. He's a dirty thief, a swindler, a thimble-rigger—that's what Freeze is! Anybody's got a right to his money that's smart enough to get it. And dern him, I'll try to get it all!"

"I dare say what you say of Breese and the investors is true enough in the main," said Don mildly. "In fact, I know it is. But we miss the point. What I meant to say, instead of 'wish,' is this: I'm not giving reasons; I'm giving you instructions, to which you will please listen attentively. You call that trade off!"

"Instructions! Call off——" Sleiter spluttered in the violence of his wrath.

"Such is my desire. Don't sell Breese that mine or any mine."

"A bad man, ain't you?" snarled Sleiter. Curious eyes were upon him. "A killer, you are? I heard you was. A fire-eater and a fighter?"

"You never heard me say so. As a matter of fact, I share the views of homicide so ably expressed by Mr. Bobby Burns. But for myself, if I really wanted to know whether a man would fight or not, I'd not ask him. . . . I'd try him!"

So still! . . . The shadow of death circled by. No other man stirred a finger, but waited motionless, breathless. Eye to eye, these two fronted across the table. Don did not rise from his chair. The bully's cheek, splotched and mottled dirty red and white, faded at last to an ashy gray; a faint qualm gripped, sinking, at his stomach

"I ain't——" Sleiter paused to wet his lips. "You see I ain't got no gun."

"I see you haven't. But I came prepared for that too. I intend to get this matter settled." Kennedy's hand slipped under his coat and threw a revolver on the table; the butt slid almost to Sleiter's hand. "'Take that one!"

The desperado was poised on the balls of his feet, one leg advanced, one hand thrown back, balanced, crouching, all but clutching at the gun. The split second would be his! . . . Eye to eye; but Kennedy's eye was mocking, certain, dominant; before its arrogant pride Sleiter's glance flickered, flinched and fell. An icy hand clutched at his very heart; his nerveless knees gave under his weight in actual physical weakness. . . . He turned and crept away, followed by sneering glances; a man mastered, broken, shamed and outcast.

. . . . . .

"Don," said Gale confidentially, when the shocked and whispering remnant had followed the deposed ruler, "you're a fool! You're nine different and distinct kinds of fool! Have a drink. He mighty nigh took gun up on your little sporting proposition."

"I didn't think he'd stand the pressure," said Don carelessly.

"He'd 'a' beat you to it if he hadn't weakened. You couldn't possibly 'a' got at your other gun first." Gale set out bottle and glass.

"My other gun?" echoed Kennedy, puzzled. "I didn't have any other gun."

Gale put a restraining hand on the bottle, took it off, clubbed it, cast a slow, filmy, calculating glance at Kennedy's head, then at the bottle, back to Kennedy and back to the bottle again, apparently engrossed with some abstruse comparative estimate. At last he sighed, shoved the bottle on a shelf. He unlocked a small cabinet from which he took another bottle, smaller and sealed, which he placed on the bar with a corkscrew, offering no explanation.

Now, this is what Sleiter wrote:

"MR. JACK LEONARD,

"WEATHERFORD, TEXAS.

"*Dear Sir and Friend:* I seen a man a while back that told me about your brother Willy and Will Jones beeing killed at Abilene. The man who done it is here now leastways the name is the same Don Kennedy and it is like his impidence not to change it I gess he is a hard one.

"Now if you don't want to tackle him yourself I don't blame you. This man sayd he was there and him and Kennedy pulled out afterward they was old aquantence but Kennedy was overbearing he wouldn't go and see if this was the man he was afrade he sayd your brother and Will Jones they begun it first but you can cinch Kennedy all the same he can't prove it by any one else but him. And if this is the same Kennedy this man sayd the man who killed your brother can be cinched to for robbing the T P at Sweetwater two years ago. Maybe he wasn't in with them but the train robers stayed hiden in his house at Nolan that night and the next day and was seen there by good citizens Joe and Charley Hanson and Lou Fite they seen them and others the train robbers was pusht clost and had to scatter the man says one was scared and hid his share under Kennedy's fireplace he thinks it is there yet Kennedy did not know it was there I think you could get the scared man to confess right if you seen him and had Kennedy behind the bars he is afrade of Kennedy. If you come out here and get him I will see you and let you know so no more now from a friend."

The other letter came the same day, addressed to Miss Lena Mallory, City, in a printed backhand palpably disguised. Within were these unsigned verses in the same laborious backhand:

A Ballade of White Fingers

Her fingers stray along the frets,
Her fingers wander o'er the strings;
A little while my heart forgets
Its griefs and cares and petty stings;
The chorded cadence throbs and sings,
Forgot are folly, wrong and sin,
And earth seems made for happier things—
When Lena plays her mandolin.

Her fingers glide along the frets,
Her fingers dance upon the strings. . . .
Behind the outpost lone vedettes
A stern and stubborn phalanx swings
To mend the day's disasterings:
High over turmoil, dust and din
The clarion call of Honor rings—
She plays upon her mandolin.

Her fingers dream upon the frets;
They mourn along the wailing strings.
From night's far-arching parapets
The dim wraith of my dead youth wings,
Thrills through the trembling dusk and clings,
Sobbing, about my feet. . . . Come in!
Dear guest and ghost! . . . Such answer brings
The magic of her mandolin.

Prince, at the Gates of Paradise,
I fear I scarce shall enter in,
If, still without, with luring eyes,
She plays upon her mandolin.

The sigh followed the smile as Lena read; the swift red dyed her cheek. Her liking for Professor Otis was sincere. She gave warm appreciation to his unexaggerated good qualities. He was vigorous, prudent, successful, seated well above the salt, yet with no drop of snobbish blood—honorable, kindly, generous and just. She admired him, she liked him very much indeed, as a friend, but—she mused for a long time at this inconsistent conclusion. At last, after another reading and, perhaps, another sigh, she laid the verses away in an inconsistent little bamboo box—which might have been a casket but was really a retired tea-basket—with the flint arrow-head the Professor had found at the ferry, the yucca blossom he had pressed for her, and other little archeological tokens he had brought her. The bamboo box itself had been his gift.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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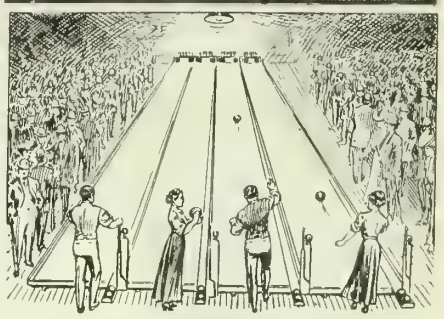

Get into the game with a **Ten-Pinnet** Outfit now! It is the new sensation. The Ten-Pinnet alley has 10 real tenpins. This bowling game for men and women and the youth—with more excitement than bowling can ever offer. More combination plays can be made. Bowlers of big reputation are taking up Ten-Pinnet. It is a great money-making game, run by itself or in any institution, Y. M. C. A., pleasure resort, or poolroom. It is the all-the-year-'round game. An absolute monopoly guaranteed you.

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All the profits above rent are yours, no matter how many alleys you run. Write today and let us tell you how to start in the Ten-Pinnet business with as little as $75. Let your earnings pay the balance.

Get in early—before some one else beats you to it.

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PERKINS & CO. Lawrence, Kans.

Victory of Chalmers "30" in Glidden Tour a Victory for Public as well as for the Car

THE contest board of the American Automobile Association has declared the Chalmers "30" car, entry No. 5, driven by William Bolger, winner of the 1910 Glidden Tour, and has awarded the Glidden Trophy to the Chalmers Motor Company.

Think what this means. The Glidden Tour—the most famous and most strenuous reliability contest for motor cars in the world—won by a stock touring car—a duplicate of which you can buy for $1500.

We know of no stronger proofs that could be given that it is now possible to buy a real car at a medium price than the Chalmers "30" has given in the past two years—the Glidden victory being the crowning triumph.

All that any car can do this car has done. In fact, it has proved conclusively that it can do more than most cars, for it has succeeded where others have failed.

In every Glidden Tour some car has won pre-eminence, but always before a car costing $4000 or more has been the winner.

That a car costing only $1500, the lowest priced car in the tour with only one exception, should win the most trying automobile contest ever held is more than a sensation—it is a revolution—and the effects of it will be left in the automobile business for many a day.

This tour is not only a victory for the Chalmers Motor Company, it is a victory for the public—the public, which is always demanding of the manufacturer good cars at right prices—cars of an unusual dollar for dollar value.

World's Longest, Hardest Tour

Of all the Glidden Tours yet held that of 1910 was the longest and by far the hardest. None except those who made the trip will ever know of the many obstacles met and overcome in this 2851 mile contest, which started at Cincinnati and went "by way of Dallas, Texas," through thirteen states to Chicago.

One day in Arkansas, the Chalmers "30" was compelled to cover sixty continuous miles on first and second speed, yet it never overheated.

In Oklahoma, all the cars had to run for miles along the railroad ties. How long would any machine in the world except an automobile withstand such punishment?

Dai Lewis, who has laid out the route for every Glidden Tour, says that no other could even compare in hardships with the 1910 Tour.

The final outcome of the contest was predicted when the "30" held its perfect score for five terrific days after every other car on the tour had been penalized.

Furthermore, the Chalmers "30" made a better showing in the final technical test than any of its rivals. In this important examination it was assessed only 75 points as against 84 for its nearest competitor.

The "30" was not penalized on any fundamental feature of construction, not on motor, or clutch, or transmission, or on the frame, or the wheels, or axles, or springs; only on minor things, such as body bolts, shackles, muffler, and fender irons.

It still had a brake good enough to stop it within the required fifty feet.

The car which made this wonderful showing is absolutely a stock car in every respect—not even our competitors have questioned that. It is the same car you can buy in any Chalmers dealer's salesroom for $1500.

In winning the Glidden Tour the Chalmers "30" has only maintained a record it had already established, for this car has never been defeated in any important contest of speed and endurance by a car of its own power and price class. It has repeatedly defeated cars of much higher price and greater power in all kinds of contests.

Think of the Indiana Trophy Race, the Merrimac Valley Trophy, the Santa Monica Race, the Massapequa Trophy in the Vanderbilt Race, won by setting a new world's speed record; the showing at Atlanta, where it finished first and second in every event entered for a week, winning the Candler Trophy by doing 120 miles in 117 minutes; the Denver to Mexico City Trip; the gruelling test of 208 miles a day for 100 successive days; pathfinding for the 1910 Glidden Tour, and, finally, winning the tour. What other stock car in the world, at any price, has such a record as this?

The Chalmers "30" which won the Glidden Tour carried four passengers and baggage over every mile of the route.

It had power enough to pull through streams, through swamps and through sand.

It had speed enough to make every control on time; it has as much speed as any one can use.

And in addition to endurance and reliability you cannot buy more beauty either of line or finish than you get in a Chalmers "30."

No car, no matter what the price, affords more eye delight than the Chalmers.

What more do you want, then, in a car, than you can get in the Chalmers?

There has been much talk lately about automobile extravagance, about people spending too much money on automobiles.

No man need feel that he is guilty of extravagance in buying a Chalmers "30" at $1500. It would be hard for him to invest the same amount of money in any better way.

A car like this will treble the time of any business man. It means greater efficiency in business and at the same time, more time away from business. From the beginning we have been on the right track. First, in not trying to build too many cars, but in building a limited number just as well as they could possibly be built; second, in selling these cars at medium prices; third, in taking care of our owners just as well as we knew how after the cars had been sold.

After all, automobiles are built for those who buy them; and Glidden Tours are conducted for the benefit of the very same people. The thousands who contemplate buying cars during the 1911 season have had nearly all the real big questions answered by the Glidden Tour—the questions of design, of materials, workmanship, endurance, reliability.

The price you already know, so the question of appearance is about the only one left; as to that, the new 1911 models will be on exhibition at the local show rooms within a very short time. We invite you to examine them.

If the lines, the color, the finish suit you, you can safely buy one, for, remember—it's a Chalmers the car that won the most trying test to which automobiles were ever put—the Glidden Tour of 1910.

Chalmers Motor Company

(Licensed under Selden Patent)

Detroit, Michigan

CHALMERS MOTOR COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

Please send me copy of your new catalog, giving illustrations, descriptions, specifications and prices of the 1911 models.

Name

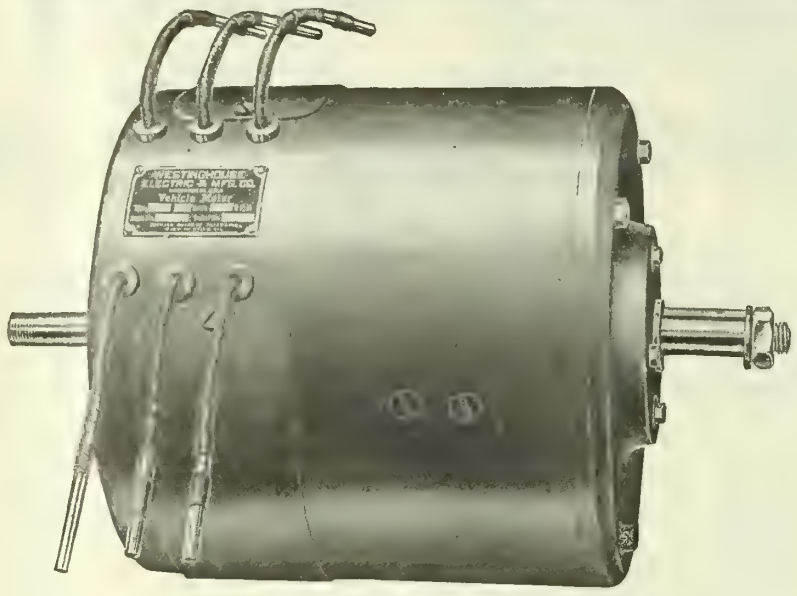
Address

City

County State

SAT. EVE. POST, 8 20-10.

Westinghouse Motors are found in high grade Electrics only

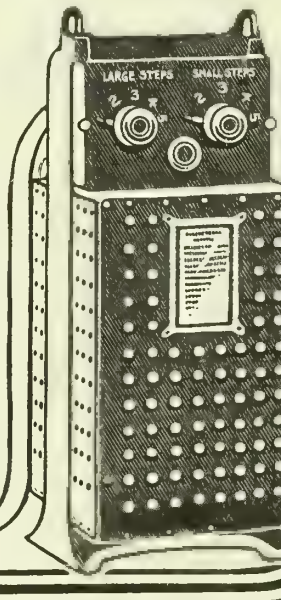


THE man or woman who buys an Electric automobile would be well justified in paying a bonus for the Westinghouse motor if it could be secured in no other way.

The Westinghouse motor is a part of the regular equipment of the finest cars on the market. And the fact that the manufacturer equips his car with a Westinghouse motor is a safe guarantee of his standards of auto building.

The Westinghouse motor runs perfectly under the most severe service conditions. It will withstand any amount of hard usage from unskilled operators. Its efficiency is the highest possible in an electric motor for vehicle service. No circuit breakers, fuses or other complications necessary. To care for it—oil it *and leave it alone.*

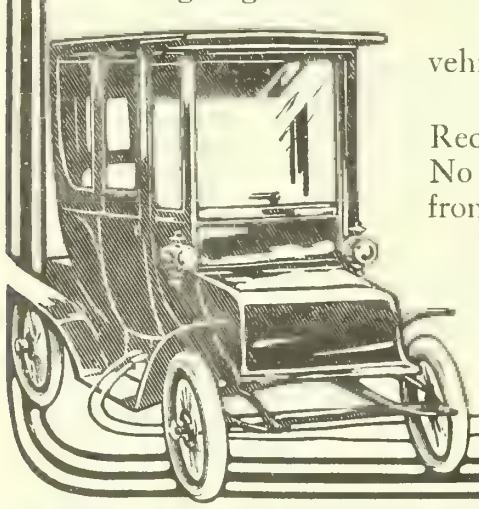
The Westinghouse name is known in every corner of the globe where electricity is used. The finest organization in the world devoted to the manufacture of electrical machinery—the Westinghouse Company has drawn to it the best engineering talent to be found for the designing of motors and other apparatus. *Be sure that your Electric has a Westinghouse motor.*



The Westinghouse Controller should be a part of every Electric vehicle equipment. Simple, light, handsome. No sparking at contacts.

Charge your own car through the Cooper Hewitt-Westinghouse Rectifier. Its cost is slight. Easy to operate. Takes small space. No moving parts—nothing to get out of order. Current furnished from your Central Station.

Send a postcard to our nearest District Office for Rectifier pamphlet.



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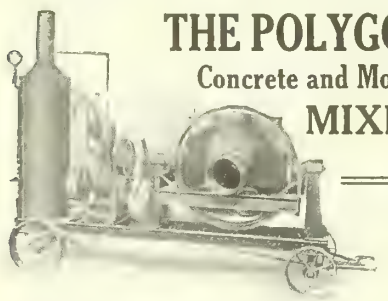
Sales offices in 40 American cities. Representatives all over the world.



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Speediest, Most Efficient, Easiest Operated, Most Durable Mixer

Most economical. Uses 20% less cement- mixes, dumps much more perfectly mixed concrete than any other mixer, same size drum. The secret of [illegible] efficiency, lies in the shape and action of the drum—the only drum with the true self-cleaning mixing motion.

[illegible] batch discharges sidewise crosswise, sidewise throw, [illegible] produces an absolutely [illegible] than 2 minutes. Saves man hire [illegible]

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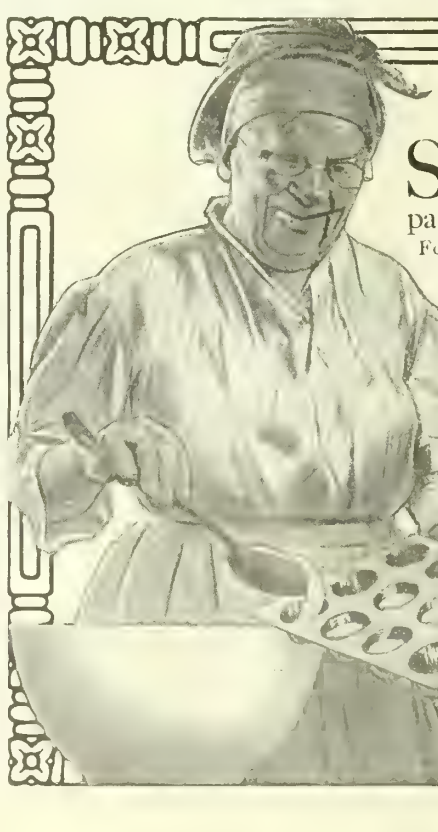

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SEE the prize recipe in the Cook Book. It calls for part Kingsford's.

For Tea Biscuit, Gems and Waffles, the best cooks mix Kingsford's with the flour. (Cook Book gives quantity.)

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makes the daintiest cakes you ever tasted for afternoon tea or to serve with iced lemonade. (Find recipe for "Cornstarch Cake" in the Cook Book.)

Many delightful, seasonable desserts among the 168 "best" recipes in Cook Book "R," "What a Cook Ought to Know About Corn Starch." *It is free.* Send for it. Your name on a post card will bring it.

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If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc in every part of the U. S. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning. No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store.

Edw. B. Moon, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

THE HOME LIFE OF GRANT

(Concluded from Page 9)

or follow him. Everybody in the city knew him by sight, of course, and he knew an enormous number of people, so that as he went striding or strolling along people would speak to him and he would return the salutation.

The White House was partially refurnished under Mrs. Grant's supervision after she came there to live, but the changes she made were not so extensive as those made in several administrations before and after her husband's. Perhaps no feature of the refurnishing has been more widely known than what is called the Grant Administration china, which, because of its beauty and elegance, was talked of at the time all over the world. The breakfast plates were of porcelain, and of a delicious pearly white, except the broad border, which was of a delicate old-rose tone, a very fine line of gold running around the outer edge. The breakfast set was sufficiently elegant to command attention and comment, but it occupied a minor position when compared with the great dinner service, known as the "Flower Set" in the history of White House china. Each of the scores and scores of dinner plates in this flower set contained in the center a large background of absolute white, on which were painted flowers. The artist who designed the set had used different flowers for each one of the plates: lilies, roses, pansies; in fact, I have been told that represented in the flower set of the White House china may be found almost every flower native to the United States; and of course there were no duplicates in the whole service. These dinner plates had graceful, fluted edges; and in the border, between the edge and the central background of white, was a crest executed in gold, of an eagle with partly spread wings, surmounted by a gold shield; and above the shield was a group of stars. This motive—the eagle, the shield and the stars—in some form is used on the china of practically all of the various administrations, as well as on the social stationery of the White House, such as invitations to dinners and receptions. In a general way the design somewhat resembles the seal used by the President.

Besides her constant oversight of her children, and her interest in her husband and her many friends, Mrs. Grant had sincerely at heart the welfare of the servants in the White House. She was a very keen, level-headed woman, possessing in her way as much sound sense as Grant possessed in his way. Even as far back as that time, forty years ago, Grant foresaw that F Street was destined to be the leading business thoroughfare in the city of Washington, although why he should think so was at that time a mystery to most people. And Mrs. Grant, too, saw with unerring eye that not many years would pass before real estate in Washington would increase tremendously in value. During her husband's first Administration Mrs. Grant used to explain to her servants the advantages of their purchasing homes of their own while the city was still small, and while modest homes could be obtained at modest prices. She took special interest in this matter so far as the dining-room servants of the White House were concerned, and practically insisted on each one of them purchasing a home for his family.

An Interesting Family Group

During Grant's second Administration I was placed in charge of the reception room for visitors who called upon the President, and thereafter, until he left the White House to become again a private citizen, I stood as a buffer or breakwater between Grant and the general public. Of course Cabinet Members, Senators and Representatives came to see him at any time, but with the exception of other than these it was my business to interview all visitors, and sift them down to a minimum, making sure that every one should be brought to the President's attention who really had good reason for seeing him, and also making sure that so far as possible none should take up his time needlessly.

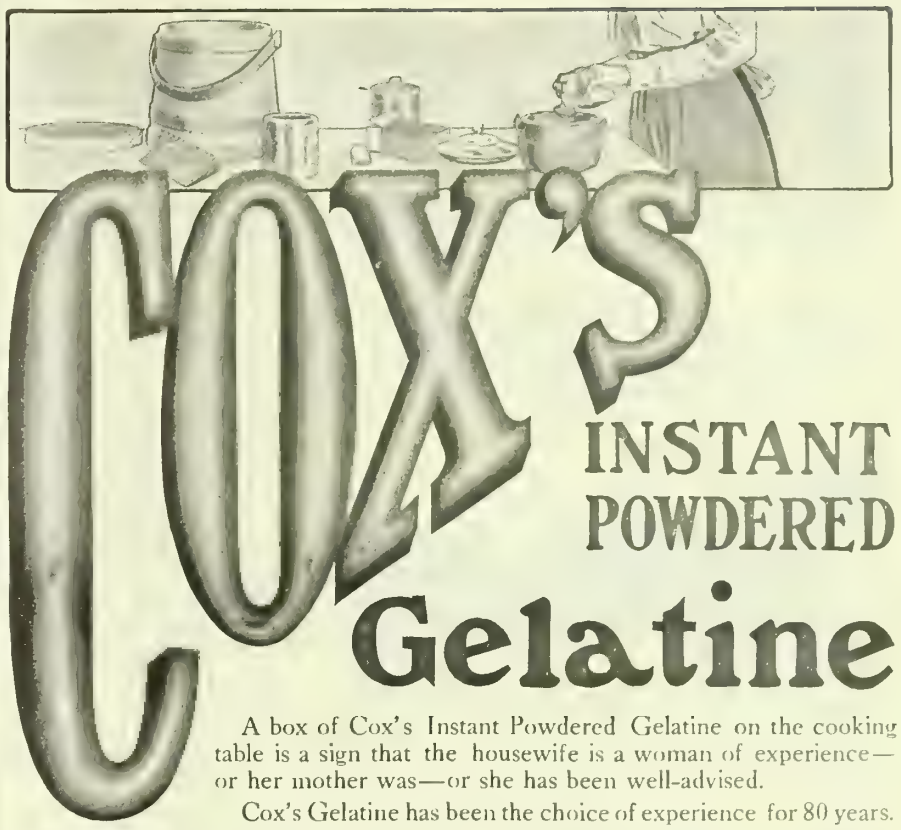
As I have already mentioned, the White House children during the Grant period were Frederick Dent, Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., Nellie and Jesse. In a general way their history is familiar to every one. "Fred" was born in 1850, and was graduated from West Point in the class of 1871. I have included him as one of the "children" because he was as bright and happy and genial as if he were really a boy. And yet one of his own children was born in the White House. A few days ago I wrote to him—he is now Brigadier General Frederick D. Grant, commanding the Department of the Lakes—and asked if he could help me to find any photographs of his father's family made during the Grant Administration. I have just received his reply, with which he most kindly sends the photograph here reproduced of General Grant and his family, the picture having been made the year before Grant went to the White House as President. Added interest in the picture may be given by the statement that, so far as I can ascertain, this is the first time it has ever been published. It is a very good group and shows the members of the family with remarkable faithfulness as they were at the time it was made. Unfortunately, only about one-half of little Jesse happened to get on the old-fashioned negative.

Like Father Like Son

For some reason—or perhaps because for no reason at all—Ulysses, Jr., was always called "Buck," and he was born only two years later than Fred. A very pleasant memory of his boyhood in the White House I have too. He was a modest, retiring lad, as sensitive and kindly as a girl, but not at all lacking in virility or manly spirit. This combination of apparently diverse traits resulted in a character that might have been inherited from his father, as little Tad Lincoln's character certainly was a Heaven-sent inheritance from his great father. At any rate, "Buck" Grant was an unusual lad, and in spite of the high position and great fame of his renowned parent he never put on any airs whatever. With his brother Jesse, during part of his father's Presidency, he attended school at the Emerson Institute, in Fourteenth Street, and every morning a White House orderly would drive them there in a little four-seated wagon drawn by a pair of Shetland ponies. When I close my eyes, even now, I can hear the quick, staccato patter of the tiny hoofs, and can see the flying spokes of those whirling wheels as the diminutive equipage started off through the White House grounds. At school "Buck" Grant was very popular—quiet, calm, absolutely fair and square, and withal so sensitive that a cross word was more of a punishment to him than a severe chastisement would be to most boys. The same little wagon and the same little ponies would call for the lads and bring them from school back to the White House. Later on "Buck" went to Harvard, where he was graduated in 1874, and then he studied law at Columbia. He married the daughter of Senator Chaffee, of Colorado, and later removed to California where, a dozen years ago, he was candidate for the United States Senate.

Of course the Wall Street difficulty that involved General Grant in later years was like a call to arms to his grown-up sons. And they responded instantly, doing their best to find some way to save their father's fortune, and, when this was impossible, to help him pay off his indebtedness. The blood of the old General surely flowed in the arteries and veins of his loyal sons, undiminished in strength of character, honesty, squareness! For instance, at the time of the disastrous Ward business in Wall Street, President Arthur offered Frederick Grant a position as quartermaster in the army with the rank of captain. This office was for life, it paid a very good salary, and was much sought after. It was promptly declined, however, by Frederick, who told President Arthur that he had determined to devote the rest of his entire life, if necessary, to paying off the debts his father and others of the family had incurred. While in the army he would be well cared for personally, as he realized; but he would never have a chance of getting ahead sufficiently to wipe out old scores and leave a clean balance-sheet. And I am sure that "Fred's" feeling in this matter was fully shared by the other boys.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Colonel Crook on the Home Life of our Presidents in the White House. The fourth will be published in an early number.



COX'S INSTANT POWDERED Gelatine

A box of Cox's Instant Powdered Gelatine on the cooking table is a sign that the housewife is a woman of experience—or her mother was—or she has been well-advised.

Cox's Gelatine has been the choice of experience for 80 years.

The thorough methods, the scrupulous care, the pure spring water and complete equipment of the factory at Edinburgh, where Cox's Gelatine is made, all count toward quality, purity and refinement that are easily recognized as most desirable.

Cox's Instant Powdered Gelatine dissolves instantly in boiling water—no soaking or waiting—always ready for use. No lumps or grains. Sold everywhere in red, white and blue **Checkerboard** boxes.

PEACH PUDDING

5 to 7 persons. ¾ oz. (1½ heaping ta[illegible] fuls) Cox's Instant Powdered Gelatine, ½ pint (1 cup) whipping cream, 4 ozs. (4 tablespoonfuls) sugar, juice ½ lemon, ½ pint (1 cup) milk, some ripe peaches. Put the Gelatine, sugar and [illegible] in saucepan and dissolve gently over the fire. Rub sufficient ripe peaches through a [illegible] half a pint of pulp, strain in [illegible] add lemon juice and whipped cream. Stir gently until cool, then pour into a wet mould. When firm, turn out and decorate with [illegible] filled with whipped cream. Chopped [illegible] be used.

Write for a complimentary copy of Cox's Manual of Gelatine Cookery, containing more than 200 recipes for desserts, salads, creams, invalids' dishes, etc.

THE COX GELATINE CO.
Dept. A, 100 Hudson St., New York
U. S. Distributors for
J. & G. COX, Ltd., Edinburgh, Scotland

Serve Karo on the table. Better than honey on hot biscuit and gives a finer flavor to griddle cakes than any other sweet. Agrees with everybody.

Karo

Eat it on
Griddle Cakes
Hot Biscuit
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Use it for
Ginger Bread
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Karo Cook Book fifty pages, including thirty perfect recipes for home candy making—Free. Send your name on a post card, today, to

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HORLICK'S MALTED MILK *Lunch Tablets*

A satisfying, convenient lunch, for travelers, business men and women. Just the thing for the emergency. For children, a wholesome substitute for candy. Have a package handy at home, in your desk, traveling bag or pocket.

Ask for "HORLICK'S," Original—Genuine. Druggists. Free Sample. Racine, Wis.

3000 GUMMED LABELS, Size, 1 x 2 inches, printed to order and postpaid. Send for Catalog. Fenton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa $1.00

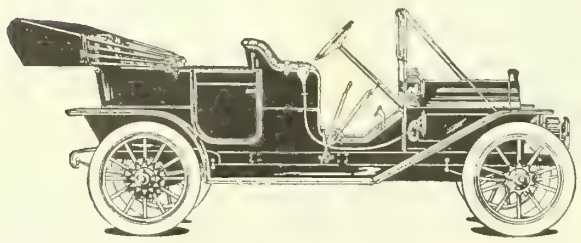
PATENTS That Protect and Pay Advice and Books Free. Rates Reasonable. Highest References. [illegible] WATSON E. COLEMAN, Patent Lawyer, WASHINGTON

1911 Announcement of

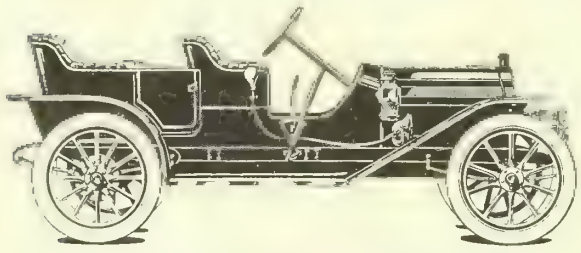
Production in Large Quantities Enables Us to Build Better Cars for Less Money

The 1911 E-M-F "30"

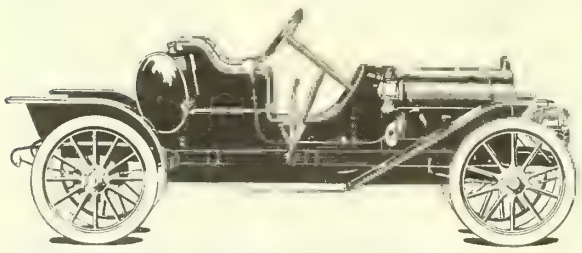
Thirty horsepower, sliding gear transmission, four-cylinder motor.



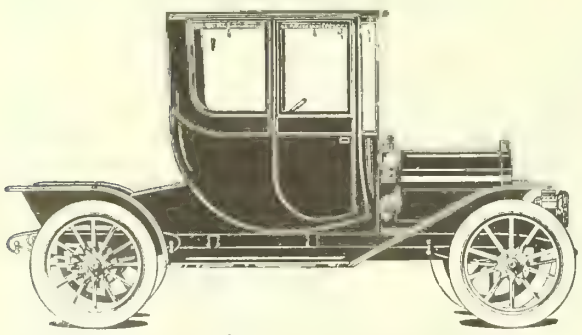
STANDARD E-M-F "30" TOURING CAR—Price $1250. Seating five passengers. Magneto, five lamps, horn and generator included. This model is now being delivered at a rate of 50 a day.



NEW E-M-F "30" DEMI-TONNEAU—Price $1250. Magneto, five lamps, horn and generator included. Deliveries on this model will begin in January, 1911.



NEW E-M-F "30" ROADSTER—Price $1200. Magneto, five lamps, horn and generator included. Deliveries on this model will begin in January, 1911.



NEW E-M-F "30" COUPÉ—Price $1650. Magneto, five lamps, horn and generator included. Deliveries on this model will begin in October, 1910.

THE SPECIFICATIONS

Our E-M-F "30" and Flanders "20" chassis remains unchanged for 1911 and the same standard specifications which have proven so successful, practical and economical in operation will be the rule during the coming season. There will be the same powerful motor, simple carburetor, practical rear axle transmission, automatic oiling system, safe steering apparatus and other practical features constructed by the same superior workmen from the highest class of materials. No necessity for changes appears in the case of a product which has stamped itself as standard and absolutely successful.

One Year's Guarantee With Every Car

The E-M-F Company believes that a stage has been reached in the automobile industry which makes it the duty of every responsible manufacturer to protect dealers and public by an absolute guarantee of his product.

We accordingly announce that, beginning August 1, 1910, every car manufactured at our plants WILL BE GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR as absolutely free from defects in material or workmanship, and will replace, free of charge, any part of the car OR ITS EQUIPMENT, excepting tires which are guaranteed by maker, which proves defective in any such respect.

EVERITT-METZER-FLANDERS COMPANY

Walter E. Flanders.

President & General Manager.

A STARTLING DEVELOPMENT in manufacturing, is it not? Yet it is one which comes appropriately from the factory which was the first to give the public a satisfactory 5-passenger touring car at a reasonable price, and the company whose policies have always been pre-eminently original and progressive.

HOW CAN WE AFFORD TO DO IT? That is the question which is naturally first on the lips of the man unfamiliar with the E-M-F Company's progress and the merits of its output. There are several reasons, and here they are. The E-M-F Company will furnish absolute protection to its dealers and purchasers—the first time any such promise has been made in the history of the industry—because:—

WE MAKE ALL OF OUR OWN CAR. The E-M-F Company can say—and prove the statement—that every part which is assembled to build an automobile is manufactured in its own mammoth plants—plants conceded the most efficient in the industry, with machinery more specialized and organization better systematized than any firm of its character.

WE KNOW OUR PRODUCT and we have confidence in it—confidence born of years of successful manufacture and nurtured by the severest tests to which motor cars can be put.

WE WILL BUILD 36,000 CARS A YEAR and are enlarging our capacity as rapidly as our contractors are able. Unlike some automobile manufacturers who say they aim to produce only a few cars of high quality and profess to believe that, the smaller their output, the better is each car, we maintain that the more cars we build according to our methods, the better is each individual car and the less is its cost both to us and the purchaser.

PRODUCTION IN LARGE QUANTITIES ASSURES QUALITY in each item of manufacture, according to E-M-F Company methods. It gives us the opportunity of providing, at a minimum price to each purchaser of E-M-F "30" and Flanders "20" Cars, the most skillful engineers, the most efficient mechanical force and the most versatile array of automatic machinery ever gathered for one purpose in a manufacturing enterprise. It enables us to add to our equipment a laboratory where we test every carload of raw steel which enters into the manufacture of our cars. We believe the purchaser of a car made at a smaller factory must pay more for every department of manufacture or else—far more likely—he pays for a product designed and manufactured by less skillful men provided with less efficient facilities.

E-M-F COMPANY, Automobile Manufacturers, Detroit, Mich.

Licensed Under Selden Patent.

the E-M-F Company

During the Second Quarter of 1910, According to Our Official Report Sent to the A. L. A. M., We Manufactured and Shipped 6,594 Automobiles, Representing in Cash More Than $6,500,000.

PROVE IT? WHY, OF COURSE! Does the housewife who wants a sewing machine go rambling about the retail district, looking for a product made by hand in some small factory and therefore supposedly superior to a Singer that comes from a factory where they make a million machines a year and sell them through their own branches? Does the hunter who wishes a good rifle search something superior to the product of the Winchester Company which, by quantitative production, has made rifle-manufacture a science? Does the man who wants an adding machine ask for something better than the Burroughs and believe it possible for another company to make a better machine because it manufactures only a few score where the Burroughs manufactures by the thousand? Does the man who wants to buy a watch shun the counter where he would find the Waltham, Elgin or South Bend, and seek the little corner occupied by an obscure brand of timekeeper, manufactured by a company compelled to sell at a higher price, though providing an article unproven and comparatively unknown? Is the Steinway piano an unwelcome piece of furniture in the home of a musician because, forsooth, the manufacturers build them in large quantities which find a ready market at a reasonable and therefore popular price? Does the farmer who needs a wagon, waste his time looking for something better than the Studebaker, merely because, by the systematic manufacture of 200,000 vehicles annually, that firm has made its product the standard article of the world? The answers are, of course, obvious. And the same course of reasoning is logical for the man in the market for a watch, a piano or an automobile. There is a standard in each realm of manufacture and "Standard" is synonymous with "Excellence."

A STANDARD ARTICLE; THAT'S IT! It has been the ambition of the E-M-F Company to build that very thing. And why not a standard for automobiles? The industry is surely old enough; the universal manner in which the E-M-F "30" and Flanders "20" cars are running in every city and almost every hamlet of the United States and Canada makes the claim logical. We are building automobiles as the Singer builds sewing machines, as the Winchester builds rifles, as the Burroughs builds adding machines, as the Waltham, Elgin and South Bend build watches, as the Steinway builds pianos, as the Studebaker builds wagons and carriages—in large quantities and by expensive machinery which makes every part of every individual entirety of the product available for use in every other one. Standard? Why, of course, and therefore the most desirable.

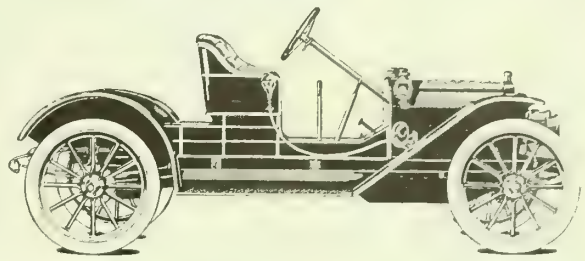
THE SAME SQUARE DEAL we have always given our distributors throughout the world will remain in force in the future and we are now making contracts for the season of 1911. The work of distribution we believe will be facilitated by the establishment of a system of branch houses where dealers and owners may obtain supplies and extra parts. A list of these branches appears below.

ANOTHER NEW POLICY *which we are announcing today concerns particularly the relations between the E-M-F Company and our agents. Several manufacturers are at present engaged in an endeavor to persuade their distributors to handle the one line exclusively in 1911. In many cases such overtures have been made to E-M-F Company dealers who have handled other cars in combination, during 1910. As a result we have received hundreds of letters during the past month from dealers anxious to renew their contracts, asking if, for the coming year, we are expecting to ally ourselves with the exclusive-representation movement. To such inquiries we are replying emphatically "No!" E-M-F Company distributors are free to handle all the lines they believe consistent with their policies, whatever they may be.*

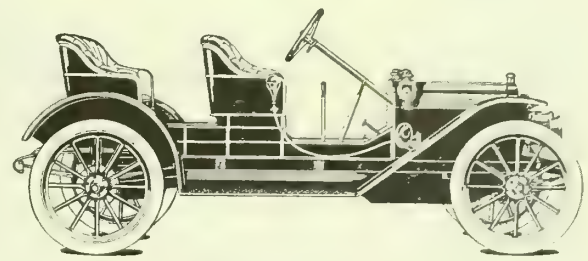
WE WELCOME SUCH AN ARRANGEMENT. *The E-M-F Company does not ask nor expect exclusive representation. We are not dictating the business arrangements of our agents. We believe that they should have the power to represent what companies they may elect. We certainly do not fear the competition of any other line of cars and will genuinely appreciate the opportunity to show our cars on the same floor with any others of their type. We shall stand by this policy and are ready to complete our arrangements for 1911 on this basis.*

The 1911 Flanders "20"

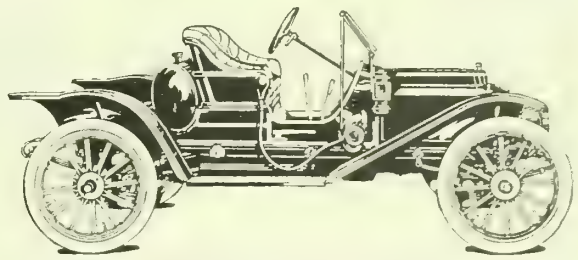
Twenty horsepower, sliding gear transmission, four-cylinder motor.



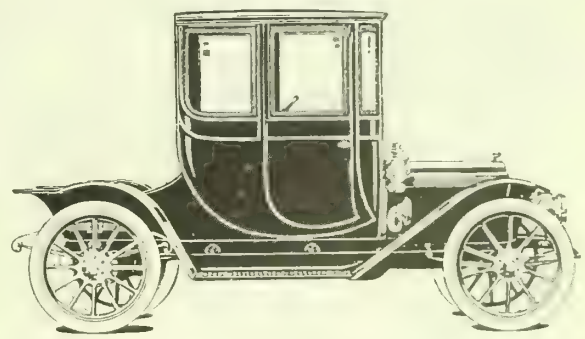
STANDARD FLANDERS "20" RUNABOUT Price $750. Magneto, five lamps, horn and generator included. This model seats two passengers and has open rear deck for ample luggage. Deliveries are now being made at the rate of 15 a day.



FLANDERS "20" SUBURBAN—Price $790. Magneto, five lamps, horn and generator included. This is the popular four-passenger car. Deliveries are now being made at the rate of 15 a day.



FLANDERS "20" RACY ROADSTER—Price $790. Magneto, five lamps, horn and generator included. Deliveries are being made at the rate of 30 a day.



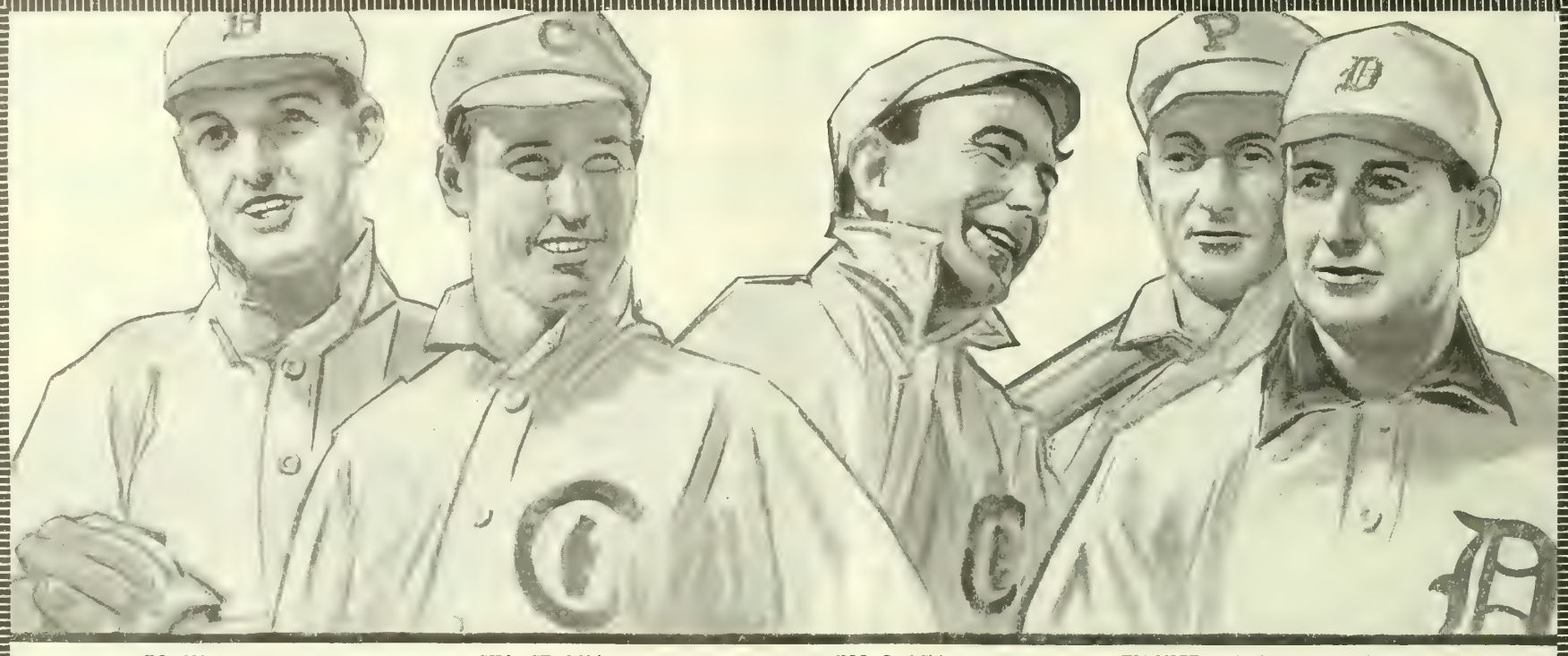
NEW FLANDERS "20" COUPÉ—Price $975. Magneto, five lamps, horn and generator included. Deliveries will begin on this model November, 1910.

THE EQUIPMENT

Although the price of tires, raw material and the cost of labor materially advanced during the past year, the E-M-F Company will continue to furnish its cars complete for the list prices noted. Bear in mind that every E-M-F "30" and Flanders "20" is equipped at the list price with a magneto, five lamps, tube horn and generator, all of which are usually listed as extras by other manufacturers. We make our own parts and equipment and are able to eliminate a considerable source of expense to the purchaser. Otherwise it would be necessary for us to increase the prices of all our models or else to reduce the amount of equipment provided as standard.

E-M-F COMPANY BRANCHES:

NEW YORK, N. Y.	BOSTON, MASS.	PITTSBURG, PA.	BOISE, IDAHO.	INDIANAPOLIS, IND.	DETROIT, MICH.	FARGO, N. D.	KANSAS CITY, MO.	SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
CHICAGO, ILL.	ATLANTA, GA.	CLEVELAND, OHIO.	MEMPHIS, TENN.	LOUISVILLE, KY.	WASHINGTON, D. C.	BUFFALO, N. Y.	SAN ANTONIO, TEX.	SIOUX FALLS, S. D.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	SACRAMENTO, CAL.	COLUMBUS, OHIO.	ST. LOUIS, MO.	SYRACUSE, N. Y.	MILWAUKEE, WIS.	PORTLAND, ORE.	DALLAS, TEX.	SPOKANE, WASH.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.	OMAHA, NEB.	LOS ANGELES, CAL.	SOUTH BEND, IND.	PORTLAND, ME.	MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.	SEATTLE, WASH.	OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.	DENVER, COL.



DONOVAN of Detroit CHANCE of Chicago KLING of Chicago WAGNER of Pittsburg JENNINGS of Detroit

The men who uphold the standards of American sport today are clean men—clean of action and clean of face. Your baseball star takes thought of his personal appearance—it's a part of his team ethics. He starts the day with a clean shave—and, like all self-reliant men, he shaves himself.

Wagner, Jennings, Kling, Donovan, Chance—each of the headliners owns a Gillette Safety Razor *and uses it.* The Gillette is typical of the American spirit. It is used by capitalists, professional men, business men—by men of action all over this country—*three million of them.*

Its use starts habits of energy—of initiative. And men who *do* for themselves are men who *think* for themselves.

Be master of your own time. Buy a Gillette and use it.

You can shave with it the first time you try. The one perfectly *safe* razor and the only safety razor that shaves on the correct hollow ground shaving principle.

No stropping, no honing.

Send your name on a post card for our new Baseball book Schedule of all League games—batting records—24 pages of interesting facts and figures. Every fan should have it. It is free.

King C. Gillette

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 22 W. Second Street, Boston
New York, Times Building Chicago, Stock Exchange Building Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., London
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GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 22 W. Second Street, Boston
Factories: Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris

Rugs Carpets Curtains Blankets
From the Mill We Pay Freight

Manufacturers' prices save you dealers' profits. We give a binding guarantee of satisfaction and save you 33 1-3 per cent.

You can buy the well-known Regal Rug, reversible, all wool finish, at $3.75. Our Brussello Rug, greatest value known, $1.85, splendid grade Brussels Rug, 9x12ft., $11. Famous Invincible Velvets, 9x12 ft., $16 Standard Axminsters, 9 x 12 ft., $18 50. Fine quality Lace Curtains, 45c per pair and up. Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleums at Mill prices.

Write to-day for our NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOG, No. 14. Sent free. Shows latest designs in actual colors.

UNITED MILLS MFG. CO.
2450-2462 Jasper St., Phila.

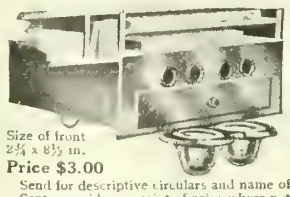
$5 Talking Parrots

We offer for a limited time, young, tame parrots at $5 each that we guarantee to talk within 90 days or money refunded. Shipped safely anywhere in the U. S., Canada or Mexico on receipt of price. This includes shipping box and food for journey. Live arrival guaranteed.

Over 2000 satisfied purchasers last season. A $2.50 steel wire cage for $2.00 when ordered with parrot.

CUGLEY & MULLEN, 1293 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.
(The Largest Pet Shop in the World)

PETERSON'S DESK COMPANION
FOR ROLL TOP DESKS



Size of front 2¾ x 8½ in.

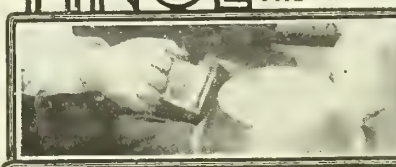
Placed under pigeon holes. Clears entire writing surface of desk. Two inkwells on a pivot swing beneath cabinet. Four tubes, backed with corks, adjustable to pens and pencils. Drawer with seven compartments for clips, stamps, etc.

Price $3.00

Send for descriptive circulars and name of agent or dealer. Sent prepaid on receipt of price where not represented.

Agents Wanted Exclusive territory. We refer orders and inquiries and assist you to establish profitable agency business. SCOFIELD & CO., Mfrs., 150 Nassau Street, New York

TINOL A COMPLETE SOLDER IN PASTE FORM



Any One Can Solder With TINOL

No rosin or acid needed. Just put it on like paste, then heat with torch, hot iron, candle, or gas—that's all. Makes tight, perfect joints. Mends pots, pans, implements, toys, leaky pipes, tin roofs, etc. Great for electricians, plumbers, machinists, chauffeurs, farmers, housekeepers. Quick work, low cost, little waste. Used by big electric companies. Approved by U. S. and German Governments. 50 cents a can.

The Tinol Torch (shown above) melts solder, heats glue-pot, water, food, anything. Very hot, pointed flame, no smoke. Holds alcohol to burn two hours, yet goes in vest pocket. Price 50c.

TINOL and torch both for $1.00 at hardware, paint, electrical or supply stores, or

HESS & SON, 1215 Filbert St., Philadelphia.
Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Booklet free.

·U-ALL-NO·
·AFTER DINNER MINT·

A delicious confection for all occasions.

Delicately flavored; pure, fresh.

Sold in air-tight tins by grocers, confectioners and druggists. If not to your taste return tin and get your money back.

Manufacturing Co. of America,
449 North 12th St., Philadelphia

The High Spot in Chewing Gum

"Violet Chips" *Flavored like the aroma of sweet violets.*

"Mint Chips" *with the flavor of old-fashioned mint-stick peppermint.*

Colgan's "Violet Chips" and "Mint Chips" chewing gum is the highest quality, the most delicious ever produced. Distinctively different in "chewiness" and flavor. Packed in round metal boxes that keep the gum fresh and clean. Preferred by sportsmen, athletes, fishermen, etc.

Ball Player's Picture in every 5c box.

Collect the complete series of fine half-tone pictures of great diamond stars.

Avoid imitations—Insist upon Colgan's.

COLGAN GUM CO., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

LEARN PLUMBING

One of the best paid of all trades. Plumbers are in demand everywhere at good wages. They have short hours. By our method of instruction we make you a skilled, practical plumber in a few months, so that you will be able to fill a good position or conduct a business of your own. Write for free catalog.

BIG PAY SHORT HOURS

ST LOUIS TRADES SCHOOL
4442 Olive Street, St Louis, Mo.

WHY THEY GO

(Concluded from Page 7)

Ladder laid his brassie by,
Cursed the Club with baleful eye,
Sought his palace on the hill—
Mrs. Ladder sat there still.
. . . . . .
Florence wed a man named Brown,
Banker from the old Home Town.
There were orchids at the feast—
Forty thousand plunks at least.
Lots and lots of people came,
Cab and motor—just the same
Mrs. Ladder, in despair,
Murmured, "There was No One there!"

Mrs. Brown has pretty twins,
Yet they haven't joined the Ins.
Mrs. Ladder sits alone,
Thinking, "When the Twins are grown,
Then, at school, perhaps, they might
Fortunately get In Right,
Meet the Proper Sort and be
Asked to Mrs. Gilt's for tea."

So the jocund years go by,
Some are chosen, none knows why.
Newport works its Will and Won't—
Now you see it, now you don't.
Seekers hanging to the pale
By a tooth or fingernail—
Patient Martyrs to the Climb;
Verily, the Gods take Time!

VIII

(Pathetic Home Ballad, to be sung to the tune of Oh, Kill Poor Father if You Must, but Do Not Rob the Safe.)

The Doozenbury family were worldly as could be,
They wished their son, J. Archibald, to marry Agnes B.
For she was rich as Lucifer and they were rich as sin;
But Archie was an honest boy and would not be took in.
So when they dragged him to the church his bride to take away
He firmly down his foot did stamp and this to them did say:

CHORUS

"I will not wed for money;
I will not wed for fame.
Must greed for spoil
Arise and soil
The Doozenbury name?
No! rather would I stray away and wed some Mae or Liz
Who'll love me for myself alone, like Other Fellers is!"

Brave Archibald departed from that Newport cottage door,
And Agnes also flew and got a clerkship in a store;
Thus, soon they met, not thinking that, before the fatal day,
Their folks had been close neighbors up to dear old Newport way.

So they was quickly married by a Justice named McGuire,
And to their anxious Newport folks these words they then did wire:

CHORUS

"We would not wed for money,
We would not wed for fame;
But her and me
Kept companee,
And well we liked that same.
Send check and blessing by return and put us back in biz,
And we'll come back and be as rich as Everybody is!"

IX

I and Diogenes, tired of our gloat,
Started back home on the Fall River boat.
We gazed at the bluffs as we swung from the pier,
And I asked, "Are they happy, these Fortunates here?"
"They are," said the Sage, "but who wouldn't find bliss
In the midst of an ocean and climate like this?
Why, here I'd be sweetly content, my dear cub,
With a chunk of raw bacon, a pipe and a tub.
Yes, Newport itself would be better, I guess,
If it thought rather more and it spent rather less;
For the Lesson of Eden, I'll always suppose,
Is: You'll have the most fun when you wear the least clothes."

"So, Newport, fair Newport, farewell,
Thou glorious hope of the Peerage;
Thou land which the King
In his castle doth sing
And the immigrant chants in his steerage;
Fair Newport, who glamour doth lend
To Monkey and Monarch and Yacht,
Where Butlers make more than they spend
And Masters spend more than they've got;
Where foreign nobility
Comes with agility
Seeking in vain for a dot;
And Madame On Dit,
With her silly esprit,
Writes volumes of readable rot;
Where they don't do the things that they say
And they don't say the things that they do;
Where it's thought rather Smart to be gay,
Yet the gayest are often taboo;
Where you've got to be rich to be In It,
Yet the richest are oftentimes Out;
Where bungalows built of both marble and gilt
Their owners' simplicity flout—
Come, friend, let us fly, let us go
From our empty, inquisitive day
On that castle-crowned highland of humble Rhode Island,
From Newport, from Newport away!"

AILSA PAIGE

(Continued from Page 21)

unloaded and piled under a shed; a constant stream of people entered and left the apothecary's office; the division medical director's premises were besieged. Ambulances continually drove up or departed; files of sick and wounded, able to move without assistance, stood in line—patient, uncomplaining men, bloody, ragged, coughing, burning with fever, weakened for lack of nourishment, many crusted with filth and sometimes with vermin—humbly awaiting the disposition of their battered, half-dead bodies. . . .

The incipient stages of many diseases were plainly apparent among them. Man after man was placed on a stretcher and hurried off to the contagious wards; some were turned away and directed to other hospitals, and they went without protest, dragging their gaunt legs, even attempting some feeble jest as they passed their wretched comrades whose turns had not yet come.

Presently a hospital servant came and took Berkley away to another building. The wards were where the schoolrooms had been. Blackboards still decorated the wall; a half-erased exercise in Latin remained plainly visible over the rows of cots.

Ailsa and the apothecary stood together in low-voiced conversation by a window. She merely raised her eyes when Berkley entered; then, without giving him a second glance, continued her conversation.

In the heavy, ether-laden atmosphere flies swarmed horribly, and men detailed as nurses from regimental companies were fanning them from helpless patients. A civilian physician, coming down the aisle, exchanged a few words with the ward master and then turned to Berkley.

"You are Trooper Ormond, orderly to Colonel Arran?"

"Yes."

"Colonel Arran desires you to remain here at his orders for the present."

"Is Colonel Arran likely to recover, Doctor?"

"He is in no immediate danger."

"May I see him?"

"Certainly. Step this way."

They entered another and much smaller ward, in which there were few cots and from which many flies had been driven.

Colonel Arran lay very white and still on his cot; only his eyes turned as Berkley came up and stood at salute.

"Sit down," he said feebly. And, after a long silence:

"Berkley, the world seems to be coming right. I am grateful that I—lie here—with you beside me."

Berkley's throat closed; he could not speak; nor did he know what he might have

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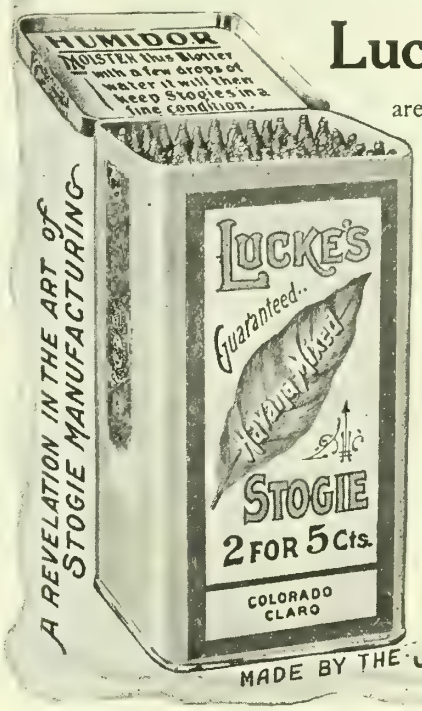
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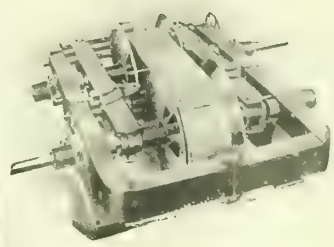

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said could he have spoken, for within him all had seemed to crash softly into chaos, and he had no mind, no will, no vigor, only a confused understanding of emotion and pain, and a longing that burned fiercely into the very soul of him.

Colonel Arran's sunken eyes never left his, watching, wistful, patient. And at last the boy bent forward and rested his elbows on his knees and dropped his face in both hands.

"Philip!"

The boy lifted his face from his hands.

"Can you forgive me?"

"Yes I have. . . . There was only one thing to forgive. I don't count myself."

"I count it—bitterly."

"You need not. . . . It was only—my mother ——"

"I know, my boy. The blade of justice is double-edged. No mortal can wield it safely; only He who forged it. . . . I have never ceased to love your mother."

Berkley's face became ashen.

Colonel Arran said: "Is there punishment more terrible than that for any man?"

Presently Berkley drew his chair closer.

"I wish you to know how mother died," he said simply. "It is your right to know. . . . Because there will come a time when she and — you will be together again . . . if you believe such things."

"I believe."

For a while the murmur of Berkley's voice alone broke the silence. Colonel Arran lay with eyes closed, a slight flush on his sunken cheeks; and, before long, Berkley's hand lay over his and remained.

After a while Berkley said: "If you get well —whatever I am we two men have in common a memory that can never die. If there were nothing else God knows whether there is—that memory is enough to make us live at peace with one another. . . . I do not entirely understand how it is with me, but I know that some things have been washed out of my heart leaving little of the bitterness—nothing now of anger. It has all been too sad for such things—a tragedy too deep for the lesser passions to meddle with. . . . Let us forgive each other. . . . She will know it, somehow."

Their hands slowly closed together and remained.

"Philip!"

"Sir?"

"Ailsa is here."

"Yes, sir."

"Will you say to her that I would like to see her?"

For a moment Berkley hesitated, then rose and walked into the adjoining ward.

"Ailsa, may I speak to you a moment?"

"What is it?"

"Colonel Arran wishes to see you. Can you come?"

"Certainly."

She led the way; and as she walked he noticed that all the lithe grace, all the youth and spring to her step, had vanished.

Colonel Arran's eyes opened as she stooped at his bedside and laid her lips lightly on his forehead.

"Is there another chair?" he asked wearily.

Ailsa's glance just rested on Berkley.

"You, too, Philip," murmured the wounded man.

Ailsa's violet eyes opened in surprise at the implied intimacy between these men who, she had vaguely understood, were anything but friends. But she remained coldly aloof, controlling even a shiver of astonishment when Colonel Arran's hand, which held hers, groped also for Berkley's and found it.

"I have long known that you loved each other," he whispered. "It is a happiness that God sends me as well as you. If it be His will that I — do not recover, this makes it easy for me. If He wills it that I live, then, in His infinite mercy, He also gives me the reason for living."

Icy cold, Ailsa's hand lay there, limply touching Berkley's; the sick man's eyes were upon them.

"Philip!"

"Sir?"

"My watch is hanging from a nail on the wall. There is a chamois bag hanging with it. Give it—to me."

And when it lay in his hand he picked at the string, forced it open, drew out a key and laid it in Berkley's hand with a faint smile.

"You remember, Philip?"

"Yes, sir."

The wounded man looked at Ailsa wistfully.

"It is the key to my house, dear. One day, please God, you and Philip will live there." . . . He closed his eyes, groping for both their hands and, retaining them, lay silent as though asleep.

Berkley's palm burned against hers; she never stirred, never moved a muscle, sitting there as though turned to stone. But when the wounded man's frail grasp relaxed, cautiously, silently she freed her fingers, rose, looked down, listening to his breathing; then, without a glance at Berkley, moved quietly toward the door.

He was behind her a second later, and she turned to confront him in the corridor, lighted by a single window.

"Will you tell me what has changed you?" he said.

"The part you have played in my life!" she said bitterly—"think it over. Remember what you have been toward me from the first —a living insult! And when you remember—all—remember that in spite of all I loved you stood before you in the rags of my pride —all that you had left me to clothe myself!—stood upright, unashamed and acknowledged that I loved you!"

She made a hopeless gesture.

"Oh, you had all there was of my heart! I gave it; I laid it beside my pride, under your feet. God knows what madness was upon me and you had flung my innocence into my face! And you had held me in your embrace and looked me in the eyes and denied me marriage. And I still loved you!"

"But I want to know what has angered you against me," he said quietly.

"Before I answer that," she said, "I demand to know why you refused me—marriage!"

"I cannot tell you, Ailsa."

"No, you dare not tell me!—you coward! I had to learn the degrading reason from others!" she whispered.

"Do you know what you are saying?" he stammered.

"Yes, I know! Your cruelty—your shame ——"

"Be silent!" he said between his teeth. "My shame is my pride! Do you understand?"

Outraged, quivering all over, she twisted out of his grasp.

"Then go to her!" she whispered. 'Why don't you go to her?"

And, as his angry eyes became blank:

"Don't you understand? She is there—just across the road!" She tore open the window and pointed with shaking finger.

"Didn't anybody tell you she is there? Then I'll tell you. Now go to her! You are—worthy of one another!"

"Of whom are you speaking in God's name?" he breathed.

Panting, flushed, flat against the wall, she looked back out of eyes that had become dark and wide—fumbling in the bosom of her gray garb. And, just where the scarlet heart was stitched across her breast, she drew out a letter, and, her fascinated gaze still fixed on him, extended her arm.

He took the crumpled sheets from her in a dazed way, but did not look at them.

"Who is there across the road?" he repeated stupidly.

"Ask Miss—Lynden."

"Letty!"

But she suddenly turned and slipped swiftly past him, leaving him there in the corridor by the open window, holding the letter in his hand.

For a while he remained there, leaning against the wall. Then he roused himself and went down the kitchen stairs and out across the road.

A hospital guard stopped him, but, on learning who he was and that he had business with Miss Lynden, directed him toward a low, one-storied stone structure where, under the trees, a figure wrapped in a shawl lay asleep in a chair.

"She's been on duty all night," observed the guard. "If you've got to speak to her go ahead."

"Yes," said Berkley in a dull voice, "I've got to speak to her." And he walked toward her across the dead brown grass.

Letty's head lay on a rough pine table; her slim body, supported by a broken chair, was covered by a faded shawl, and, as he looked down at her, somehow into his memory came the recollection of the first time he ever saw her so asleep in Casson's rooms, her childish face on the table, the room reeking with tobacco smoke and the odor of dying flowers.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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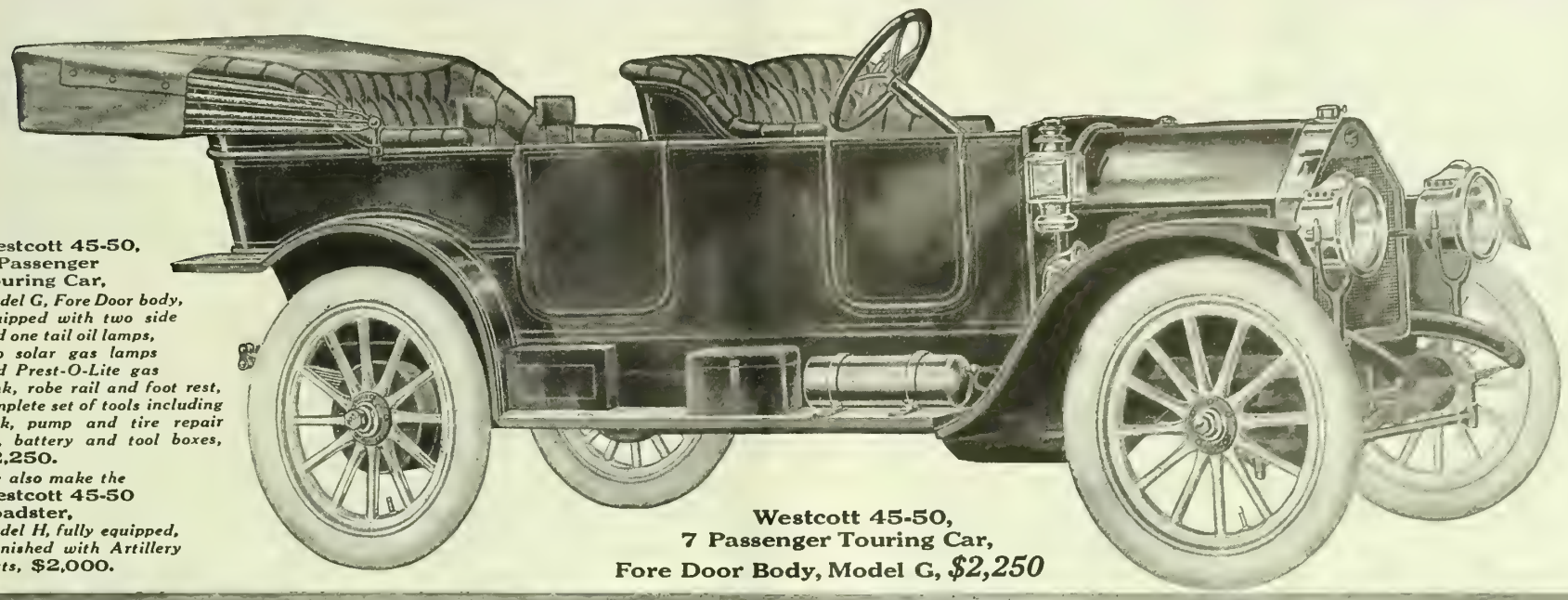

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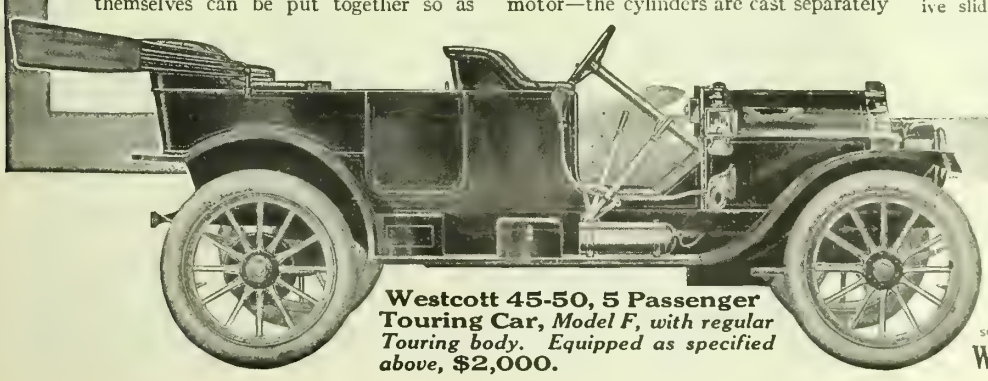

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THREE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

(Continued from Page 6)

"I am not an automobile expert," he said, "but I dare say I can help a little, as, for instance, stuffing a puncture with rags until we get back to the city." The girl flushed. It was evidently a personal allusion."

"We haven't any rags," said Aggie, "and it isn't a puncture."

"There are two things we might do," said the young gentleman: "I might go to the nearest telephone and have help sent out from town, but as it's almost sunset it's pretty late for that; or, with a jack and a little help, we might fix it ourselves."

"A jack!" Tish said with scorn. "What kind of a jack—a bootjack or a jackass? I dare say they have them both at that farmhouse; I know they have one."

"A jack—a lever," explained the young man, beginning to work at the lock of the tool-box. "Where are you going—to Noblestown?"

"To the lake," I replied. Tish was fumbling for the keys to the machine which she kept in a pocket in her petticoat. "We have a summer cottage there."

"I'll make a bargain with you," he suggested. "The—the—er—young lady refuses to go back in my car. We—the fact is we have had a small difference of opinion; and—she insists on walking home. If I get your machine in shape will you take her to the city?"

We would have taken her anywhere short of a planet to get away ourselves, and that was how it began; for the young gentleman took off his coat and fell to work immediately. Once, when he had raised the car on the jack and Tish was holding the ends of the boards that he shoved under, while Aggie and I pushed, something gave way and the whole thing settled back with a jerk. Mr. Lewis—that was his name—lifted the broken fence-rails off Tish and helped her to her feet.

"There's something almost alive about automobiles occasionally," he said. "They are so blamed vicious."

"If it was alive," Tish gasped, hunting for her glasses, "I'd kill it." But it never occurred to her that she was going to drown it that very night!

By seven o'clock we had lifted the thing on five fence-rails and the breadboard sign, and Mr. Lewis announced it was now or never. The girl had not come near us. She had taken off her veil and smoothed up her hair, and was busy with a bit of a silver mirror. She was very pretty.

Mr. Lewis got into the car and put on the power. There was a terrible grinding, but nothing moved. From behind the three of us shoved, and Aggie said between gasps that if anything gave way her niece was to have her amethyst pin.

"Anne!" cried the young gentleman. But Miss Anne was powdering her nose and we all saw her turn it up.

"Anne!" called the young man who was not her young man, "you'll have to help here."

"Help yourself," said Anne coolly, and moistening her finger she proceeded to wipe the powder off her eyebrows.

Mr. Lewis shut off the engine, got out of the car and put on his coat. The girl did not turn her head, but she was watching through the mirror, for as he picked up his cap she rose lazily, put away her toilet things and started in our direction.

"What shall I do?" she asked Tish, ignoring him.

"Push," said Tish sharply—"unless you are too lame."

"My being lame won't matter, unless you wish me to kick the machine out," retorted the girl sweetly; and with that, the power being on, she put her brown arms against the car and her shoulder-muscles leaped up under her thin dress, and before I had planted my feet in the ditch the car rose, clung for a minute to the edge, and was over into the road. The girl said nothing. She looked at her hands, stepped out of the ditch, patronizingly helped Aggie out of it and swung up the path with her head in the air. When I saw her again she had taken the sign off the pump and thrown it in the grass, and was washing her hands unconcernedly while the woman stood in the door and yapped at her.

If she had a mite of sense she would have gone back to the city in the blue car and let us go home to bed. But when she had come back to the road and the young man suggested it—not to her, of course, but casually to us—she whistled to her dog and started to limp down the road. You can't do anything with a girl in that state of mind. I took her in the tonneau with me, and Aggie, who prefers a love affair to a scandal and always reads the marriage licenses with the obituaries—Aggie went in the blue car to keep Mr. Lewis from being lonely.

IV

WE DIDN'T talk very much. Tish was anxious to show she could drive, for all she had sat us down in a ditch, and after she took a wrong turning and stampeded a herd that was being milked in a barnyard I could not keep my mind off the road. Once I looked at the girl, and there were tears running down her nose and dropping into her lap. I gave her my smelling salts, which I always carry in Tish's machine, and after a while she reached over and slid her hand into mine.

"I shouldn't care if the car went to pieces," she said. "I'd be happier dead."

"If you are always as unpleasant to that young man as you were this evening, I doubt it," I snapped.

"Didn't you ever quarrel with your husband before you were married?" she demanded, looking at me sideways.

"I thank Heaven I never had a husband," I replied, and with that she looked uncomfortable and drew her hand away.

"Is your—friend married?" she inquired. And it took me a moment to realize that she meant Aggie and that the minx was jealous. Aggie is fifty, and so thin that when she wears a tailor-made suit she has to build out with pneumatics. You remember, at the Woman's Suffrage Convention, how Mrs. Bailey pinned a badge to Aggie, and how there was a slow hissing immediately, and Aggie caved in before our very eyes?

Mr. Lewis checked our wild career after a few miles by getting ahead of us, and we got into town about eight. But after we had left the girl at her house—an imposing place, with a man at the door and a limousine at the curb—it was too late to go back home. Aggie and the blue car were waiting down the street, and they piloted us to the hotel.

Now Tish belongs to the Ladies' Relief Corps of the G. A. R., and when Mr. Lewis said we looked tired and that he was going to order supper for us all, and three Martinis, Tish said it was all right, although she didn't see why we needed guns. It looked like a safe place. But they were not guns—that's part of the story.

While we were washing for supper Aggie told us what the quarrel was about.

"They are—were—engaged," she said, "and the girl's father is Robertson—the boss of the city, Mr. Lewis called him. And Mr. Lewis is the youngest councilman—they call him 'Baby' Lewis and he hates it—and there's something to be voted for tomorrow; and if Mr. Lewis is for it he is to get the girl."

"And the girl refuses to be sold!" Tish said triumphantly. "Quite right too. I admire her strength. That's the typical womanly attitude these days—right before anything, honor above all." Tish waved the hairbrush and then she turned on the maid. "Girl," she snapped, "why is this brush chained?"

"The ladies steal them," said the girl. Tish stared at the chain.

"You are so quick, Letitia," Aggie protested. "It was the other way round. The girl was angry because he wouldn't sell his vote, even for her."

Tish sat down in a chair, speechless; but just then Mr. Lewis came to the door and said that supper and the Martinis were ready. The Martinis proved to be something to drink, and after Mr. Lewis had raised his hand and sworn there was no whisky in them we drank them. He said they were appetizers, and the other day Tish said she was going to write to the Sherman House for the recipe before she has the minister to dinner next week.

Never did I eat so delightful a meal. Tish forgot her sprained shoulder and the splinter under her nail, and Aggie talked about the roofer. And the food! I recall distinctly shaking hands with Tish and agreeing to come to the hotel to live, and asking the waiter to find out from the cook how something or other was made. And when Aggie had buried the roofer, and Tish said it was funny, but Mr. Lewis had four brown eyes instead of two, he suggested that we must be tired, and a boy took us to our room. Room, not rooms. We could only get one. The last things I remember are our shaking hands with Mr. Lewis, and that Tish tried to get into the elevator before the door was opened.

About eleven o'clock I heard some one groaning and I sat up in bed. It was Aggie, whom, being the thinnest, we had put on the cot. She said her nose was smarting from the sunburn and she had heartburn something awful. We rang for some baking soda, and she drank some in water and made a plaster for her nose with the rest. After a while she felt better, but we were all wide awake and the heat was terrible. We could look out and see there was a breeze, but not a breath came in.

We sent for the bell-boy again, and he said there wasn't another room and nobody he could move around to give us a room on the breezy side of the house.

We took the rules and regulations card off the door and fanned with it, but it did not help much. After half an hour or so Tish got up, pushed the washstand in front of a door that connected with the next room and crawled up on it.

"If I had a chair," she said, measuring the distance with her eye, "I could see if that corner room next door is occupied. I could tell by that boy's face that he was lying."

Aggie was trying to hold down the baking soda, so although I didn't feel any too well myself I held the chair and Tish climbed up on it.

"What did I tell you?" she demanded when she got down. "That room's empty, and what's more there's nobody belonging there. There's nothing on the dresser but the towel; and there's a breeze coming in that sends the curtains straight into the room."

The connecting door was locked, and Tish put a bed sheet around her and tried the hall door. That was locked too. And all the time we were getting hotter and hotter, and by putting our ears to the keyhole we could hear the breeze blowing on the other side. It was too much for Tish.

"I'm going over the transom," she announced, after we had tried the dresser key in the door without any effect. And go over she did, after putting on her stockings to keep her legs from being scraped.

It was much cooler. We brought in our clothes and Aggie's cot, and spread up the bed in the room we had left. Then we locked the connecting door again and after Aggie had had some more baking soda, in and out, we went to bed.

Well, as I was saying, I went to sleep. I was awakened by Tish sitting up in bed and clutching me somewhere about the diaphragm. By the light from the hall over the transom I could see Aggie sound asleep, with her mouth open, and Tish's arm stretched out and pointed at the yellow hotel bureau. I sat straight up and looked. I couldn't see anything, and at first I thought Tish was dreaming. Then I saw it too. The front of that bureau on the left side moved out a good six inches, stayed that way while I could count ten and then closed up again without a sound.

Tish had put a leg out of bed, but she jerked it in again, and just at that awful moment a clock outside boomed twelve. And then, over in her corner, Aggie began to talk in her sleep.

"Turn around and run over it again," she said, with startling distinctness. "It isn't quite dead."

Tish put her hand up and held her shaking lower jaw.

"I—It's those dr-dratted Martinis," she quavered. "I've—no—d-doubt Mr. Lewis meant well, Lizzie, but I've b-been feeling very strange all evening."

"Your stomach being upset needn't affect my eyes," I retorted in a whisper. "I saw it move."

"Are you sure?" she insisted. "I didn't say anything, Lizzie, but while we were eating supper downstairs I distinctly saw the piano move out six feet from the wall and go back again."

I didn't say anything to Tish, but the fact was that I distrusted my own vision—not that I had seen anything so ridiculous as pianos walking, but I had had a peculiar feeling in the dining-room that my eyes were looking in different directions, and when I focused them on anything I saw

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double at once. It had got so bad that when I wanted my fork I had to shut my eyes and feel for it. And so, neither of us being certain the bureau had moved, and nothing more occurring, we lay back again. The next minute Tish clutched me and I looked over. Something had happened to the bureau.

It looked phosphorescent, or as though it was on fire inside. There was a glow all around it. The keyholes stood out like dots of flame, and every crack gleamed. It was the most awful thing I have ever seen.

"Look!" gasped Tish, and reaching over the side of the bed she picked up a shoe and flung it with all her might at the thing. The thump was followed by a thud inside the bureau. Aggie stirred.

"The milkman's knocking," she said thickly, and sat up and yawned with her eyes shut. Tish and I leaped out of bed and I turned on the light. That gave us new courage, and the dresser stood there, just like any other dresser, with a towel on its yellow-pine top and fly-specks on the mirror. Tish and I looked at each other and smiled in a sickly way. We felt foolish. But Tish wasn't satisfied. She picked up a hairbrush and banged it on the top.

"Coming, Mr. Gibbs," bawled Aggie, still with her eyes shut, and she began to fumble around on the floor for her slippers.

"Wake her!" Tish commanded. "There's something moving in this thing. Lizzie, give me that pitcher of scalding water."

Of course there wasn't any hot water nearer than the bathroom, which was three turns to the right, one to the left and down a flight of stairs.

And at that minute the bureau spoke.

"Don't, for God's sake, ladies!" it said.

V

I SCREAMED, and, as was perfectly natural, I backed away from the thing. My tripping over Tish's water-pitcher and sitting down was what wakened Aggie. She says she never will forget how she felt when she saw me prostrate and Tish holding a chair aloft and begging the bureau to come out so she could brain it. Of course she thought Tish had gone crazy, what with the sun and excitement of the day.

"Tish!" she screeched.

"Come out," said Tish to the bureau. "Make no resistance; we are armed!"

As Aggie says, when she saw the left-hand side of that bureau move slowly forward like a door when Tish spoke to it, she thought she had a touch of sun herself. But when she saw a human figure crawl out of that place on its hands and knees, and opened her mouth to scream, her breath was gone as completely as if she had been hit in the stomach.

The figure got to its feet, and it had neither horns nor tail. It had curly light-brown hair and blue eyes, and it was purplish red as to face. We stood paralyzed while it stood erect and blinked. Tish lowered her chair slowly and the apparition dropped down on it. It was masculine and shaking. Also young.

"Ladies," it said, "could I—could I thank you for a drink of water? I have been almost stifled."

When the haze cleared away from my eyes I saw that the young man had on a light gray suit, and that in his hand he carried his collar and an electric flashlight. Perspiration was pouring off his face and we could see that he was as scared as we were.

"Give him a drink, Lizzie," Tish said firmly, "and then press that button."

But the young man jumped to his feet at that and looked at us earnestly.

"Ladies," he said earnestly, "please do not raise an alarm. I am not a thief. The manager of the hotel put me in that bureau himself."

"The hotel must be crowded," Tish scoffed. "I hope they don't charge you much for it."

From the street below came a sudden confusion of men's voices and the sound of feet on the pavement. The young man threw up his hands.

"Madam," he said to Tish, "you look like a woman of large mind." Tish stopped putting the bedspread around her and stared at him. "By your unfortunate—er—invasion here tonight you are preventing the discovery of a crime against civic morality. The councilmanic banquet downstairs is over; in a few minutes Robertson—well, probably you don't understand, but I represent the Morning Star. The Civic Purity League has learned that in this room, after the banquet, a bribe is going to be offered. That bureau has been ready for a month. Ladies, I implore you, go back to the other room!"

It was too late. At that moment there were voices in the hall and somebody put a key into the lock of the door. There was no time to put the light out. The young man dropped behind the foot of the bed, the door swung open and a red-haired man stepped into the room.

"Suffering cats!" he exclaimed, and stared at us.

"Go out immediately!" I said, pointing to the door. Tish was unwinding herself from the counterpane. She took it off airily and flung it over the foot of the bed, so that it covered the young man. It looked abandoned, but the necessity was terrible. As Tish said afterward, fifty years of respectable living would not have prevented the tongue of scandal licking up such a spicy morsel as that compromising situation.

The red-haired man retreated a step or two, opened the door partway, and went out and looked at the number. Then he came in again.

"Madam—ladies," he said, "this room belongs to me. There must be some mistake."

"I don't believe it belongs to you," Tish snapped. "Why haven't you got some brushes on the dresser?"

"If you were a gentleman," Aggie wailed from the cot, "you would go out and let us get to sleep. I never put in such a night. First the other room is too hot, and we crawl over the transom to get a cool place, and then ——"

"Over the transom," said the red-haired gentleman. "Do you mean to say ——" Then he laughed a little and spoke over his shoulder.

"I'm sorry, Lewis," he said, "but my room's taken."

"Kismet," said our Mr. Lewis's voice, but it sounded reckless and strained. "Fate has crooked her finger; I'm going home."

"Don't be an ass," said the red-haired gentleman. "These women in here came over the transom from the next room. It's empty."

"Good gracious!" Aggie gasped. "I left my forms hanging to the gasjet!"

The red-haired man backed into the hall, but he still held the door.

"I'm going home," said our Mr. Lewis again. "I'm sick of things around here, anyhow. I've got a chance to get an orange grove cheap in California."

"Fiddlesticks!" retorted the red-haired man. "Why don't you stick by the plum tree here at home?"

On that the door closed, and we could hear them talking guardedly in the hall.

"The wretches!" Tish fumed. "Oh, why haven't women the vote? I tell you"—she fixed Aggie and me with a gesture—"the day of conscience is coming. Women stand for civic purity, for the home, for right against might!"

It was the "right against might" that we repeated to her afterward, when we had stolen—but that is coming soon.

"But he loves the girl," said Aggie, beginning to sniffle. "I—I think as much of ci-civic purity as you do, Tish Carberry, but I th-think he is just p-pig-headed."

"The girl's a fool and so are you," said Tish, beginning to take the counterpane off the reporter. And at that second there was a knock and the red-haired man opened the door again.

"I beg your pardon," he apologized, "but will you give me the key to the other room?"

We did. Aggie unlocked the connecting door and brought back the key to our old room and the things she had left on the gasjet. In the excitement she threw the key on the dresser and was just about to reach the other articles through the crack in the door when Tish caught her arm.

VI

NOW I am not defending what followed. But the Lewis man had been nice to us, and, as Tish said tartly to Charlie Sands, women who had lived in single blessedness as long as we had, learned to think quick and act quicker. As to the law, we sent a check to the farmer whose pig we killed—and with pork at its present price it was ruinous, although we were glad it had not been a cow; and as to using our missionary money to make up for the packet Aggie lost—as we said, we considered that it had been used in missionary work. It was hardest, of course, on the Morning Star reporter. Only a week or so ago we had to go to Noblestown to get a new handle for the meat-chopper. We were in the machine outside the store, and when we saw him it was too late. Tish was wearing his necktie having gathered it up with her clothes that awful night, and not knowing his name she could not send it back to him—and she clapped her hand over it. But he saw it.

"Good afternoon," he said, grinning.

"What do you mean by addressing us?" Tish demanded, trying to pull the collar of her duster over the tie.

"You don't mean to say you've forgotten me already!" he exclaimed, looking grieved. "Don't you remember—your—our room at the Sherman House?"

"Certainly not," Tish said haughtily.

He pulled out a card and scribbled something on it. "My card," he said. He leaned over from the curb and gave it to Tish.

"Don't bother about the tie," he said. "I never liked it anyhow. But—I lost a scarfpin that night. I—I suppose you don't know anything about it?"

Out of the corner of her eye Tish saw Aggie make a clutch at her neck, and she threw her a warning glance.

"I am afraid you have made a mistake," she said stiffly, and just then the hardware man brought out the handle. Tish was so excited that she started the car without paying for it, and when we looked back he and the reporter were staring after us; and the reporter distinctly said, "Those women will be wealthy some day."

"Why didn't you let me give him his pin?" Aggie demanded when we were safely out of sight. "I—I feel like a thief."

"Fiddle! And confess?" said Tish. "We'll send it to him. I've got his card."

But all he had written on it after all was, "A. Dresser. Private Bureau." Charlie Sands has promised to return the pin.

Well, all this time I have left the three of us huddled in our nightgowns on the side of the bed, with sheets draped over us, and the Morning Star gentleman with his ear to the connecting door and taking down every word that was said, in shorthand. We heard enough ourselves to know that Robertson was offering the girl, and enough money for Mr. Lewis to marry on, for his vote on something or other. I reckon the balance between a man's honor and his cupidity hangs pretty even anyhow, and when you throw a girl to one side or the other it swings the scale. The Lewis man was yielding and Tish was breathing hard.

"The hussy!" she muttered.

"Did you notice how pretty her hair was in the sunlight?" whispered Aggie.

Somehow it came over me then how young the girl was, and what kind of moral sense could one expect of a girl with that red-headed scamp for a father?

Strangely enough, the plot was gentle Aggie's. Aggie is like baking powder—she rises when she gets heated up. And she was mad clear through. We had no trouble gathering our clothes in our arms, although I could not find my shoe, which Tish had thrown at the bureau. Then we sat and waited. At the last minute Aggie got a little weak and wanted blackberry wine, but I had nothing in the satchel but arnica.

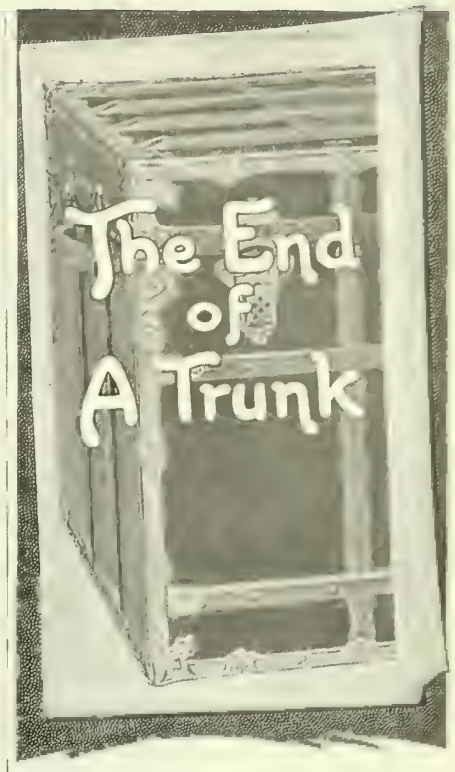
All we intended to do was to get the yellow notebook—to meet strategy with strategy. The rest, while unexpected, followed naturally. But when I look out the window from my desk and see Aggie's placid face, and Tish's austere Methodist profile, it is difficult to associate them or myself with the three partly dressed creatures who —— But to go back.

We had locked the door into the hall and each of us had her clothes. When the two men in the next room went out Mr. Morning Star turned to us with a chuckle.

"Thanks to your forbearance, ladies," he said, "we've got that villain Robertson where he ought to have been a dozen years ago. And as for Lewis ——" He shut his notebook with a bang, and there was something in his face besides exultation. "To buy a girl like that!" he said—and I knew. He wanted the girl himself.

Aggie was to ask to see the notebook and then toss it over the transom into the corridor. While the reporter was trying to get out the locked door into the hall we could escape into the adjoining room, lock the connecting door, walk around easily and get the notebook, and then make our escape comfortably.

It would have been all right, but Aggie cannot throw. The first attempt failed by seven feet. The young man was so



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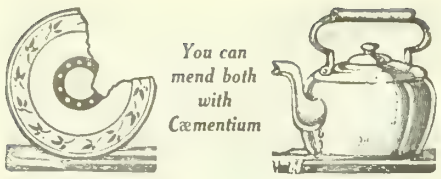

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astonished, however, that he stood with his mouth open, and the second trial sent it through.

"What in the name of Heaven did you do that for?" he demanded, thinking Aggie had gone suddenly mad. Then he rushed to the door. It was locked and I had the key! We were all in the next room and a bolted door between us before he realized what had happened.

We had expected, of course, to get the notebook, to dress and to leave in the machine quietly, but from that time on there was no time to think of the conventions. The young man began to hammer on the door and other doors opened along the hall. Then a bell-boy came up and ran off in a hurry for a key. I saw Tish putting on her ulster over her petticoat, and Aggie and I did the same. The next thing we knew we were down in the empty lobby, and Tish had forgotten the spark plugs!

We got started finally with a steel hairpin for a plug, and as we moved away I heard the chase coming down the stairs and after us. They were howling "Stop thief!" We were hardly well under way when the bell-boy came in sight with the bureau man at his heels, and a collection of people in all sorts of costumes following.

Tish says we did forty miles an hour going down the main street. I should have guessed more than that. I had a fearful exaltation: Aggie had advanced her speed limit since morning from four miles an hour to the capacity of the engine, and kept bawling to Tish a phrase she had caught from Charlie Sands.

"Letter out!" she cried, over and over. "Letter out!"

We stopped on a quiet side street and listened, but there was no noise of pursuit. Tish got out and stuck her wet finger on the hood, but it wasn't boiling.

"There's nothing coming," she said. "I'm going to stop long enough to put on my stockings."

"I don't see why you couldn't have flung your own shoe, Tish," I snapped. "What use is one shoe?—unless I lose a leg, and that's as like as not before this night's over."

"Do you see where we are?" Aggie asked. "Isn't this where we brought Miss Anne?"

It was, for Anne opened the door just then and peered down at the car.

"Is that you, father?" she called. She came down the step, and the light from the hall fell full on us. We must have looked rather strange, with Tish putting on her stocking in the driving seat and the most of our clothing in our laps instead of on us.

"Something has happened!" she said, catching her breath. "Ted!"

"Something has happened," Tish retorted grimly, and held up the notebook. "Here's the Morning Star's shorthand report of the interview in which your Ted sold his honor for a mess of pottage—you being the pottage."

"Oh, no," said Miss Anne, going wobbly. "Oh, he wouldn't—he didn't do such a thing!"

"Upon my soul!" I broke in. "Weren't you fighting him all day to do it?"

"You couldn't understand," she said, looking at me with the eyes of a baby. "I didn't want him to do it; I wanted him to want to do it."

"Well, if that's being in love, thank Heaven for the mind of a spinster," I retorted angrily.

"You've won," Tish said. "You've got him kneeling at your feet, as you wanted. But he went down in the mud to do it. And the only reason the newspapers won't be slinging some of that very mire tomorrow is because three elderly women, who ought to have more sense, have resorted to thievery and lost their reputations and parts of their garments to save him!"

"I hate him," said the young woman, with her chin quivering. "I knew all along I should hate him if he did it. I I'll never marry him."

And with that she turned and started up the steps. Halfway up she turned.

"I'm sorry you went to so much trouble," she said. "I don't think he is worth saving."

Aggie's early experience with the roofer stood her in good stead then. She understood; Tish and I never would have. She got out of the machine and went up into the vestibule, and a minute later, against the hall light, we saw the girl's head on Aggie's shoulder. Then they both came down again with their arms wrapped around each other, and Aggie asked me to move over.

"We're going to Mr. Lewis' apartment," she announced, with a thrill in her voice. She was maudlin with romance. "It will be proper enough, I think, with three chaperons. She wants to see him."

"Not until I put on my other stocking," Tish put in grimly. "And we don't get out of the machine; I've been compromised once tonight."

"They are both young," Aggie rebuked her gently. "I think, having begun this thing, we ought to see it through. We will have to be mothers to her, for she has none."

Well, we passed Mr. Robertson at the corner of the next street, and the girl shrank back and covered her face. And then she directed us, and we overtook the other one as he was going into his doorway. The girl jumped out and ran after him. We distinctly heard him say, "Anne! Darling!" And then, what with anxiety and excitement, Aggie took the worst sneezing spell of the summer, and the rest was lost.

He was terribly ashamed and humiliated, and he said he would take the girl away and be married right off, only he had that wretched package of bribe money that made him think, every time he saw it, how unworthy he was of her! He was going to put it down a sewer drop, but Tish suggested that they be married and go on a honeymoon, and let us return the bribe to Mr. Robertson.

So he gave us the package; and, as you know, Aggie lost it later. Then he asked us if there was a minister in the summer colony at Penzance, and Tish mentioned Mr. Ostermaier. "I don't like him," she remarked, "and his wife is a dowdy, but I suppose you don't expect an organ prelude and floral decorations. Get in."

I did not mind their sitting back with me, and his kissing her hand whenever he thought I was not looking. But the thing I objected to was this: I distinctly overheard him say:

"I was desperate tonight, sweetheart; and oh, my love, you saved me!"

She saved him!

At a crossroads near Penzance Tish made them get out, and we directed them to a landing where they would find a rowboat. We all kissed the bride; and Mr. Lewis said he had nobody to cheer him on his way, and wouldn't we kiss him too. So we did, and after they had gone we prepared for Carpenter's sharp eyes by going into the bushes and putting on the rest of our clothes.

It was the first thing Carpenter said that caused the accident. He brought in the ferry-boat and came up the bank to us.

"I've been expectin' you," he said, with a grin. "I was thinkin' you might come over by the Carrick Ferry, and the folks there wouldn't know you."

"I guess they'd take my money without knowing me," Tish said sharply.

"Well," he drawled, with a sharp eye on the three of us, "I didn't want you to have any trouble. We got a telephone message from Noblestown not very long ago to look out for an automobile containing three female desperadoes. The police wants them."

That was when Tish sent the car over the end of the ferry.

Well, as I said early in the narrative, after Tish and Aggie had dried off and gone to bed I stood at my window and tried to see into Ostermaier's parlor, but all I could see was the sleeve of Mrs. Ostermaier's kimono.

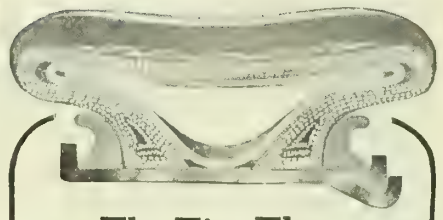
As I stood there shivering, the door opened and two shadowy figures came out of the house and crossed the lawn. Just under my window they stopped and the tall shadow held open its arms. The smaller one went into them with a little cry, and they stood there a disgraceful time. Then they lifted their heads and looked up at our cottage.

"Bless their dear romantic hearts!" said the girl. I was glad Tish was asleep.

"They should have been pirates!" said the man. "They are true old sports. I suppose they've had their catnip tea by now and are sound asleep. Beloved!" he said, and held out his arms again.

Pirates! I went back to bed in a rage, but I couldn't sleep. Somehow I kept seeing that young idiot holding out his arms, and I felt lonely. Finally I filled the hot-water bottle and put it at my back.

"It's all over, Aggie!" I called—but the only response was a snore that turned into a sneeze.



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Good commissions for live men. Write
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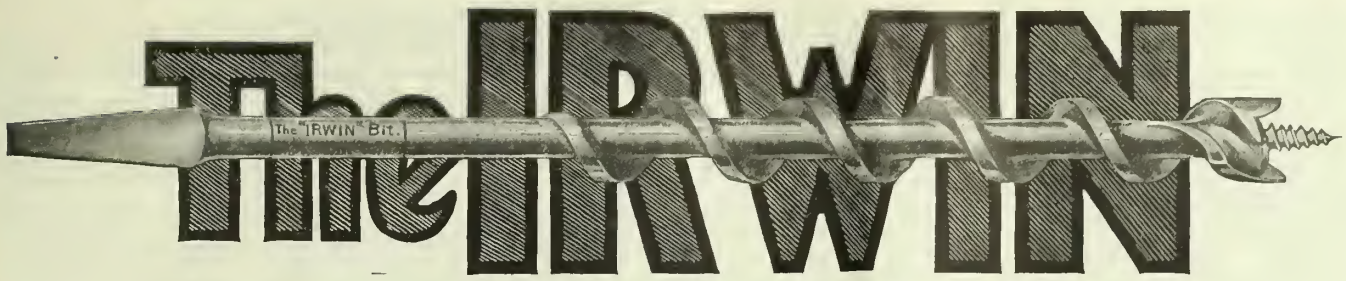


Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. *GUARANTEED SATISFACTION or MONEY BACK*

BE SURE to insist on seeing the name—THE IRWIN—on the bit you buy in your own protection. If the bit is not branded "THE IRWIN," it is not a genuine Irwin Bit. For the home, farm, factory and shop, the Irwin stands supreme among auger bits. It means faster work—easier work—better work. Every Irwin Bit is guaranteed—price refunded if not satisfactory. It is the strongest, easiest, and fastest-boring bit made. The Irwin Auger Bit will not clog and will bore clean and true without tearing the wood in the end or side of either the hardest or softest of woods.

The Irwin is the Only Solid Center Stem Bit

Made In Every Size and Style

The first step in making THE IRWIN BIT is an extremely careful testing of flawless, extra high-grade crucible auger-bit steel, tested for temper-taking quality, tensile strength, stretching or straining for torsion turning or twisting.

Every "IRWIN" Bit is tempered by a secret process, in molten tin, oil and brine. This process does not depend upon "guesswork," as do the processes employed in other tool shops, but is scientifically accurate, insuring perfect temper in every "IRWIN" Bit. When each bit has received the finishing touches from the polishers, it is tested for boring capacity in the hardest of highly seasoned hardwoods, such as lignum-vitæ, a wood which will ruin most woodworking tools. Then, each bit passes to other hands for final testing, which detects the slightest defect in any particular. The detection of the slightest imperfection condemns a bit to the scrap pile. Every bit that passes this final test is stamped with the name "IRWIN," which guarantees it to you to give absolute satisfaction.

Remember, that all good dealers sell Irwin Auger Bits; and, if you have the slightest trouble in obtaining them, write us, either by letter or use the convenient coupon at the right here.

THE IRWIN AUGER BIT COMPANY

The Largest in the World

Station H-1, Wilmington, Ohio

Reader Note – Send us this Coupon, filled out as requested, and we will see that you are supplied with an Irwin Case or Roll (for 32½ quarters, if you purchase $2.00 worth; or, for 20½ quarters, if you purchase $1.00 worth of Irwin Bits at your dealer's).

THE IRWIN AUGER BIT CO.
Sta. H-1, Wilmington, Ohio

Here is my name; also my dealer has signed his name that I have purchased $_____.of Irwin Bits from him. I want an Irwin Case—20½ size _____or, 32½ size; _____or Irwin Roll—20½ size _____or 32½ size. (Check which you want—Free.)

My Name _____

My Address _____

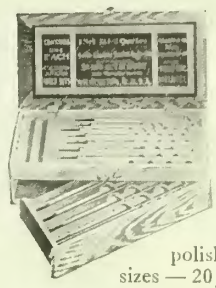
Have your dealer sign his name and say amount of your purchase of Irwin's ($_____); also his jobber's name and address.

Dealer Sign _____

Dealer's Address _____

His Jobber Is _____

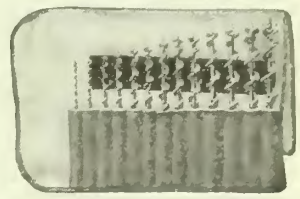
Jobber's Address _____



FREE CASE

No extra charge for this handsome Irwin case. For home and farm, factory and shop, for craftsmen, carpenters and mechanics, we supply, free of charge, this handsome, quarter-sawed hardwood, finely polished case. Comes in 2 sizes—20½ quarters and 32½ quarters. Also Irwin Rolls, illustrated below. Each Irwin Bit is regularly wrapped in oiled paper, comes highly finished—full-polished—the heads and cutters all sharpened and finished by hand-filing—a perfect production.

FREE ROLL



Next to the hammer, saw and screw-driver, Irwin Auger Bits are the most useful of carpenter tools, and every man who has a home needs a set of Irwin's, either in Irwin cases or Irwin rolls. Remember, no extra charge for cases or rolls. If you write us we will see that you are supplied.

All good dealers carry Irwin Auger Bits. If you have the slightest difficulty in obtaining Irwin's, write us.

PARENTS AND SONS

The Navy is a great organization requiring about 47,500 men. As more vessels of greater tonnage are built each year, it requires more men, which means continued opportunities for advancement, and steady employment at good pay.

Men of the seaman branch, machinists, firemen, carpenters and other mechanics, stewards, cooks, bakers, stenographers, typewriters and men for the hospital corps are needed. Boys over 17 without trades may enlist as apprentice seamen.

The life is healthy, and different forms of athletics are encouraged. The food is wholesome and plentiful and the opportunity to save money is excellent.

The Atlantic fleet will probably visit the Mediterranean next Fall, and there will be ample time for visits to points of interest.

Parents of boys over 17 should investigate the advantages of the Navy as a career for their sons. Four years of training in the Navy is a useful experience, and a man holding an honorable discharge from the Navy will find it a valuable asset.

Apply for full particulars at the nearest Navy Recruiting Station, or write for illustrated booklet to the Bureau of Navigation, Box 80, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

UNITED STATES NAVY

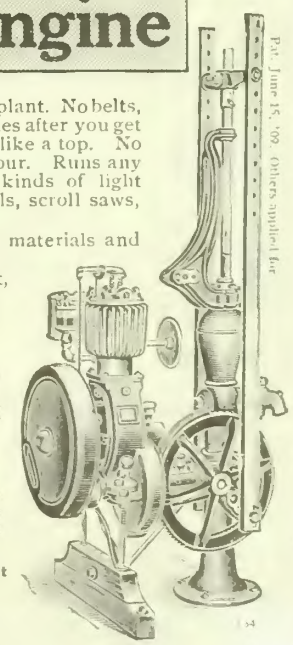
Guaranteed Water Supply for Country Homes

This powerful little Farm Pump Engine takes care of the water supply problem. It pumps all the water you can use. Pipes it wherever wanted. It waters the garden, it sprinkles the lawn, it washes automobiles and buggies. Gives fire protection, day or night—always starts instantly!

It's a veritable **life-saver** in hot weather and an all-the-year-'round convenience for those who live beyond the reach of city water systems.

Pumps 800 to 1,000 Gallons per Hour!

FULLER & JOHNSON
Farm Pump Engine



The Engine is a self-contained portable gasoline power plant. No belts, arms, jacks or special platform needed. In fifteen minutes after you get it, you can have it attached to the pump and running like a top. No sparks, flame or odor. Pumps 800 to 1,000 gallons per hour. Runs any water pressure system. Has pulley for running all kinds of light machines; washers, churns, grindstones, polishing wheels, scroll saws, lathes, feed grinders, cream separators, etc., etc.

It is a perfectly air-cooled engine, as high grade in materials and workmanship as automobile engines.

Can be furnished equipped as a Ditch Pump Outfit, Spray Pump Outfit, etc.

Why Risk Windmills?

Windmills are dangerous in high winds, useless on calm days and always out of commission when the need for water is greatest. Why risk unreliable and unsightly windmills, when this neat, powerful and reliable engine costs less and does ten times more work?

All about it in Free Book

Farmers, owners of suburban or summer homes—all who have water supply problems to solve—will find the answer in the Farm Pump Engine Book. Ask for a copy and name of the nearest dealer where the engine is on exhibition. Address

Fuller & Johnson Mfg. Co. 1010 Clark Street Madison, Wis.

Cable Address, "Fullerjohn"—Lieber's code.

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Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roasts, Chops and many other dishes are improved by its use.

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For the Business Man Merchant Manufacturer and Farmer

An interesting booklet on Oklahoma and her wonderful soil, mineral, oil and gas resources has recently been issued by the M. O. & G. Ry. It is chock full of information regarding splendid business opportunities along this new railroad. Write for *free* copy today. Address

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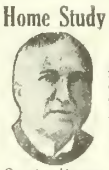

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Now, we will not give you any grand prize — or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture, with 6c. in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain.

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Europe, Morocco, Egypt and the Holy Land

An unusual opportunity for stamp and post card collectors. You make your own selections from a list that will be mailed you on request. Address

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Send for Free Copy

of Greatest, Brightest, Liveliest, Most Inspiring Agents' Paper in the World. Brimful of Valuable Information.

Every agent in the United States should keep posted on License Tax decisions, latest money making plans, new inventions and best sellers. *Write for Copy Today.*

THOMAS MFG. CO., 4068 Wayne Street, Dayton, Ohio

THE WOMAN SHOPPER

(Concluded from Page 14)

minutes a bright, keen woman appears on the scene and she is placed at the disposal of the shopper. She takes her from department to department, guides her through the mazes of the vast establishment, gives advice if it is sought, and aids in every way in making the shopping task easy, accessible and free from worry.

Still another aid that makes for ease and especially for timesaving in shopping is the "shopper's card." Formerly all the big stores had the general salesman. He was not attached to any department, but knew all the stocks and prices. He was a sort of floating clerk and was assigned to go around with the shopper who wanted to make a great many different purchases. This system was cumbersome, because the customer had to wait for change and packages at every stop. Each purchase added to the burden.

The shopper's card eliminates all this. When the woman starts out she is given a long numbered card, with a dozen sales-slips attached to it. There are blank spaces on the card on which the sales can be recorded. A slip is torn out at each purchase and a record of it made on the card. This slip is sent to what is called the "transfer desk," where it is O. K.'d and the goods that it calls for are sent to a bin which has the number corresponding to the one on the card. The same thing takes place at every purchase. When the woman has finished her shopping she simply goes to the transfer desk. If it is a cash sale she is told the total cost of her purchases and she can pay it in one sum. If it is a credit sale it is charged. If she wants to take all her purchases along with her she finds them assembled in her bin.

The Price They Pay

I could continue the list of aids to the woman shopper almost indefinitely. They range from a "silence room," where the tired shopper may find a cool, restful sanctuary after the turmoil of bargain hunting, to the serving of free tea at four o'clock in the afternoon. The purpose in every instance is to make the woman feel that her needs and comfort are being watched, and this makes a strong appeal.

Yet the most seasonable stocks and the most alluring aids to shoppers need publicity. Women will come back if you give them what they want the first time, but you must get them into the store first. The task, therefore, is to produce just the right kind of advertising to reach them.

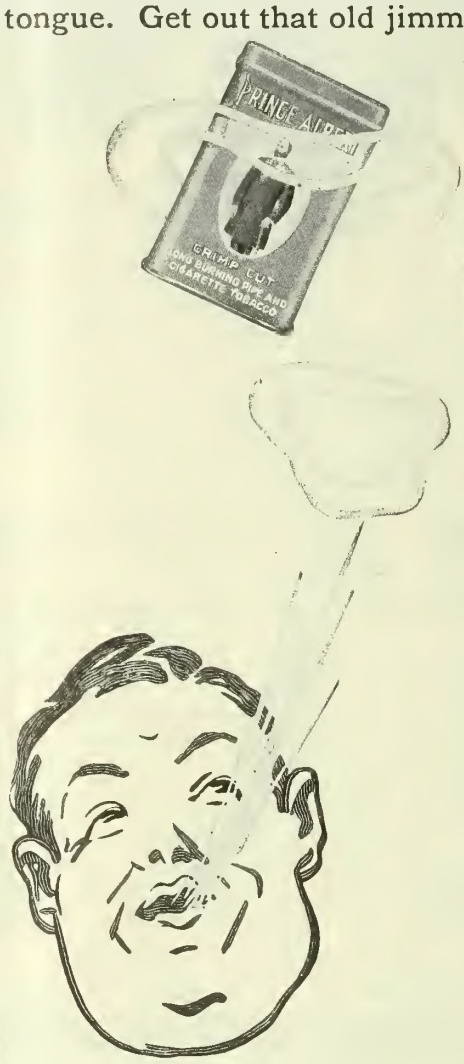
You find that there are as many kinds of advertising for women as there are types of shoppers and lengths of purse. The Fifth Avenue shopper, and by her is meant the well-to-do buyer anywhere, shies at a garish advertisement strewn with prices. She goes to the house that makes a dignified announcement that reads like an engraved invitation to a function and that contains only a mere hint of what the goods cost. The Sixth Avenue shopper, who represents the middle-class woman, prefers to know what the prices are and demands them in the advertisements; while the Fourteenth Street shopper, who stands for the great mass of women buyers, is drawn by a sensational advertisement with prices in big bold figures. With her the price is the thing. The general rule laid down by the bulk of successful advertisers who reach the most women is, "Be specific." This means plenty of prices and pictures.

You have now seen this many-sided drama of merchandising unfold in some of its myriad details. What of the men behind it? They are the owners and managers who sit in their offices with their fingers on the pulse of trade, their eyes on the stocks of the world. Their task is best summed up, perhaps, by one of the veterans — a wiry, gray-haired, keen-eyed little man, who owns a chain of stores that extends from Boston to Chicago. He said to me:

"In popular merchandising for women no man has a right to call a customer his own. This means that, no matter how long you have been in business, you must regard each day as if it were the day you started, with every resource you have put to the test. It's the price you must pay for a woman's trade."

Get Next to the Tobacco Surprise

Men, here's the one grand, good smoke that can't bite your tongue. Get out that old jimmy pipe; cram it full of Prince Albert—then smoke as hard as you please. You can smoke Prince Albert all day long without suffering from a scorched tongue.



PRINCE ALBERT

is *the* tobacco without the tongue blistering bite.

We took the biter out by a patented process in curing, we spent three years and a fortune perfecting—a process controlled by us.

This process removes the bite, but does not interfere a particle with the natural fragrance of good tobacco. And it is only the best of the famous Burley tobacco that gets into a tin of Prince Albert.

Because of these features Prince Albert is rapidly becoming the most popular pipe tobacco in the world.

To be really "smoke happy" for the first time in your life, hike for a smokery NOW,—lay down a ten cent piece and *get* a tin of Prince Albert.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

3 Collar Essentials

Wear

Style

Comfort

YOU will find them all in this new Barker Brand. "The Boulder." Wear and long life because it is pure, sun bleached Irish Linen. No chemicals used

You can be deceived in the finish, but if a collar is linen it will be stamped "Warranted Linen."

The Barker Brand is the only complete linen line made selling at 2 for 25c.

Stylish because it is absolutely new and up-to-date. Plenty of tie space and has the appearance of being higher than it really is

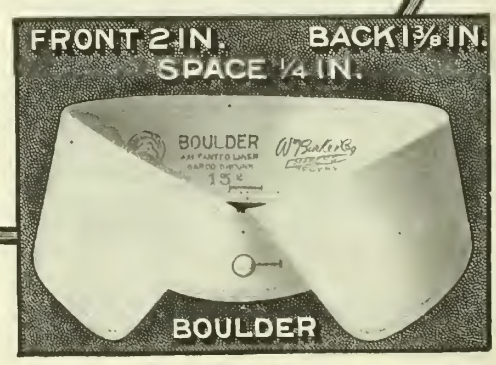
Comfortable because of its height. Just right for sweltering weather because it will never shrink or stretch.

Made in 1/4, 1/2 and 3/4 Sizes

2 for 25c

If your dealer cannot supply you with collars stamped "Warranted Linen," send $1.00 for 8 collars which will be delivered to you prepaid. If you have collar troubles, write us. We have had 44 years' experience and may be able to advise you. Send for Booklet.

Wm. Barker Co.
Makers
TROY, N. Y.



Is Your Appearance Worth a Postal—

or a two cent stamp?

That's the only expense attached to your getting a real style book—an *absolute authority* in fashions for men.

Furthermore, the Adler-Rochester Style Book—for Fall and Winter, 1910-11—shows what is *possible* in clothes.

It takes you through the famous Adler-Rochester plant—the finest tailoring institution in the world. It tells, briefly and interestingly, the reason why our clothes are worn by the best dressed men today.

We've designed *forty-one styles* this Fall. Let this book be your guide in which style is best for *you*.

Learn from it how the *finest* first-grade clothes are made, and how you may get them at *ordinary* good clothes' prices. Then you'll realize *why* you will be better dressed—and without any greater outlay—if you demand

ADLER-ROCHESTER-CLOTHES

You'll find that the merchant who handles our clothes in your town has *your interests* at heart. Otherwise he'd be selling other clothes—entirely in *his own* interests.

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